

Cavalier

This Magazine Guaranteed Or Double Your Money Back



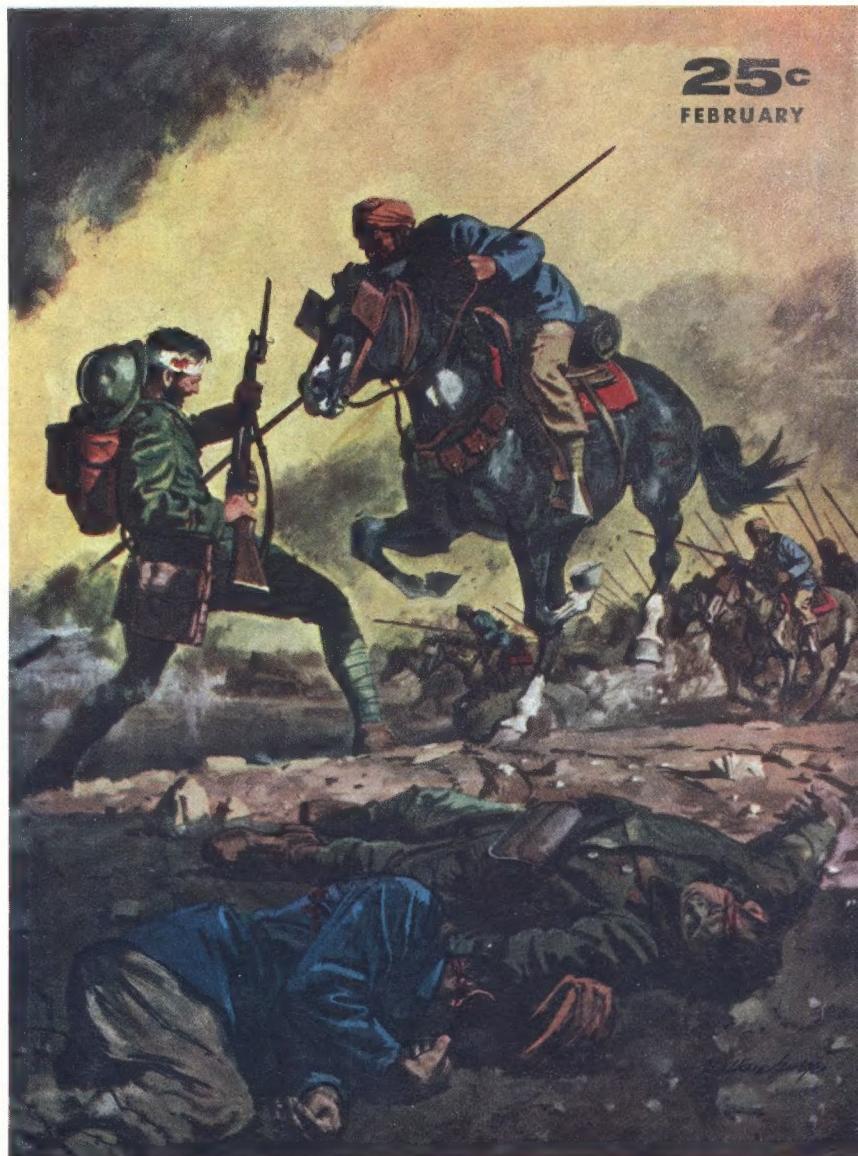
EARL LONG: HOTTEST MAN IN AMERICA by William Bradford Huie

HIS HOBBY IS SEX

A doctor's report
on the Male Nympho

THE GREAT FRENCH ARMY MUTINY—

History's Secret Scandal



25c
FEBRUARY

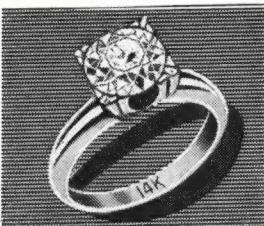
Hurrell visits June Wilkinson

SENSATIONAL NO-RISK OFFER!

YOU

Here is an Excitingly New, Excitingly Different Gem that RIVALS THE BRILLIANCE AND WHITENESS OF REAL DIAMONDS At Just A Fraction of the Cost!

ONLY A MODERN MIRACLE OF SCIENCE COULD PRODUCE SUCH A MARVELOUS DIAMOND-LIKE REPLICA . . . NEVER BEFORE HAS SUCH A PRODUCT BEEN SEEN BY THE AMERICAN PUBLIC Yours On A Free 10-Day Trial



Lady Fifth Ave.

The perfect ring for her . . . brilliant 2-carat Astro Gem really mounted in a 14-karat solid gold setting that gleams with beauty. Makes a fine engagement ring and it's custom-sized to fit her exactly. Just \$1.00 down with order, then \$5.00 monthly. Full price, \$69.95 plus \$6.99 federal tax.



Mr. Madison Ave.

He deserves only the best . . . he wants the Mr. Madison Ave. He'll admire the handsome, masculine look of this brilliant Astro 2-carat gem . . . the 14-karat solid gold mounting in a distinctive design. Custom-sized to fit ring or little finger. Just \$1.00 down with order, then \$5.00 monthly. Full price, \$69.95 plus \$6.99 federal tax.

RIVALS A DIAMOND The same careful attention that is given to the world's most expensive jewels is found in the Astro Gem. Skilled craftsmen painstakingly select and design the 14-karat gold mountings . . . exacting jewelers hand-cut and hand-polish the Astro Gem with all the precision and care that goes into the preparation of a real diamond. In fact, we challenge anyone to tell the difference without a jeweler's diamond inspection magnifier. Just one glance at the Astro Gem and you'll know that here is truly a work of art . . . here indeed, is a man-made diamond-like gem that is worthy of your highest praise.



\$69.95 \$1500
Independent Testing Shows Astro Gems Surpass Diamonds of Comparable Size in Magnificence

Simply . . . \$69.95 for You!
This is a fabulous 2-carat Astro Gem in 14-karat gold mounting. Cost \$69.95 plus \$6.99 federal tax.



This is a fabulous 2-carat Astro Gem in 14-karat gold mounting. Cost \$69.95 plus \$6.99 federal tax.

IRON-CLAD GUARANTEE
If, at any time within a ten day period, you are not completely satisfied that the Astro Gem is as we advertise, your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded. No salesman will call! It's completely your choice to make!

Easy Way to Determine Your Ring Size

Simply take a piece of string or a narrow strip of paper and wrap around your finger. Cut, or mark off from the beginning to end and then stretch out, beneath the measuring scale below. Beginning with one end of A size will be that which shows at other end under number. Note this size is your order.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

A (start)

P.S. You can save the usual C. O. D. postage charges by enclosing your first monthly payment of \$5.00 with order. Making your total payment with this coupon \$6.00. Your next payment would not be due until 30 days later.

ACT NOW

NOW CAN WEAR A GENUINE

14KT. SOLID GOLD RING set with a FULL 2 CARAT ASTRO GEM



FOR CENTURIES scientists have searched for the perfect man-made gem that will resemble in clarity and whiteness a real diamond. Now, through a miracle of modern science involving special formulas and new heating processes, we can present to the world ASTRO . . . a diamond-like gem that has all the brilliance . . . all the fire . . . all the romance of a real diamond and yet can be yours for just \$1.00 down, \$1.25 a week.

14-KT. GOLD SETTING

The Astro Gem deserves only the very finest setting to bring out all the sparkle and radiance of the hand-cut facets. Every 2-carat Astro Gem has a guaranteed 14-karat gold mounting in yellow or white gold. Not gold plated or a cheap metal adjustable mounting . . . but a true jeweler's masterpiece . . . selected to assure you of the very finest quality and made to your exact ring size. Here is a ring you'll be proud to own . . . proud to show! We guarantee you'll be more than thrilled or your money back!

JUST A \$1 DOWN

Here's all you have to do to have your beautiful Astro Gem within the week! Fill in the handy-no-risk mail order coupon and send it to us along with your \$1.00 . . . then you just pay \$5.00 per month until the balance is paid. That's all you do . . . send us \$1.00 with your order and your ring size, then pay the postman your first monthly payment of \$5.00 when he delivers your exquisite ring. The full price is \$69.95 plus \$6.99 federal tax and small credit service charge of \$4.06 . . . everything included in the small monthly payment of \$5.00.

DON'T DELAY . . . SEND THIS NO-RISK ORDER TODAY

Hampton-Park Co., Dept. 1198, P.O. Box 5193, Phila. 41, Pa.

Send me by return mail my full 2-carat size ASTRO GEM expertly set in genuine 14-karat gold. I understand that I may return my ASTRO Gem ring anytime within the 10-day period if it is not as advertised . . . and I will receive my down pmt. refund . . . no questions asked! I must be completely satisfied or it costs me nothing. Enclosed is my \$1.00 down payment and I agree to pay the postman my first monthly payment of \$5.00 when he delivers my ASTRO Gem ring. Thereafter, I will pay \$5.00 per month for the following 15 months. Excise tax and credit service charge of \$4.06 is already included in the payments. Send at once Lady Fifth Ave. Mr. Madison Ave. 14-karat Yellow Gold 14-karat White Gold Size _____

FULL NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

EMPLOYED BY _____

ADDRESS _____

HUSBAND OR WIFE'S NAME _____

SIGNATURE _____

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

Quality tested and market researched for five years before being put on the market, Astro Gems have already been worn and tested by thousands of people like yourself. No one even suspected that here was a man-made gem and not a true diamond. Why? Every Astro Gem has the same expertly cut facets, the same brilliance and the same magnificence that you find in diamonds of comparable size . . . in fact, the Astro Gem has more magnificent beauty than a diamond. Only the Astro Gem can guarantee the clearness and the whiteness of a true diamond. For here is a true work of art . . . not just a piece of flashy glass.

Compare

your Astro Gem with a real diamond . . . see for yourself the beauty . . . the clarity . . . the luxurious look of the newest miracle of modern science . . . THE ASTRO GEM.

BE OUR GUEST!

order the ring of your choice in your correct ring size and wear it for a full 10 days. Show it to your friends . . . take advantage of our money-back guarantee.

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!"



There's a Thrill in Bringing a Crook to Justice Through Scientific **CRIME DETECTION!**

We have taught thousands of men and women this exciting, profitable pleasant profession. Let us teach you, too, *in your own home*. Prepare yourself in your leisure time, to fill a responsible, steady, well-paid position in a very short time and at very small cost. What others have done, you, too, can do.

**Over 800 Bureaus of Identification
In the U.S. Now Employ I.A.S. Trained
Men as Directors or Assistants**

**Here's a Partial
List of Them**

Send for FREE Complete
list of over 800 Bureaus
where our Students or
Graduates are now
working

State Bureau of Michigan
Tallahassee, Florida
State Bureau of Connecticut
State Bureau of Arizona
State Bureau of Rhode Island
Charleston, S. C.
State Bureau of Louisiana
State Bureau of Utah
Lincoln, Nebraska
Trenton, New Jersey
Albany, New York
Dayton, Ohio
Stillwater, Oklahoma
Montgomery, Alabama

Phoenix, Arizona
Santa Ana, Calif.
Seattle, Washington
Madison, Wisconsin
Miami, Florida
Leavenworth, Kansas
Annapolis, Maryland
Dearborn, Michigan
Vicksburg, Miss.
Hartford, Connecticut
San Juan, Porto Rico
Ketchikan, Alaska
Honolulu, Hawaii

FREE!

"BLUE BOOK OF CRIME"

It's a thriller, filled from cover to cover with exciting information on scientific crime detection. It tells about some of the most interesting crimes, and how the criminals were brought to justice through the very methods which you are taught in the I. A. S. course. You can get started on this important training, at low cost, and without delay. The book will tell you how. Don't wait. Clip the coupon and send it along TODAY. No salesman will call.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

(A Correspondence School Since 1916)

Dept. 7311 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

**Be A
FINGER
PRINT
Expert**

Not Expensive or Difficult to Learn at Home

Scientific Crime Detection is inexpensive to learn. It's a thrilling occupation for which you can train in your spare time. It's a science—a real science, which when mastered THROUGH HOME STUDY TRAINING gives you something no one can EVER take from you. As long as you live you should be able to make good in scientific crime detection. "We will teach you Finger Print Identification—Firearms Identification—Police Photography—and Criminal Investigation." That's what we told the men who now handle those jobs in Identification Bureaus. And now we repeat, but THIS time it's to YOU . . . Just give us a chance and we'll train you to fill a good position in the fascinating field of scientific crime detection.

NOW IS THE TIME TO START!

New Bureaus of Identification are being established right along. Naturally, the need for more well trained Finger Print Experts is evident. Fit yourself now to hold down a fine job as a recognized technician in Crime Detection. You can learn this fascinating profession in your own home and you can pay as you learn.

Clip and Mail Coupon Now

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Dept. 7311, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me the "Blue Book of Crime," and complete list of over 800 Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates, together with your low prices and Easy Terms Offer. No salesman will call.

Name.....

Address.....RFD or Zone.....

City.....State.....Age.....

Cavalier

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

CONTENTS

SPECIAL

- Earl Long: Hottest Man in America *William Bradford Huie* 12
 His Hobby Is Sex—A Doctor's Report on the Male Nympho
Dr. Richard Hoffmann and Theodore Irwin 22

TRUE ADVENTURE

- The Great French Army Mutiny—History's Secret Scandal *Bela von Block* 15
 Deadliest Life Boat the Sea Ever Saw *Charles McCarry* 18
 The Death Duel I'll Never Forget *Sasha Semiel* 20
Copyright 1953 by Prentice Hall Inc.
 Was Fonck a Faker? *William E. Barrett* 27

ROGUES AND MURDERERS

- Goering, Millionaire-Murderer-Miser *Richard Hanser* 44

CAVALIER'S LADY

- Hurrell Visits June Wilkinson *George Hurrell* 36

HORROR FICTION TO REMEMBER

- The Fruit at the Bottom of the Bowl *Ray Bradbury* 24
Copyright 1948 by Fiction House Inc.

HUMOR

- Did Anyone Bring an Opener? *Jonathan Winters and Phil Cammarata* 32
 Funny One for the Road 51

FLAT OF THE BLADE—

- To Steve Allen 52

CARS

- The Berkeley's a Beautiful Bomb *Joe H. Wherry* 41

SHORT FEATURES

- Thrust and Parry 4 Editor's Turn 8
 Buys for Guys 54

W. H. FAWCETT, JR., *president*; ROGER FAWCETT, *general manager*; GORDON FAWCETT, *secretary-treasurer*; ROSCOE K. FAWCETT, *circulation director*; DONALD P. HANSON, *assistant general manager*; RALPH DAIGH, *editorial director*; AL ALLARD, *art director*; JAMES B. BOYNTON, *advertising director*; RALPH MATTISON, *associate art director*; GEORGE H. CARL, *production director*; A. C. PACKER, *production manager*.

VOL. 9 NO. 80

John H. Hickerson, *Advertising Manager*

Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television, provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1959, by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

CAVALIER is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.; and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc., 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.; 1659 Guardian Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich.; 2929 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif.; 681 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia 9, Pa.; Hale Printup & Associates, Langford Bldg., Miami 32, Fla. and 4087 Haverhill Dr., N.W., Atlanta, Ga.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1959 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publishers. Address manuscripts to N. Y. editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 25¢ a copy \$3.00 a year in U.S., and possessions. 35¢ a copy in Canada; Canadian subscription price \$4.00 a year. All other countries \$6.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn.



BOB CURRAN EDITOR
 Gus Gazzola Art Editor
 William A. Wise . . . Managing Editor
 Richard R. Suskind . . . Associate Editor
 C. S. Wiener Associate Editor
 Walter Mesaros Art Associate



HOW TO MAKE YOUR TIME WORTH \$95 AN HOUR!

Here's part of a letter we got from an I. C. S. student—

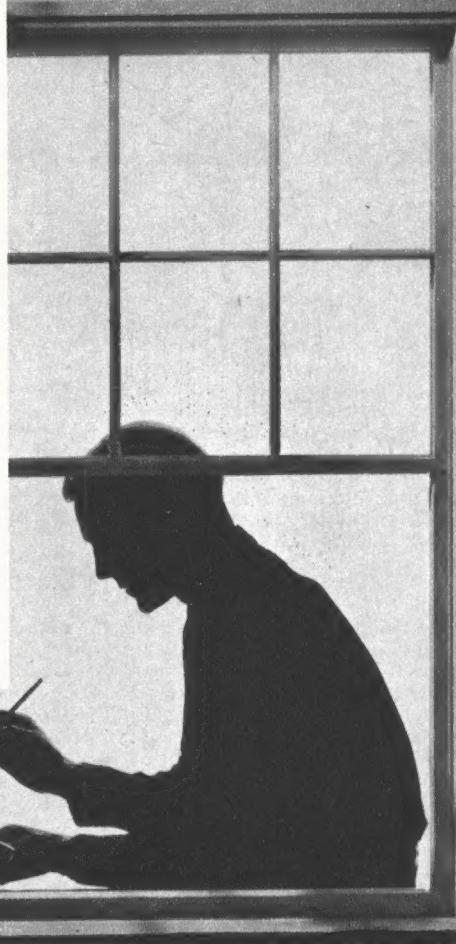
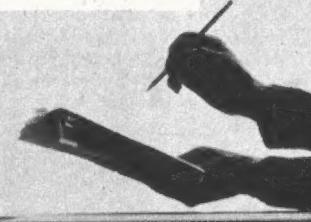
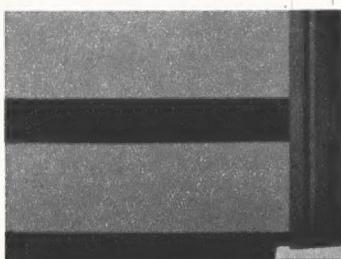
"Every spare-time hour I spent earning my I. C. S. diploma has been worth \$95 to me! My position, my \$7000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe to I. C. S."

Hardly a day goes by without a letter like this coming in from an I. C. S. student... from men and women of all ages who, in their spare time, at home, pulled themselves out of the small-pay rut and put themselves on the road to success.

Take the case of I. C. S. student Frank B. "I was making \$152 a month when I signed up with I. C. S.," he writes. "My present income is \$395.25 a month."

I. C. S. is the oldest and largest correspondence school. 277 courses. Business, industrial, engineering, academic, high school. One for you. Direct, job-related. Bedrock facts and theory plus practical application. Complete lesson and answer service. No skimping. Diploma to graduates.

3 FREE BOOKS—a 36-page pocket-size guide to advancement, a gold mine of tips on "How to Succeed." Also a big catalog outlining opportunities in your field of interest and a sample I. C. S. lesson text.



For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.

Accredited Member,
National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 94341M, SCRANTON 15, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

**ARCHITECTURE
and BUILDING
CONSTRUCTION**

- Architecture
- Auto. Drawing and Designing
- Building Contractor
- Building Estimator
- Carpenter Builder
- Carpentry and Millwork
- Carpenter Foreman
- Heating
- Painting Contractor
- Plumbing
- Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART

- Commercial Art
- Magazine Illus.
- Show Card and Sign Lettering
- Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE

- Automobile
- Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- Auto Engine Tuneup
- Auto Technician

AVIATION

- Aero-Engineering Technology
- Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS

- Accounting
- Advertising
- Business Administration
- Cost Accounting
- Creative Salesmanship
- Managing a Small Business
- Professional Secretary
- Public Accounting
- Purchasing Agent
- Salesmanship
- Salesmanship and Management
- Traffic Management

CHEMICAL

- Analytical Chemistry
- Chemical Engineering
- Chem. Lab. Technician
- Elements of Nuclear Energy
- General Chemistry
- Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- Professional Engineer (Chem.)
- Pulp and Paper Making

**CIVIL
ENGINEERING**

- Civil Engineering
- Construction Engineering
- Highway Engineering
- Professional Engineer (Civil)
- Reading Struc. Blueprints
- Sanitary Engineer
- Structural Engineering
- Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING

- Aircraft Drafting
- Architectural Drafting
- Drafting & Machine Design
- Electrical Drafting
- Mechanical Drafting
- Sheet Metal Drafting
- Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL

- Electrical Engineering
- Elec. Engr. Technician
- Elec. Light and Power
- Practical Electrician
- Practical Lineman
- Professional Engineer (Elec.)

HIGH SCHOOL

- High School Diploma

(Partial list of 258 courses)

- Good English
- High School Mathematics
- High School Science
- Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP

- Industrial Foremanship
- Industrial Supervision
- Personnel-Labor Relations
- Supervision

**MECHANICAL
and SHOP**

- Diesel Engines
- Gas-Elec. Welding
- Industrial Engineering
- Industrial Instrumentation
- Industrial Metallurgy
- Industrial Safety
- Machin. Shop Practice
- Mechanical Engineering
- Professional Engineer (Mech.)
- Quality Control
- Reading Shop Blueprints
- Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- Tool Design
- Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION

- General Electronics Tech.

- Industrial Electronics
- Practical Radio-TV Eng'r
- Practical Telephony
- Radio-TV Servicing

RAILROAD

- Car Inspector and Air Brake
- Diesel Electrician
- Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- Diesel Locomotive

**STEAM and
DIESEL POWER**

- Combustion Engineering
- Power Plant Engineer
- Stationary Diesel Engr.
- Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE

- Carding and Spinning
- Cotton Manufacture
- Cotton Warping and Weaving
- Loom Fixing Technician
- Textile Designing
- Textile Finishing & Dyeing
- Throwing
- Warping and Weaving
- Worsted Manufacturing

Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Working Hours _____ A.M. to P.M. _____

Occupation _____ Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special low monthly tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

THRUST AND PARRY

Address all beefs and comments to CAVALIER Magazine, 67 W. 44th St., New York City 36, N. Y.

NOT A DRY EYE IN THE CROWD

Here's an interesting sidelight to your article titled "The Day the Gas Came" in the November CAVALIER. On April 22, 1915, the day of the attack, Dr. Horace Scrimger of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, was in the lines before Ypres. As the gas cloud began creeping towards the allied lines, he climbed over the parapet of the trench and approached close to the gas. One sniff told him all he needed to know: it was chlorine gas.

He hurried back to his own trenches and gave the instructions: "Urinate on your handkerchief, hold it over your nose and mouth." The word was passed up and down the lines, and when the gas cloud reached them the Canadians were able to live through it. Not only did they hold their own ground, but they extended their right flank about a mile to occupy the trenches evacuated by the Turcos, who had received the main brunt of the gas. For his action, Dr. Scrimger was awarded the Victoria Cross.

*John Barry
Mount Royal, Canada*

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

Some of your lady readers are asking a big favor. Why not place the photo of a handsome CAVALIER in the magazine? We just don't dig those luscious females! (We see this in our own mirrors.) A handsome man every now and then, and the magazine might be more interesting and enjoyable.

*A group of interested lady readers
Charlestown, Ind.*

Just to show we aim to please see page 49.

BAD NEWS ABOUT A PAL

I just finished reading "Let's Get 'Em Hell Out of There!" in the Oct. issue. For the first time I learned what actually happened to Lee Nolton, a friend of mine. Nolton and I were attached to Nellis AFB and got to know each other. I had transferred to another assignment when the tragic accident happened and Nolton was killed. I had never heard the full story until I read it in your very fine magazine. Doug Ingram deserves every award in the book.

*Bill Thompson
Cheyenne, Wyo.*

BEATNIKS, GO HOME!

In answer to Mark Hall's letter defending the "Beat Generation" in the

November issue:

So this is what I and thousands of other guys have joined the service for—to protect a bunch of no-good loafers, bums and cowards who have nothing but contempt and hatred for their elders and those that fought bloody wars to keep their worthless hides safe. . .

I wish this column was a lot bigger because I got plenty to say to crumbs like you. Please answer, "Beatnik." Let me know if you can't swipe paper and pen and I'll gladly furnish it.

Robert H. Simpson, USN

CORN-CERNED OVER CUTIE

Sheika Moser has corns. I would never have noticed it either, but a friend who works at Dr. Scholl's foot comfort products plant here called my attention to it, and says since said corns were not trimmed nor touched up—or out—they should be treated. He suggests Dr. Scholl's pads, of course—but who else would look that low?

*L. A. Craig
Michigan City, Ind.*



Sheika Moser

Here's a short test on your November readers' power of observation: How many noticed the bunions on the foot of "Yellowbird" Sheika Moser?

*Al Boeck
Wahpeton, N.D.*

Only two other readers spotted it Al. One was a chiropodist from the Fiji Islands. We think it was pretty callous of you to mention it.

WANTS YANKEE CLIPPERS

Your "The Flat of Our Blade" to Field Marshal Montgomery (Sept.) is a masterpiece. Too bad enough of us Yanks can't clip the item and send it to Monty. He's sure had it coming. But then you probably couldn't dent his vanity anyhow.

*R. J. Trierweiler
Westphalia, Mich.*

A SCHOOL BOOK?

I want to thank CAVALIER and William Bradford Huie for the fine article in the May issue titled "Governor Folsom Done Her Wrong." Last spring I wrote my senior theme for prep school titled: "The Corruption in the Administration of James Elisha Folsom, Governor of Alabama: 1947-1951." I found many facts in your article which I used in my theme. Of course, I gave full credit to Bill Huie and CAVALIER. Thanks for a wonderful article!

*Eugene Barney Lewis
Bessemer, Ala.*

RED OR YELLOW?—LIFE OR DEATH?

Have just read the article "Red or Yellow—The Battle Rages" in the Nov. CAVALIER. I've noticed in my hunting that the aspen leaves, here in Nevada, are turning yellow and that hunters wearing yellow are very deceiving.

Also, a yellow jacket fades to a whiter color at a distance of about 400 yards. I'd say there are quite a few deer shot at the longer ranges where a blob of yellow looks like the south end of a deer going north.

*Pat Morse
McDermitt, Nev.*

Just finished reading the article "Red or Yellow—The Battle Rages." It was very interesting but of very little value to the hunter. Any time a hunter mistakes anyone wearing red for a deer or any kind of game, he should not be issued a hunting license. He should also be charged with first degree murder. . .

*Robert L. Mackey
Moyie Springs, Idaho*

It's only a few weeks before our deer season. There will be accidents, that's for certain. But I can't see putting the blame on color of clothing. "Red or Yellow—The Battle Rages," Nov.)

Hunters do not look like deer to me and shouldn't to anyone else, either. Have you ever seen a red deer? I don't feel that yellow stands out as well as red

[Continued on page 6]



Your big opportunity to walk into Something Good!

Wouldn't you be happier with a job that not only is secure and highly paid, but also offers a splendid opportunity to go in business? The fast-growing refrigeration and air conditioning industry meets this requirement. It can use 20,000 newly-trained mechanics every year. *It needs you.* Refrigeration is so widely used in the home, in industry, and in transportation, that opportunities exist almost everywhere. You may become established right in your own community. For complete information on how to get into this lucrative field, fill out and mail coupon.

Enjoy the prestige of a service engineer

Few colleges offer courses in air conditioning. Therefore, industry chooses its service engineers from the ranks of well-trained technicians. What a wonderful way to gain professional status—and greater income—without benefit of a college degree!

CTI has the practical way to train you for success in Refrigeration — Air Conditioning

As in anything else, there are short-cuts to getting ahead. In the refrigeration field, the short-cut is CTI Home Training. There is no other training like it. Only CTI home study is *practical*. Only CTI sends all parts and tools to build the condensing unit illustrated at right. You run many experiments—go through the trouble-shooting and repair techniques you'll encounter on the job.

How CTI students earn money as they train

Many students, after a few lessons, earn extra cash by installing and fixing refrigeration and air conditioning units. Some work evenings and weekends for local dealers; others establish service routes which include restaurants, motels, meat markets, supermarkets, etc. This is possible because CTI training is *practical*—equips the student to do field work. CTI training can pay its way—start you in business while you're still a student! Others have done it. You can too!

PROOF! Read these letters from CTI men

"I'm in the refrigeration business for myself now. I earn nearly double what I used to. During my training, I made enough to pay my tuition."—*Alfred Helm, Ky.*... "I've started a business and it's a success."—*Otto Degner, Canada*... "I am in business for myself. I am building a nice trade doing service work."—*Paulie Waters, Tex.*... "I applied for a job to install air conditioners in autos and got it."—*Richard Vinet, La.*... "Your refrigeration training helped me get repair jobs after only twelve of your lessons."—*Frank Green, W. Va.*

Expect the best—and get it!

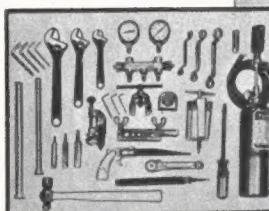
Your career is in safe hands when you rely on CTI for a technical education. This progressive institute, which specializes in home study, was the first to offer kits to build a condenser. CTI lessons are kept up-to-date, well illustrated, understandable. You get better and more intensive training through CTI. Mail coupon and see for yourself!



ONLY CTI SENDS PARTS AND TOOLS TO BUILD A CONDENSING UNIT!



YOU PRACTICE WITH 25 BIG KITS



You gain experience as you train, because you learn by practicing. You get mechanic's tools and special equipment (left), as well as all parts to assemble a heavy-duty, commercial-type, $\frac{1}{4}$ h.p. condensing unit (above). Then you can build a refrigerator, air conditioner, freezer or milk cooler.

New auto air conditioning field is loaded with business opportunities

Each year over 500,000 autos are equipped with air conditioners. Experts say the figure should double in a few years. There's a severe shortage of technicians. Strong need in many areas for repair shops, too. Sell, install and service auto air conditioners for top profit! Go in business for yourself.



Invest a postage stamp in your future — Mail coupon

There are more refrigerators than autos, TV sets, radios or washing machines in America. The field is big and uncrowded, with less competition for the rewarding jobs. It offers a challenge to the younger man in search of a future... and dignified work to the older man who craves security. Let CTI send you its opportunity booklets. They contain vital information about the industry and CTI training. Then decide if the refrigeration and air conditioning industry meets your career needs. Mail coupon for catalog and lesson samples. No obligation whatever.

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE

1400 GREENLEAF AVENUE
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Send catalog, *Success in Air Conditioning & Refrigeration*, and Lesson Sample, Both FREE.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



FIRST GET THE FACTS—THEN DECIDE

Mail Coupon Today for 2 Free Booklets

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE • CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Accredited by National Home Study Council

Continued from page 4

with snow as a background. It seems to blend in and look like white at a distance.

I think it's more the method some hunters use and not the color that matters. Making certain of your target is the answer. I've passed up shots because I couldn't see beyond a deer...

*John Rodak
Rochester, N.Y.*

Red or yellow, man or deer, the story in the November CAVALIER by Pete Czura makes it sound almost excusable to mistake a hunter dressed in red for a deer.

I'm wondering if Mr. Czura has ever seen a hunter dressed in red sporting a pair of six-inch ears, a set of antlers or the customary four legs.

Let's have a story about the difference between man or deer regardless of color. Accidents will happen, but not when you see what you're shooting at.

*R. J. Sands
Marquette, Mich.*

P.S. Upper Michigan has great hunting. Come on up.

JUNE'S IN TUNE

Just finished reading "Thrust & Parry" in the November CAVALIER. I think that Raymond West, Jr., should soak his head. Look, Buster, if June Wilkinson is a cow, then I'll order a whole herd just like her. In my book she's the most, and I mean THE MOST!

*Robert L. Wiegel
Baltimore, Md.*

Bob, you better see page 36.

. . . I should like to offer an opinion about one of your pieces of odious cheesecake. Since nothing in the universe can approach the repugnance of an unclothed female, I wonder why some of your readers should single out June Wilkinson from the rest of the very common horde as a recipient for disparaging remarks. It seems they have discovered that one tree in the forest is made of wood.

*William Warren
Pocatello, Idaho*

KUDOS FROM A COBBER

I must now congratulate you on being the publishers of the finest magazine that

comes into this country.

I see them all every month, but you get my "Oscar."

I am in favor of retaining the feature Flat of Our Blade, as I feel it will do much to deflate the over-rated Mr. Jerry Lewis, Arthur Godfrey, etc.

Also please let's have more of "Ryan" as he is as you claim even tougher than Mike Hammer (Whose T.V. series I rate as No. 1)

*Alex H. Thompson
Victoria, Australia*

DEAN'S DOWNCAST

I certainly did not like the November issue of CAVALIER. I read every story and they just weren't up to the caliber that a magazine of your reputation should be.

They just didn't leave you with a sense of having read anything. This is the first time I have ever read a copy of CAVALIER but I had heard good reports on it. But this copy didn't satisfy me or a couple of my friends.

*Dean Simms
Arkadelphia, Ark.*

MORE SERVICE SWINDLE RHUBARB

Congratulations! I thought the days of angry journalism were dead. Thanks for proving me wrong. I hope Price and Kowalski keep after this.

*—John Franklin
Chicago, Ill.*

We think they will—and we're going to let the readers of CAVALIER know what has been done about Jockstrapping.



Kowalski and Price

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO CAVALIER

ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION TO CAVALIER AS INDICATED

- One Year at \$3 in U.S. and possessions. \$4 in Canada
 Two Years at \$5 in U.S. and possessions. \$7 in Canada

Name

Address

City State

Mail your order to CAVALIER Magazine, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.

I agree with the author, William Bradford Huie, on many things that he pointed out.

One thing, however, really snowed me. I am sure it would have a lot of other servicemen baffled, too. In his article, Mr. Huie states that one lowest ranked serviceman costs the government yearly between \$7,600 and \$11,000. Now, where may I ask did Mr. Huie ever get such ridiculous figures? A mighty big chunk of Uncle Sam's greenbacks to be paid annually to a low-graded man, I must say!

By comparison, I am an Acting Master Sergeant in the U.S. Marine Corps with over 18 years of service, and together with my wife's allotment, etc., I barely make it over the \$5,000 gross mark.

*AM/Sgt. A. Rubenstein
New River, N.C.*

Author Huie included the cost of training and equipping a serviceman—not just his yearly pay. His figures represent careful research on the subject and are as close to the mark as anyone can get—including the manipulators of the government's fouled-up cost accounting system.

It's too bad that Bill Huie has to mar an otherwise sound article with his unwarranted and senseless slur on the National Guard. ("The Great Service Servant-Athlete Swindle," Oct.) . . .

The National Guard combat divisions of both the First and Second World Wars need apologize to no one, including Bill Huie, for their conduct. They left their full share of white crosses in France, Belgium and other places on the globe and many of their human battle casualties are still in military hospitals.

*H. O. Madara
W. Collingswood, N.J.*

Bill Huie says he saw some of the National Guard outfits when they were collecting those white crosses and that he meant today, not yesterday.

Mr. Huie's article on G.I. athletes only singles out the well-known professionals. If you scan the pages of, say, the *Army Times* or the *Air Force Times*, you will realize that thousands of servicemen are continually "on the road" in the furtherance of military sports programs. Who does their "essential" jobs while they are gone? The Air Force permits even model airplane teams from all over the world to travel every year to Texas for the USAF model airplane championship contests . . .

Once, at a base in Nevada, when I told one of my airmen that he couldn't be spared for the afternoon to play baseball because we were short-handed, he whipped out a copy of a new base regulation for my perusal. This base reg stated that men on any base team would not only be given time off to play, but that "key" players such as pitchers would be given an extra two hours off in which to rest prior to a game. Every "jockstrapper" on the base had been armed with a copy of this regulation by the athletic officer . . .

*Name Withheld
APO, New York, N.Y.*

SPECTACULAR 30th Anniversary OFFER
FROM THE FAMOUS DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

ANY

4 BEST-SELLERS
ON THIS PAGE FOR

VALUE \$10.44
to \$45.00

In Pub. Editions

99
¢

when you join and agree to take as few as 6
best-selling novels out of 24 offered in a year



NOTE: These are not strikethroughs or
crosses—these are full-size, full-length, in-
dividually-bound editions in hard covers.

30TH ANNIVERSARY OFFER—MAIL THIS COUPON

Dollar Book Club, Dept. CV-2, Garden City, New York

Send me at once the 4 books checked below and
bill me only 99¢, plus a small shipping charge.
Also enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member.

Include my first issue of *The Bulletin* describing
the new forthcoming one-dollar selections
and other bargains for members. I may notify
you in advance if I do not wish the following
month's selections. I do not have to accept a
book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing
except \$1 for each selection I accept (plus
a small shipping charge) unless I choose an
extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all
books in 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

CHOOSE ANY 4 FOR 99¢:

- Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Dictionary.** Latest edition. 2 vols. 80,000 entries, 700 pictures, 896 pages. Hundreds of new words, scientific terms! (9)
- America's National Capital.** The charm, excitement and drama of Washington, D.C., in 320 beautiful photographs, useful facts. (10)
- Life of Christ.** Fulton J. Sheen's brilliant and compassionate recreation of the story of Jesus. (21)
- Civil War in Pictures.** Exciting action shots and text portray heroism of men in the Civil War. (23)
- Pictorial History of American Presidents.** 566 paintings, prints, photographs and cartoons tell the story of our Presidents. (37)
- More Stories to Remember.** 2 vols. Memorable stories by Hemingway, De Maupassant, Faulkner, London, Maugham, and 81 others. Includes 6 full novels. (48)

Parrish — Mildred Savory. Novel of love in a tobacco town. "Exciting, conflict, sex!" (44)

The Laugh's On Me — Bennett Cerf. Hilarious new 480-page collection of jokes, jests, and anecdotes sure to make you laugh. (47)

Health Set — "Handy Home Medical Adviser." By Dr. Morris Fishbein, plus "Stay Slim for Life" — new easy and reliable book. 620 pages. (50)

Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia. 3 vols. 1,350,000 words, 31,000 articles, 1,440 pages. Up-to-date facts in all fields. (61)

Outline of History — H. G. Wells. 2 vols. 1,024 pages, over 200 maps and pictures. Story of Man from earliest times to present. (62)

Around the World in 2000 Pictures. 2 vols. In 1. Sail the Seven Seas—visit Rome, Paris, Bell, Mexico, Peru, etc. See 84 lands and 768 pages of lavish pictures, vivid reading. (67)

Print Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone.....

State.....

Offer slightly different in Canada. Address 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2. Offer good in cont. U.S. & Canada only. D-373

New Fiction Hits! Illustrated books!
2-Volume Sets! Many Newly Offered
for this Special Event

JOIN the famous Dollar Book Club
now and take advantage of the most
generous offer made to new
members in thirty years!

Select any 4 of the full-size, hard-bound
books on this page for only 99¢. Choose
from new best-sellers...beautiful library
volumes...big, lavishly illustrated books
(sets count as one book!) Think of it—a
total value of \$10.44 to \$45.00 in pub-
lishers' editions—yours for just 99¢ when
you join.

Members Save up to 75% on New Books!
Imagine—best-seller selections costing up
to \$3.95 in publishers' editions come to
Club members for only \$1 each! Over
the years the biggest hits by top authors
like Ernest Hemingway, W. Somerset
Maughan, Daphne du Maurier, Thomas
B. Costain, Frank Yerby and others,
have come to Club members at this low
\$1 price. Occasional extra-big books are
also offered at prices slightly above \$1.
All are new, full-size, full length, hard-
bound editions. An exciting new bonus
plan offers other big savings too. But
you buy only the books you want and
you don't have to take one every month.
Take as few as six \$1 selections a year!

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon
Receive any 4 books on this page for only
99¢, plus a small shipping charge. This is
your introductory package as a new mem-
ber. Thereafter, you will receive the Club's
Bulletin, which describes forthcoming \$1
selections and other book bargains.
No-Risk Guarantee: If not delighted re-
turn all 4 books and membership will be
cancelled. Act now to accept this special
anniversary offer—just mail the coupon!

DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Coming Next Month

In The
March CAVALIER



ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS:

The War Bird Who'll
Never Die

INSIDE WOMEN
by the author of
LATINS ARE LOUSY LOVERS

THE TEN GREATEST FOREIGN
CARS OF ALL TIME
By Griff Borgeson

and many other big features including the new monthly column
FLYING TIME by Peter M. Bowers, noted air expert.

In the **MARCH CAVALIER**
on sale January 28

Editor's Turn

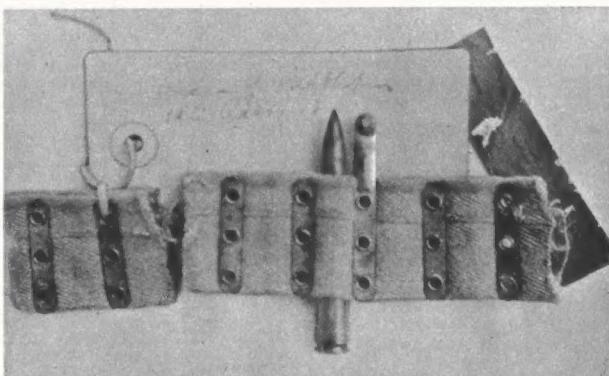


FLYING TIME IS GROUNDED

We were hoping we'd have the newest CAVALIER feature *Flying Time* in this issue but we were still ironing out the kinks (or getting rid of the gremlins) when we went to press. It's all set for the March issue and at the controls will be Peter M. Bowers, the well known aviation expert from Seattle, Washington. Peter's been writing about his favorite subject since 1939, was an Air Force intelligence officer specializing in aircraft identification and has one of the largest private collections of aviation miscellany in America. We're still on instruments with this one, so if you have any thoughts, shoot 'em to Peter c/o CAVALIER 67 W. 44 St. NYC 36, NY. This can be a lot of fun for everyone.

RICHTHOFEN'S MACHINE GUN BELT . . .

. . . is a souvenir most of us would like to have. The piece shown in the picture above is in the Charles Donald collection in Union City, New Jersey—and the rest of the belt is being donated to the Australian War Museum in Canberra by Mr. Donald who believes, as we



are inclined to believe, that Richthofen was killed from the ground. We'll be printing some of the mail we received on the Gunner Buie story (December '59 CAVALIER) in the March columns and you'll probably be as surprised as we were at some of the reactions.

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE'S BACK . . .

. . . In this issue with his story of Earl Long, the colorful governor of Louisiana. As per usual it's done only the way Bill Huie can do a story. We're happy to report that the Ira Hayes story (TORTURE EXECUTION OF A HERO MARINE December '58 CAVALIER) will be made into a movie by Universal International. Another of Bill's more famous stories, *The Execution of Private Slovik*,

is also headed for the screen.

Right now Bill is working on a couple for CAVALIER and one of them could well be the biggest he's done yet. We'll keep our fingers crossed while you keep your eyes peeled.

CALLING ALL SERVICE MEN AND VETS!!!

Our story THE GREAT SERVICE SERVANT ATHLETE SCANDAL by Bill Huie in our October '59 issue caused all sorts of commotion and brought in all sort of mail. Accordingly, we'd like to ask all guys who have a beef to write in and tell us about it. We'll keep the names secret but we'll pass the dope along to Rep. Frank Kowalski who's got an open ear for all this sort of thing.

LET'S HEAR FROM YOU!

A BLAST FROM HANK BOWMAN

Next month will also see us kicking off another new feature—Guest Expert—wherein we will turn over the guest speakers platform to some expert with a strong beef he has had trouble getting in front of the public. For March we'll have Hank Wieand Bowman, the well-known boating writer, who's got

a few hundred biting words to say on what he feels is the only way to stop the accidents that have been hurting power-boating in the public eye. We can tell you right now that this one is going to cause some screams. But as Charles Van Doren and the other quizlings can tell you, the truth often hurts.

—Bob Curran

THIS MAGAZINE GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make such an offer for one reason only—to get new readers by calling attention forcibly to CAVALIER as a magazine whose editors are so proud of the material between its covers that they will make this sensational offer.

All we ask in making this offer is that you give us a "fair shake." Read every story in the magazine, then ask yourself this question: Have I received the value of the purchase price of CAVALIER in reading entertainment?

If the answer is "Yes," then we know we have gained another steady reader.

If the answer is "No," then:

1. Return the complete front cover of this magazine to us.

2. Write us a letter (pen and ink or type-written) of not less than 50 words telling us why you did not like the magazine.

3. Send your letter and the front cover of CAVALIER in the same envelope by first class mail to CAVALIER, Department 2, New York 36, N. Y.

This offer closes February 1, 1960.

at last...a complete, modern guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples.

Illustrated SEX FACTS

By DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER
AND OTHER AUTHORITIES

THIS GIANT SIZE BOOK CONTAINS
HUNDREDS OF AUTHENTIC, ENLIGHTENING
ILLUSTRATIONS — *many in life-like color.*

Now available to the public in this country, for the first time, is this big guide to modern married sex practice. Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical artists on sexual enlightenment. See and read how you can acquire enduring, harmonious married love by means of hundreds of exclusive, authentic pictures (many in true-to-life color), plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and simply. This complete, large book includes important NEW information and illustrations never released here before. This book is a frank, straightforward presentation of facts to satisfy mature interest in the sex functions of the human male and female. Gives the most helpful authoritative guidance on sex problems of every kind—both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly understand and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new, happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for \$5.00—but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only \$2.98. This offer good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW!

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

CADILLAC PUBLISHING CO., Dept. F-491
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." I will pay postman \$2.98, plus postage on delivery (sells for \$5.00). If not completely delighted within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

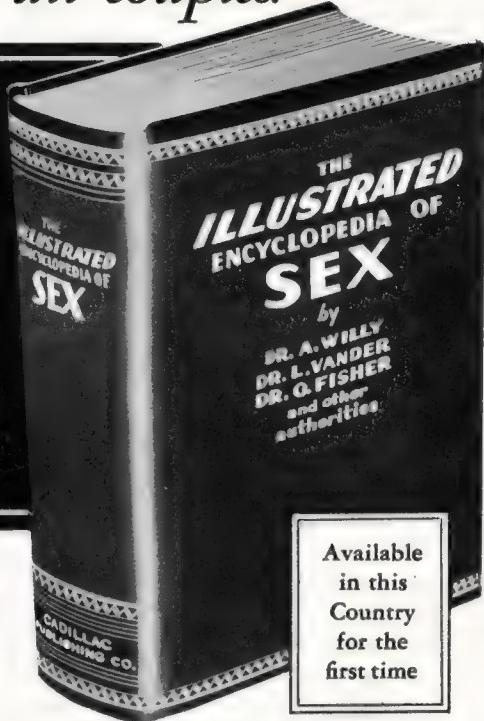
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY ZONE STATE

Check here if you wish to save postage, by enclosing with coupon only \$2.98. Same Money-Back Guarantee!

(CANADIAN ORDERS \$3.50. NO C.O.D.'s.)



Available
in this
Country
for the
first time

PARTIAL LIST OF 61 BIG CHAPTERS EACH A "BOOK" IN ITSELF

- Techniques that bring complete gratification to the sex act for male and female
- What causes climax in women
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Husband and wife attaining mutual climax
- How male organs function in intercourse
- How female sex organs function in intercourse
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- Woman's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- Delaying sex life's finish
- Male change of life and its effect
- Causes and treatment of male and female sterility
- Feminine self-satisfaction
- Causes of sexual urge in men
- How sex activity affects weight of male and female
- How to use preparatory love towards greater satisfaction in sex act

Just a few of hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

PARTIAL LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS WITH AUTHENTIC COLOR PICTURES!

- Male Sex Organs
- Showing functions of male sex organ
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations
- Watch step-by-step growth of child in pregnancy
- Complete Color Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs
- Pictorial Story of Woman's "SAFE" days
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Cause of Woman's sexual ills
- Picture Story of normal Sexuality in male
- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Picture Story of most important cause of impotence
- Two Insets of Female Bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

... plus many more pictured instructions

This Is The Story Of How A Man Built A \$200 Investment Into A Mail Order Business Doing Over \$3,000,000 Yearly

**IT CAN BE YOUR STORY, TOO. IT CAN BE YOUR PATH
TO FINANCIAL SECURITY AND INDEPENDENCE**

by MAX ADLER, Chairman of The Board, Spencer Gifts, Inc.

Atlantic City, N. J. Twelve years ago, I decided I was tired of working for other people . . . tired of waiting for tiny raises . . . tired of worrying about losing my job because of office politics or some other reason outside my control. I decided to heck with it! I decided to go into business for myself.

I had no experience in the business I chose. All I had to start was \$200. My family and friends called me an out-and-out fool! Well, perhaps I was foolhardy, but today the mail order business I started with \$200 has assets of over \$1,000,000! Today, I have the financial security most of my friends are still dreaming about.

What has all this got to do with you? Plenty, if you, too, want to start your own mail order business . . . be your own boss . . . be part of one of the fastest growing industries in the U.S.A.—and start making money, right in your own home, within just 30 to 60 days!

If this is what you want, you can learn from my experience. I can help you get started without the blood, sweat and tears it cost me to learn how to run a successful mail order operation. You can rely on the fact that I know what I'm talking about when it comes to mail order. Here is the record. It speaks for itself:

MY SMALL INVESTMENT DEVELOPED INTO A BIG BUSINESS

I began my mail order company in 1947. As of April 30, 1959, the end of our current fiscal year, my company—Spencer Gifts—had assets of \$1,070,272.72*. My modern mail order plant has 63,000 square feet of space containing a branch of the United States Post Office and has one of the most modern conveyor systems in the mail order industry. I employ up to 350 people, depending on the season of the year. My \$200 investment has come a long, long way!

MAIL ORDER ADVICE IS ONLY AS GOOD AS THE SOURCE IT COMES FROM!

Now, if you can believe the ads for the many books that have been written on the subject, making a bundle in the mail order business is a snap! All you need, according to these authors, is the "magic secret formula" each one claims his book contains! Of course, there's a catch in the whole thing that anyone with common sense can figure out for himself. If the author is such an expert at

*Certified statement by M. Olesker & Co., C.P.A., Atlantic City, N. J.

mail order, why isn't he in the business and making a fortune at it himself, instead of trying to make a living writing books about it?

And the same thing holds true for the companies who offer to put you in the mail order business with some kind of a quick and easy "foolproof" mail order plan!

SPENCER GIFTS IS THE ONLY ESTABLISHED "PRO" IN ITS FIELD WHO WILL HELP YOU GET IN THE BUSINESS

I say this now, and I say it without fear of contradiction. To the best of my knowledge Spencer Gifts is the only company in the U.S. now successfully engaged in the business of selling to the public by mail, which will help you get into the mail order business. Spencer Gifts does not offer to sell you a "secret formula" or let you in on a get-rich-quick-plan for mail order success. (I don't believe there is any such "magic" formula or plan in the world!)

HARD WORK? INDEED IT IS!

I told you before that this is not a "get-rich-quick" plan. Anything worthwhile in life takes effort. I used lots of elbow grease, shoe leather and determination, and you will, too, if you expect to succeed. You just can't sit back and expect to make a success without effort. For instance, I have in my instructions an easy method of personal selling, which when combined with mailing catalogs, builds your mailing list and profits faster than mailing catalogs alone would do!

SPENCER GIFTS OFFERS YOU A VALUABLE INDEPENDENT FRANCHISE DEALERSHIP

Why am I so willing to help you get into the mail order business? Why am I giving away a valuable franchise for which I could charge you a big fee? Well, I love my fellowman as much as anyone else, but I'm a businessman—not a philanthropist. I am offering to give away a limited number of franchises because I have decided this is the fastest, most practical way to expand my own business! I expect you to sell merchandise and make money right from the start, and I expect to make money right along with you. (Notice I said with you, not from you! That's how my Independent Dealer Franchise plan differs from some other mail order plans you may have heard of or read about.) As you grow, I, too, will grow. As you pile up profits, my profits will also increase! So, you see, I have a very good reason to do everything in my power to help you get started in this business and get on your feet just as quickly as possible.



He turned \$200 into Big Business in 12 Years!
Max Adler, Chairman of the Board of Spencer Gifts, Inc., who ran up a \$200 investment into a mail order business doing over \$3,000,000 per year. In this advertisement, he explains how you, too, can make big profits from the mail order business.

CATALOGS BEAR YOUR NAME . . . I BECOME YOUR WHOLESALER

If you qualify as a Spencer Gifts franchise dealer, you will operate your own mail order business **UNDER YOUR NAME**. Spencer Gifts will serve as your wholesaler, your supplier, your shipping department and your warehouse. Spencer Gifts will manufacture catalogs—the basic selling tools of any mail order business—and you, as an independent franchise dealer, will circulate these catalogs to sell the products they contain.

You receive these catalogs, **WITH YOUR NAME PRINTED ON THEM**, for a nominal price—a tiny fraction of what it would cost you to produce them yourself. Our tremendous volume of production—actually in the millions—makes possible this low cost to you. And just as Henry Ford's mass-produced automobiles were far cheaper than any car produced by hand, so our catalogs are 10 times cheaper and far superior than any catalog that could be produced by amateur methods.

CAN YOU MAKE MONEY AS A FRANCHISE DEALER?

Can you make money as a Spencer Gifts independent franchise dealer? I say you can. Your mark-up is full 50% of the wholesale price.

Can you establish your own mail order business as a Spencer Gifts Independent Franchise Dealer? I say you can. Every sale and every customer you make, you make in your own name!

Am I willing to back up my conviction in the soundness of this plan with my own money? You bet I am! **YOUR INITIAL INVESTMENT OF \$60 MUST BRING YOU AT LEAST \$500.00 WORTH OF BUSINESS IN RETURN, OR I'LL CANCEL THE 25% FINAL PAYMENT ON YOUR TOTAL OBLIGATION . . . I'LL JUST WRITE IT OFF MY BOOKS.**



Out Of An Initial \$200 Investment Grew This Gigantic Mail Order Plant
This is the Spencer Gifts plant in Atlantic City, N. J. containing 63,000 square feet of space. A U. S. Post Office and hundreds of employees are kept busy filling orders from mailings of Spencer Gifts catalogs.

SPENCER GIFTS, Wholesale Division, P.O. 1 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, N. J.



Your Own Catalogs Featuring Your Name
This is typical of the beautiful catalogs that will start you in the mail order business. Your name will be printed right on the cover. Your mark-up on merchandise you sell from the catalog is a full 50% of the wholesale price.

Now, how can I be so sure you can make money in the mail order business that I'm willing to take part of the risk myself? Well, at the risk of hurting your feelings, I'm going to be absolutely frank. I wouldn't risk two cents in a new mail order business being started alone by you, or by anyone but one of the most experienced pros in the field, in this day and age. But I'm going to minimize my risk by minimizing your risk! I'm going to lead you along every step of the way!

THIS IS WHY YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE TO MAKE MONEY RIGHT FROM THE START AS A SPENCER GIFTS FRANCHISE DEALER!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO SEARCH FOR "HOT" MAIL ORDER ITEMS! Spencer Gifts does it for you!

If you've had any previous experience or contact with the mail order business, you already know that one of the most important elements in running a successful mail order operation is the selection of merchandise. In order to sell in volume by mail, you must offer a wide selection of new merchandise that people really want. They must be items not easy to find locally. They must be light enough to go through the mail without excessive postage cost. They must be true value priced—in other words, great buys. Your selection of merchandise must change frequently, so that you always have fresh items to offer. Even "best sellers" in mail order eventually wear out.

Can you find such merchandise alone? Believe me, I've done it alone, and it's a mighty tough job! You don't have to! Spencer Gifts uses a big New York buying office to uncover such hard-to-find items as they appear on the market, day by day. Expert buyers search the markets of the world for exciting new merchandise. Spencer Gifts-trained buyers know values—know when to offer cash on the line in order to get the best deal—know how to buy for rock-bottom prices so that I can sell at retail for a substantial profit. These people are an important part of the success of my business. As a Spencer Gifts Franchise Dealer, they will also be working for you!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO PRE-TEST SALEABILITY OF MERCHANDISE! Spencer Gifts does it for you!

Even with my 12 successful years in mail order and the help of an expert staff (whose combined experience amounts to hundreds of years) I can't always tell in advance what is going to be a "best seller" in mail order and what will be a "lemon." That's one of the fascinating things about this great business! Nobody ever quite knows it all! The final decision as to what people want is made by

the customers themselves . . . the folks who say "yes" or "no".

With the volume of business I do, and the solid foundation of my big organization behind me, I can afford to pre-test the saleability of merchandise in advance . . . through techniques known not only to me but to every big mail order organization. For example, my big Spencer Gifts catalog—printed by the millions in the course of the year with new editions appearing month after month—offers up to 1,000 different items I think have a good chance of selling in volume. Out of this number, perhaps 25% will be out-and-out flops. About 50% will be medium to average sellers. 25% will really hit! It's on the top 25% that I make my real money. Those cream-of-the-crop 25% top-selling items are the only items that you, as a Spencer Gifts Franchise Dealer, will offer for sale! Those are the items that will be in your catalogs!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO PREPARE CATALOGS—YOUR BASIC SELLING TOOLS! Spencer Gifts does it for you!

Of equal importance with the selection and testing of merchandise, is the right presentation of that merchandise. You could offer the most unusual and exciting item at the best price in the world, but unless you knew how to present it to your customers properly, they might pass it by without more than a glance.

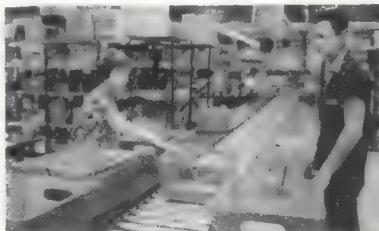
Writing dramatic, interesting, hard-hitting mail order copy is a job for experts. Preparing illustrations—actual photographs or drawings of merchandise to display its best points—is another job that must be done by experts—commercial artists. Laying out the pages of a catalog and supervising the actual printing—these jobs, too, require much skill and experience.

Believe me, I take no chances with my catalogs! My creative staff is composed of some of the best mail order professionals in the field!

As a Spencer Gifts franchise dealer, the experts I've chosen to prepare my consistently effective catalogs—will also be working for you! That's right. The entire job will be done for you by Spencer Gifts! You'll receive the finished product—a beautifully printed, picture-packed catalog containing over 100 items (the cream-of-the-crop pre-tested items I mentioned previously) all ready to go. The catalogs will not bear the Spencer Gifts name, but only your name. The catalogs will be yours, as a Spencer Gifts franchise dealer, for a fraction of the price it would cost you to prepare them for yourself!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO INVEST A SINGLE PENNY IN STOCK! Spencer Gifts does it for you! Send no money until your customers pay you!

When people order by mail, they want prompt service. That means you must either have the merchandise they order in your own warehouse or arrange for the manufacturer to drop-ship for you . . . that is, to ship directly to the customer instead of you. Dropshipping is a good way to get yourself out of the mail order business before you properly get in! The confusion and delays that result can so annoy your customers they may cancel their orders and never order from you again! That's why a well-run, money-making mail order retail business must carry a large inventory, or stock, at all times. Spencer Gifts generally carries an inventory between \$200,000 and \$500,000. This means you don't have to invest one penny in merchandise in ad-



You Stock No Inventory. Pay for Only What You Sell!

This conveyor system—one of the most modern in the mail order industry—assures prompt handling and service in a warehouse containing generally between \$200,000 and \$500,000 worth of new mail order products depending on the season of the year. Every item stocked has been tested and proven for merchandising value. We ship your order to your customer promptly.

vance! It means YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEND ONE CENT FOR MERCHANDISE UNTIL YOU GET PAID BY YOUR CUSTOMERS!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO SHIP MERCHANDISE! Spencer Gifts does it for you! Handling, packaging, mailing . . . the whole kit and kaboodle is taken off your hands . . . handled as promptly and efficiently as only a big, modern shipping department like Spencer Gifts can do it! As I said before, my mail order plant has one of the most modern conveyor systems in the world and contains a branch of the United States Post Office, to make sure my customers receive their orders promptly. As a Spencer Gifts franchise dealer, this whole department also goes to work for you! What's more, your orders are shipped with your own label on each package, with your own name. Your customers get to know you, as a mail order retailer, not Spencer Gifts.

AT THE OUTSET YOU WON'T HAVE TO ASSEMBLE A MAILING LIST (NAMES OF PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMERS) ON YOUR OWN! ONCE AGAIN, YOU CAN COUNT ON SPENCER GIFTS TO HELP YOU OBTAIN ONE. Full information as to how to obtain one is included in the instructions you will receive with your franchise.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE IN YOUR MIND, AS TO WHETHER YOU ARE ELIGIBLE TO RECEIVE A SPENCER FRANCHISE!

- Q. Do I have to be within a particular age bracket to receive a franchise?
A. Yes, you must be over 21. Whether you are a man or woman doesn't matter.
- Q. Is it necessary to have previous experience in mail order to receive a franchise?
A. No, not at all. You will receive free advice and free guidance in every phase in detail.
- Q. Is it necessary to have an office and office equipment in order to receive a franchise?
A. No. You can operate right from your own home. All you need is a pen and ink or typewriter, a desk drawer for your records, labels, stamps and other such incidentals and the catalogs, imprinted with your name, that you will receive from Spencer Gifts.
- Q. Is it necessary to devote all my working time to the mail order business in order to get a franchise?
A. No. You can keep your present job and income, if you are now working, or keep on running your home, and still start your own profitable mail order business through this franchise plan. However, you must have at least 1 hour per day (7 hours per week in all) to devote to it, in order to receive a Spencer Gifts franchise.
- Q. How much do I have to invest in catalogs to get started?
A. Spencer Gifts offers 4 different plans so you can choose the one that best suits your ambitions and capabilities. You get a valuable Spencer Gifts Franchise with any plan. For example, No. 1 recommended for part-time beginners, calls for an initial investment for catalog of only \$60.00.
- Q. Will you supply me with more than 1 edition of the Spencer Catalog a year?
A. Yes. Spencer Gifts will have available for your order at least 4 different editions a year. In other words, with a Spencer franchise, you are in business all year long.

START EARNING MONEY IN JUST 30 TO 60 DAYS, FROM YOUR HOME!

Whichever plan you choose, Spencer Gifts invests in the merchandise, packages and ships for you, advises you—step by step—as your business grows and you want to expand.

FRANCHISE DEALERSHIPS ARE LIMITED!

The faster you act, the better your chances to receive one . . . for full details, sample catalog and franchise application—all free—send this coupon NOW .

—FREE-Mail Coupon Now!—

SPENCER GIFTS, Wholesale Division

FO-1 Spencer Building, Atlantic City, N. J.

Yes, I want to make money in mail order! Please send me FREE, without obligation, complete details on the Spencer Gifts Dealer Franchise Plan, a sample catalog and franchise application. No salesmen will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....



EARL LONG as he looked when he had nation bewildered. Latest events may help explain his bizarre actions.

Hottest Man in AMERICA

is forever on the front pages of the newspapers he spits tobacco juice at. Here Bill Huie reveals why the shadow of Earl's brother Huey may make that strait jacket permanent

by William Bradford Huie



Belching, rump-scratching Earl Long, with his strippers and strait jackets,

● If Earl Long, three times governor of Louisiana, is mentally ill, as his wife has charged, his illness is from too little sunshine: he has lived for 64 years in the shadow of his "great" brother, Huey Long, the "Kingfish." No American Cain has borne so much from his brother Abel. Earl Long helped Huey to power, then tried to kill him politically; and in the 25 years since Huey's murder Earl has prospered only when he grovels at the foot of Huey's monument—a monument which Earl detests. In such a frustrating position, if Earl isn't crazy he ought to be.

Earl, in himself, is remarkable on two counts: he is alive, and he has never been

Please turn page

BLAZE STARR, seen here in working costume, may cost Earl Long the governorship.



Hottest Man in AMERICA

Continued from preceding page

"Uncle Earl" (right) hams it up at a political rally this spring. At left is arch-enemy Sen. Willie Rainach.



Campaign by followers of James Morrison in 1939 defeated Earl, ended most corrupt administration in state's history.

in jail. Huey, at 42, was stopped by "one man, one gun, and one bullet." Nobody has shot Earl . . . yet.

Moreover, Huey had said: "If my boys ever try to use the power I've given 'em, without me to hold 'em down, they'll all land in the penitentiary." He was right. The clay was still rattling on Huey's coffin in '35 when his heirs began shuffling in chain-gang step toward Leavenworth. But not Earl: he is the heir who survived.

Earl was lieutenant-governor in '36-'39 during the "gravy days" immediately following Huey's death. Never have so many stolen so much so fast. A Louisiana senator told the U. S. Senate that Earl was pocketing \$250,000 a year. But the federal tax agents didn't jail Earl. They jailed the governor, Dick Leche, and Earl got the governorship.

As governor, Earl displayed a peasant cunning for "cleaning up with one hand and covering up with the other." He even devised a defense for the "Long dynasty" as the chain-gangsters discredited it.

First of the heirs to go to prison was Huey's president of Louisiana State University, Dr. J. M. (Jingle Money) Smith. As old Jingle Money was being led off for using university bonds to gamble on wheat futures, Earl began the defense with this gambit:

Remember, good people, Smith is only *one* man. You can't blame us for one man's wickedness. Look at Jesus Christ. He picked twelve men, and one of them turned out to be a sonofabitch.

So over the years, to his Baptist and Catholic voters, each time an angel has fallen, Earl has insisted that the Long batting average is no worse than the Blessed Lord's.

Huey's motto had been: Share the Wealth, Every Man a [Continued on page 86]

The Great French Mutiny

The files on this scandal are still Top Secret at the War Ministry. But here is the complete story of the revolt that almost cost the Allies World War I

by Bela von Block

Illustrated by William George

PARIS

The fact that more than 1,000,000 French soldiers staged a desperate, bloody and all-out mass mutiny in May, 1917, was—and surprisingly enough, still is—the least-known scandal of World War I.

So great and widespread was the revolt that Commandant E. A. Gemeau, French intelligence liaison officer to the Allied GHQ, estimated that there were only two "sound, reliable French regiments between Soissons and Paris!"

It isn't difficult to fix the underlying causes for the mass mutiny; it is, in fact, easy to pinpoint the factors and incidents which actually triggered the explosion. It is even possible to pinpoint the exact date when the battle-weary *poilus*—ordinary French soldiers—along the Western Front began to think and talk seriously about open rebellion.

The fuse on the powder keg of military revolt was lit shortly after noon, Tuesday, April 17, 1917.

Hour after hour the grim reports poured into the French High Command's rear-area head-

Please turn page

In each regiment, firing squads began executions of their own comrades.



The Great French Mutiny

Continued from preceding page

quarters. They came from every sector of the front—and they all told the same story.

The gigantic French Spring Offensive, launched at dawn the previous day, had not only bogged down, but was rapidly developing into a disastrous defeat for the Allies.

"The 71st, 96th and 153rd Regiments have been annihilated . . ."

"XIXth Corps reports its infantry elements surrounded and out of ammunition . . ."

"The 22nd and 58th Divisions have ceased to exist . . ."

"XXXIVth Corps situation critical . . ."

Such were the messages from the front. Whole regiments were being wiped out, entire divisions were melting away faster than the headquarters clerks could record and tabulate the casualties.

The extent of the disaster became even more apparent closer to the front. The rutted, muddy roads leading to the forward areas were choked with ammo columns and troop reinforcements being rushed to the line in frantic haste—and with endless lines of ambulances, trucks and wagons loaded down with wounded heading for the rear.

Maimed and mangled *poilus* jammed the aid stations and field hospitals. Those among them still able to speak described the battle as worse than Verdun, more terrible than the Somme, and they cursed the bunglers who had planned and ordered the ill-fated offensive.

"We didn't have a chance . . ."

"Our regiment was cut to ribbons in the first hour. We were sent into a trap . . ."

"The Boches knew exactly when and where we would attack . . ."

Farther forward, splintered battalions and regiments clung desperately to shell-churned patches of ground. The men who remained alive in that convulsed wasteland already knew the attack had failed and their situation was hopeless—yet they could not, they dared not, withdraw.

The Order of the Day, issued by General Robert George Nivelle, the French Army's Commander-in-Chief, had been read to all troops before they'd gone over the top. The directive was brutally clear.

"There will be no withdrawals, no matter what the circumstances," General Nivelle had decreed. "All units will continue to press the attack to the last man. Any retreats, retirements or withdrawals shall be considered *prima facie* evidence of cowardice and desertion under fire. Those involved will be summarily shot!"

The combat troops knew Nivelle's reputation for ruthlessness. They had [Continued on page 95]



Their steel-tipped lances at the ready, the Cavalry rode at full tilt into the ranks of their own Infantry.



William Fife



Deadliest Life Boat the Sea Ever Saw

There were 135 survivors in the life boat the day after the ship went down. In 26 days, there were 6, thanks to Hunger, Fear, Murder, Suicide and Thirst—A Thirst so great they drank each other's blood

by Charles McCarry
Illustrated by Sandy Kossin

Walter Gibson thought that there might be a little breeze in the bow of the ship, so he went up there to try and cool off. That was what saved him. Memory plays tricks, and Gibson can't be sure now whether he saw the Japanese torpedo cutting its innocent, milky way through the placid indigo of the Indian Ocean. But he does remember the sinister blister of flame—blood-red, yellow and grease-black—that came retching from the middle of the ship, and the gushy explosion.

Gibson was blown overboard. As he went down, turning lazily un-

derwater, he saw that his boots had been torn from his feet and his shirt was in tatters. He thought, *What in hell will I do without boots?* He felt bad about the shirt, too; he'd left the other one behind him in Singapore, and some Nip soldier had probably traded it already for a few minutes on the floor with one of those frail, shy-faced Malayan girls.

Abruptly, Gibson felt a tightening in his chest. He knew that only the quick lungful of air he had snatched before his body smacked the water stood between him and death. All the tough instinct that had kept him alive through the sweaty jungle campaign of the Malay Peninsula caught spark again. [Continued on page 60]

In the dark, the men fought silently, savagely for their lives.





The big jaguar had killed my friend, and now he had to die. And I had to kill him my way—with a spear. But when we came face to face in the 30-yard clearing, I knew I had to make the first thrust count. It was . . .

The Death Duel I Can't Forget

by Sasha Siemel

Illustrated by Bob Kuhn

Shortly after I had set up camp near Ilho do Cara Cara, an outpost rider from the big Rancho Descalvados rode in and brought grave news. His name was Jose Ramos, and he lived with his wife at a small ranch about 10 miles upriver from my camp. He ran his own small herd, and also watched the herds of the big ranch.

"You must come with your dogs!" the man said. "Assassino has begun raiding again, and has already killed twelve of my cattle!"

There was an air of desperation about the man. His khaki shirt was stained with sweat from the ride, and it was evident he had ridden in great haste for help.

Ordinarily I would have agreed to go. But I had lost my lead-dog; and except for Raivoso, a dog that had been well trained but not tried out as a master-dog, there was no one to lead the pack.

"I am sorry, Jose," I said. "I cannot risk the dogs I have left with that devil. He will kill the dogs as fast as I send them after him! I would as soon send little Tupi—" I pointed to the little fox terrier, who had grown rapidly during the time we had come downriver, but was still too small for a *tigre* hunt. Tupi cocked his head to one side as I pointed, regarding me with sudden suspicion.

I laughed.

"Do not worry, Tupi," I said. "I will not send you."

The story of Assassino was well known along the Pantanal do Xarayes. Several years before this enormous *tigre* had been wounded by an inexperienced hunter, who shot too hastily while the cat was crouched on the limb of a tree. The infuriated *tigre* had bounded from the branch, and the [Continued on page 92]



The author, then in his early thirties, and one of the many jaguars he has killed with a spear.



The sex addict mentally endorses every woman he meets—and knows instinctively whether or



not he can "make out."

His Hobby is SEX

...but the Satyr (Male Nymphomaniac) gets no fun from the thing that obsesses him. Here a top expert shows why the Sex Addict is as wretched as any other kind of addict

by Doctor Richard Hoffmann
with Theodore Irwin

One of my patients, a slender, attractive blonde in her mid-thirties, recently came to my office looking as if she were drained of all energy. Her explanation was that her "virile" husband, Paul, was amorous too frequently and she couldn't resist his erotic demands.

When Paul visited me I could see that he, too, showed signs of boudoir battle fatigue. Since obviously he did not have the endowment for prodigious feats of a sex athlete, I urged him to curtail his activities for the sake of his wife's health as well as his own. He agreed. The following week, when I asked Paul whether he had followed my suggestion, he nodded.

"Yes, I have. Now I don't come home for lunch."

I know a celebrated actor on Broadway who habitually spends the intermission after the second act of his play in performing another kind of act on his dressing-room couch with whatever amiable female is available.

Such apparently oversexed men, whether married or bachelors, are not to be envied. Usually they are abnormally promiscuous, boastful, proud of their lable as wolf or roué, lecher or Don Juan. But essentially they are "sick" men, for a sex [Continued on page 82]

Horror Fiction to Remember

THE FRUIT AT THE BOTToM OF THE BoWL





by Ray Bradbury

Illustrated by Art Sussman

Ever get that I'm-sure-I-left-the-water-running feeling when you're 100 miles from home? That's how Acton felt, right down to his fingertips. Only what he had to worry about was a clue to his perfect murder

William Acton rose to his feet. The clock on the mantel ticked midnight.

He looked at his fingers and he looked at the large room around him and he looked at the man lying on the floor. William Acton, whose fingers had stroked typewriter keys and made love and fried ham and eggs for early breakfasts, had now accomplished a murder with those same 10 whorled fingers.

He had never thought of himself as a

sculptor and yet, in this moment, looking down between his hands at the body upon the polished hardwood floor, he realized that by some sculptural clenching and remodeling and twisting of human clay he had taken hold of this man named Donald Huxley and changed his physiognomy, the very frame of his body.

With a twist of his fingers he had wiped away the exacting glitter of Huxley's gray eyes; replaced it with a blind dullness of

Please turn page



THE FRUIT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL

Continued from preceding page

eye cold in socket. The lips, always pink and sensuous, were gaped to show the equine teeth, the yellow incisors, the nicotine-dipped canines, the gold-inlaid molars. The nose, pink also, was now mottled, pale, discolored, as were the ears. Huxley's hands, upon the floor, were open, pleading for the first time in their lives, instead of demanding.

Yes, it was an artistic conception. On the whole, the change had done Huxley a share of good. Death made him a handsomer man to deal with. You could talk to him now and he'd have to listen.

William Acton looked at his own fingers.

It was done. He could not change it back. Had anyone heard? He listened. Outside, the normal late sounds of street traffic continued. There was no banging of the house door, no shoulder wrecking the portal into kindling, no voices demanding entrance. The murder, the sculpturing of clay from warmth to coldness was done, and nobody knew.

Now what? The clock ticked midnight. His every impulse exploded him in a hysteria toward the door. Rush, get away, run, never come back, board a train, hail a taxi, get, go, run, walk, saunter, but get the blazes *out* of here!

His hands hovered before his eyes, floating, turning.

He twisted them in slow deliberation; they felt airy and feather-light. Why was he staring at them this way? he inquired of himself. Was there something in them of immense interest that he should pause now, after a successful throttling, and examine them whorl by whorl?

They were ordinary hands. Not thick, not thin, not long, not short, not hairy, not naked, not manicured and yet not dirty, not soft and yet not callused, not wrinkled and yet not smooth; not murdering hands at all—and yet not innocent. He seemed to find them miracles to look upon.

It was not the hands as hands he was interested in, nor the fingers as fingers. In the numb timelessness after an accomplished violence he found interest only in the tips of his fingers.

The clock ticked upon the mantel.

He knelt by Huxley's body, took a handkerchief from Huxley's pocket, and began methodically to swab Huxley's throat with it. He brushed and massaged the throat and wiped the face and the back of the neck with a fierce energy. Then he stood up.

He looked at the throat. He looked at the polished floor. He bent slowly and gave the floor a few dabs with the handkerchief, then he scowled and swabbed the floor; first near the head of the corpse; secondly, near the arms. Then he polished the floor all around the body. He polished the floor one yard from the body on all sides. Then he polished the floor two yards from the body on all sides. Then he polished the floor three yards from the body in all directions. Then he—

He stopped.

There was a moment when he saw the entire house, the mirrored halls, the carved doors, the splendid furniture; and, as clearly as if it were being repeated word for word,

he heard Huxley talking and himself talking just the way they had talked only an hour ago.

Finger on Huxley's doorknob. Huxley's door opening.

"Oh!" Huxley shocked. "It's you, Acton."

"Where's my wife, Huxley?"

"Do you think I'd tell you, really? Don't stand out there, you idiot. If you want to talk business, come in. Through that door. There. Into the library."

Acton had *touched* the library door.

"Drink?"

"I need one. I can't believe Lily is gone, that she—"

"There's a bottle of burgundy, Acton. Mind fetching it from that cabinet?"

Yes, fetch it. *Handle* it. *Touch* it. He did.

"Some interesting first editions, Acton. Feel this binding. *Feel* it."

"I didn't come to see books, I—"

He had *touched* the books and the library table and *touched* the burgundy bottle and burgundy glasses.

Now, squatting on the floor beside Huxley's cold body with the polishing handkerchief in his fingers, motionless, he stared at the house, the walls, the furniture about him, his eyes widening, his mouth dropping, stunned by what he realized and what he saw. He shut his eyes, dropped his head, crushed the handkerchief between his hands, wadding it, biting his lips with his teeth, pulling in on himself.

The fingerprints were everywhere, *everywhere*!

"Mind getting the burgundy, Acton, eh? The burgundy bottle, eh? With your fingers, eh? I'm terribly tired. You understand?"

A pair of gloves.

Before he did one more thing, before he polished another area, he must have a pair of gloves, or he might unintentionally, after cleaning a surface, redistribute his identity.

He put his hands in his pockets. He walked through the house to the hall umbrella stand, the hatrack. Huxley's overcoat. He pulled out the overcoat pockets.

No gloves.

His hands in his pockets again, he walked upstairs, moving with a controlled swiftness, allowing himself nothing frantic, nothing wild. He had made the initial error of not wearing gloves (but, after all, he hadn't *planned* a murder, and his subconscious, which may have known of the crime before its commitment, had not even hinted he might need gloves before the night was finished), so now he had to sweat for his sin of omission. Somewhere in the house there must be at least one pair of gloves. He would have to hurry; there was every chance that someone might visit Huxley, even at this hour. Rich friends drinking themselves in and out the door, laughing, shouting, coming and going without so much as hello-good-by. He would have to wait until six in the morning, at the outside, when Huxley's friends were to pick Huxley up for the trip to the airport and Mexico City. . . .

Acton hurried about upstairs opening drawers, using the handkerchief as a blotter. He untidied 70 or 80 drawers in six rooms, left them with their tongues, so to speak, hanging out, ran on to new ones. He felt naked, unable to do anything until he found gloves. He might scour the entire house with the handkerchief, buffing every possible surface where fingerprints might lie, then accidentally bump a wall here or there, thus sealing his own fate with one microscopic, whorling symbol! It would be putting his stamp of approval on the murder, that's what it would be! Like those waxen seals in [Continued on page 56]

Was Fonck A Faker?

How could he be when he had 75 kills to his credit? But you'll wonder after you read about this ace whose mouth was his worst enemy

by William E. Barrett

- There are many ways to get World War I fans arguing, but to date none is more sure-fire than the mention of one name—René Fonck. Accepted and honored by his contemporaries and historians as a crack pilot with plenty of courage and skill, Fonck's name is still beclouded because he couldn't stand success. The official records credit him with 75 kills. He always claimed 127 and because he did, many have doubted the validity of the "75" figure. Never once did he withdraw a victory claim no matter how ridiculous—and some were ridiculous beyond belief.

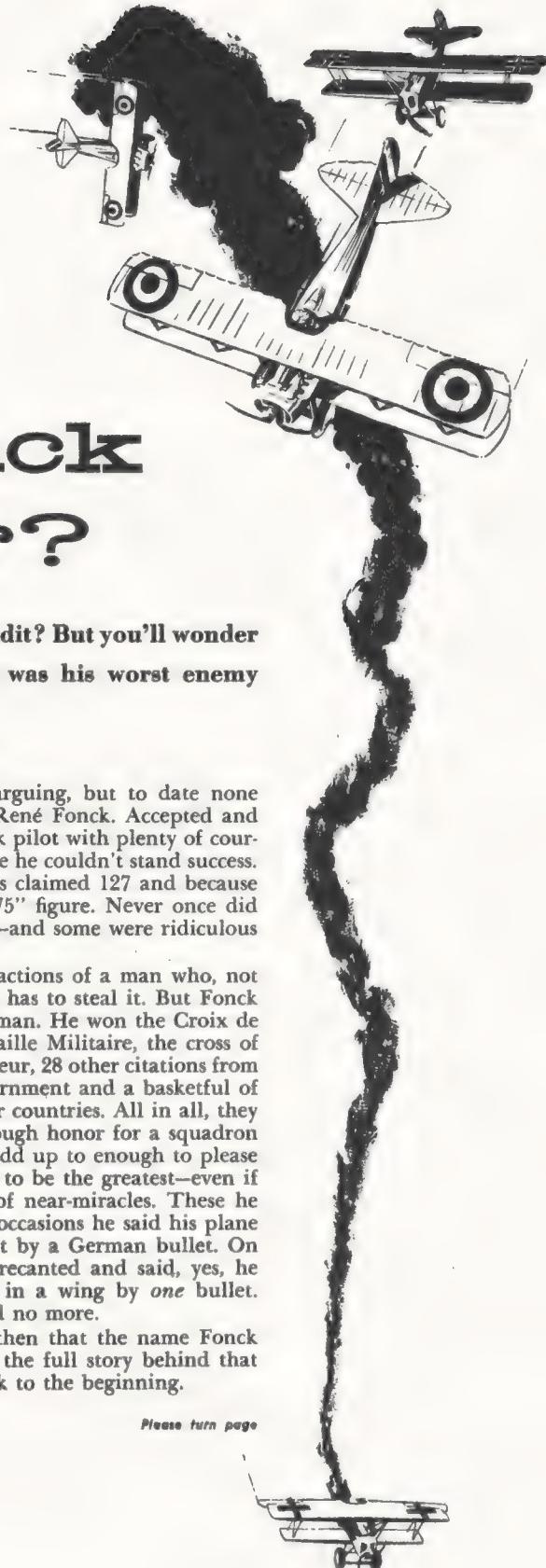


Ace René Fonck in his prime.

These are the actions of a man who, not able to earn glory, has to steal it. But Fonck was not such a man. He won the Croix de Guerre, the Médaille Militaire, the cross of the Légion d'Honneur, 28 other citations from the French government and a basketful of awards from other countries. All in all, they added up to enough honor for a squadron—but they didn't add up to enough to please Fonck. He had to be the greatest—even if it meant claims of near-miracles. These he claimed. On many occasions he said his plane had never been hit by a German bullet. On one occasion he recanted and said, yes, he had once been hit in a wing by *one* bullet. One bullet—and no more.

It is no wonder then that the name Fonck is shaded. To get the full story behind that shadow let's go back to the beginning.

Please turn page



Was Fonck A Falcon?

Continued from preceding page

There was nothing to mark René Fonck as different in the beginning. When the war broke out, he was merely one of millions of French boys, the son of an ordinary family in an ordinary small town.

He was 20 when he was called up as a conscript on August 22, 1914 and assigned, at his own request, to the aviation branch of the army. He was nine months older than Georges Guynemer with whom he has been most often compared, and he was accepted for flight training five months earlier than Guynemer. Sent to the second aviation group at Dijon, he passed his qualifying examination as a pilot in April 1915. In contrast to the tall, sickly Guy-nemer, Fonck was short, stocky, powerful—an athlete who exercised every day according to his own system, even in the service where most men complained of too much exercise. Guynemer was quick, volatile, restless, nervous; Fonck was slow, cautious, reserved, seemingly without nerves. Guynemer was reckless and made many mistakes as a student pilot; Fonck rarely made a mistake and earned his wings with a school record that was almost perfect. Yet, Guynemer, starting later, reached the front first in Escadrille M.S.3, June 8, 1915; Fonck went to the front in Escadrille C-47 on June 15.

As the pilot of a Caudron two-seater used for reconnaissance, Fonck quickly distinguished himself as a cool pilot who did not panic under fire. He was cited in the dispatches after two months of front-line flying for continuing a flight low over the



German trenches under heavy fire and landing his observer safely, though the plane was badly damaged. He was cited again in November for conspicuous courage and skill.

At the same time air fighting was developing as a military science in late 1915, so was Fonck's desire for personal attention. In the hull following the Champagne offensive, he took his Caudron off without an observer and flew in the direction of the lines. He lacked a reasonable objective since he had no one with him to photograph or make notes and no weapons save the carbine that he often carried in the cockpit. When he returned, he told a thrilling tale of a disconnected gas line, a fast landing behind the German lines before his gas ran out, a swift emergency repair and a takeoff under fire, with a German cavalry patrol galloping down on him. None of his amused comrades believed him—and he did not receive a mention in the dispatches for this exploit—but he insisted his story was true.

That was the first known indication of the shadow Fonck, the man who could not be content with what he had honestly achieved, the man with an insatiable appetite for applause.

On March 1, 1916, he turned in a vaguely-worded victory claim

Please turn page

As the observer's body shot straight toward him Fonck acted swiftly.

Illustrated by Harry Scheare



Was Fonck A Faker?

Continued from preceding page

over a German two-seater which allegedly fell behind the enemy lines. He was accompanied by an observer, Adjutant Jaunaut, who presumably did the shooting, although Fonck did not say so. The claim was disallowed for lack of confirming evidence but Fonck entered the "victory" in his log and it appears as number one in his list of 127.

Through the long, hard summer of 1916, Fonck continued to give a good account of himself, flying the dangerous photography and observation patrols which brought death to so many men and glory to so few. In midsummer his single-engine Caudron was replaced by the twin-engine Caudron and Fonck mounted a machine gun in his ship in July, fixed to fire forward through the clear area between the two propeller arcs. On the 6th of August, with Lieutenant Thiberge as his observer, Fonck gave battle to a German Rumpler and shot it down with his front gun. There was no doubt about this victory because the Rumpler landed behind the French lines and its crew became prisoners of war.

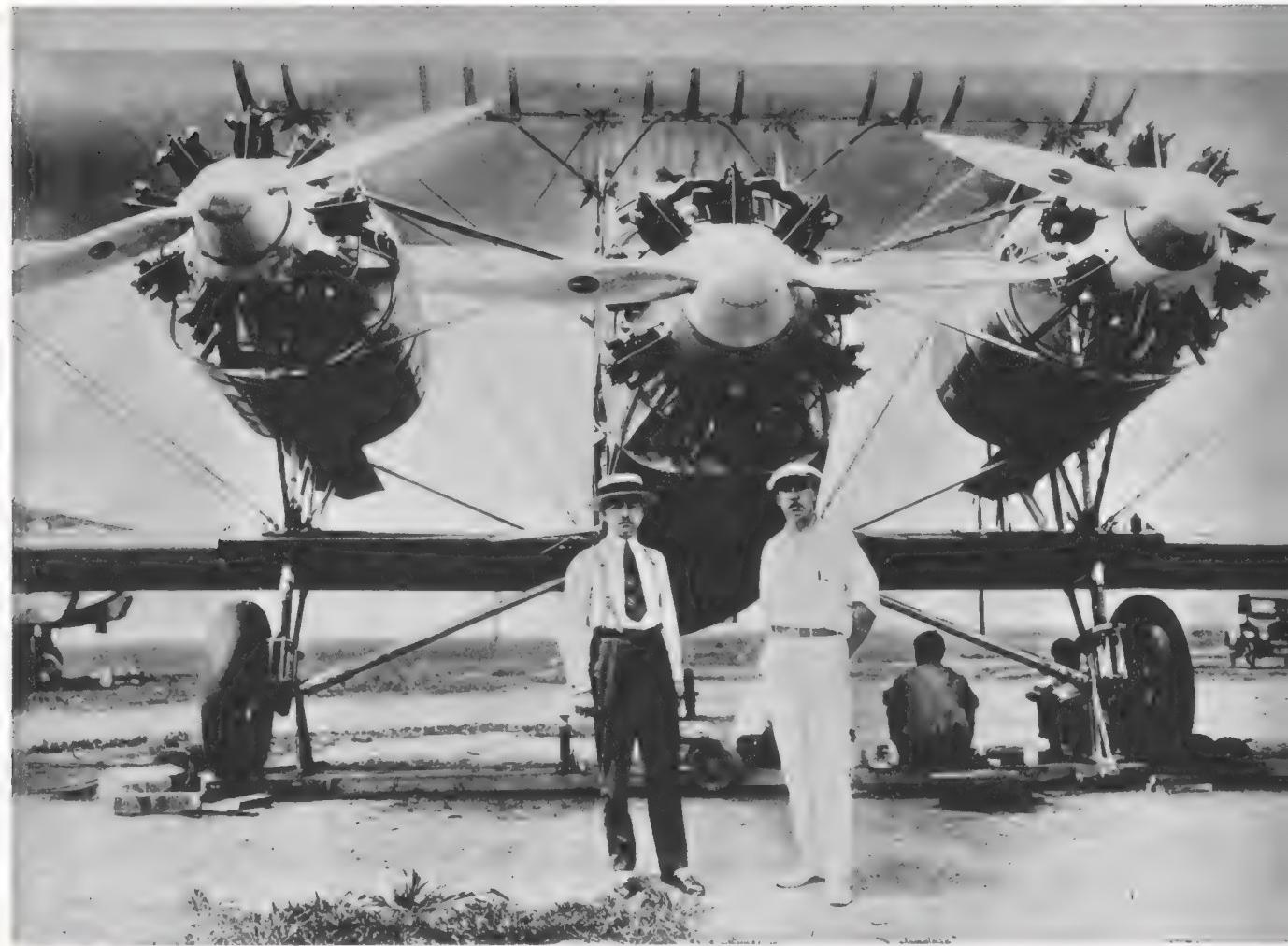
René Fonck received the Croix de Guerre with palm and the Médaille Militaire as a reward for this feat and for his consistently good record as a pilot.

After that experience Fonck was never again happy as a reconnaissance pilot. His ache to be a fighter pilot was so great he sought combat in his clumsy Caudron. On October 14th, he made a highly questionable victory claim which was disallowed. This added to the reputation he was making as a fabricator of incredible adventures and hair-raising escapes. What made his posturing even harder to believe was his personality, or lack of it. He was quiet, a poor mixer, contributing little to the conversation in the mess apart from his accounts of his own exploits. He spent long hours alone, did not drink, and had the habit of taking naps after every patrol. He started and finished each day with setting-up exercises, a solemn performance which the carelessly-conditioned Caudron crews found highly amusing.

The spring of 1917 was a period of intense aerial activity and new German pursuit ships—faster and more heavily armed than anything on the front—appeared on the scene. On March 17, Fonck, in the same old Caudron, was surprised along with another Caudron, by five Albatroses. Fonck handled the big twin-engined ship like a scout, repeatedly shaking off and evading his attackers. The other Caudron was in trouble and Fonck dived through the three Albatroses which were ringing it, holding his ship



When Sikorsky was first built, it was an engineering marvel. But Fonck demanded changes.



Sikorsky (right) relied on Fonck's reputation. Some called Fonck's actions "criminally negligent."

at the point of stall as he came out of his dive above the combat while his observer, Lieutenant Marcaggi, coolly shot down one of the Germans.

This move saved the day, the French hides and won René Fonck an official victory. (His observer was credited also—the French system at that time permitting dual credit.) Fonck was cited again in the dispatches and awarded a two-week leave.

When he returned from his furlough, his greatest reward awaited him—the news that he had been released forever from the Caudrons.

On April 25, 1917, Fonck reported at Bonne Maison, near Fismes, assigned to a Spad in the famous "Storks," which had been newly expanded to four escadrilles under the command of Captain Brocard. It was the dream of his life come true, the dream of any young Frenchman's life. *Les Cigognes* [the Storks] were a legendary group, the most renowned fighting crew in France.

At the time that Fonck joined them, the Storks included: Spad 3, the original Storks, commanded by Captain Heurteaux and including Dorme and Guynemer; Spad 26, commanded by Lieutenant de La Tour; Spad 73 under Captain Deullin; and Spad 103 to which Fonck was assigned, under Captain d'Harcourt. Guynemer had 36 victories, Dorme 20, Delorme 21, Nungesser 21, Deullin 14, Pinsard 10, Tarascon 10 and Madon 9. In such company, René Fonck was a mere cadet, but he had behind him [Continued on page 70]

Did Anyone Bring an Opener?

By
Jonathan Winters
and
Philip Cammarata



● "Did Anyone Bring an Opener?" (Harper & Bros. \$1.50) is the title for a rollicking new book made up of old movie stills and captions outrageous—and what you're seeing on these pages is a selection of the better numbers. Right now this type of humor is enjoying a big play but Jonathan Winters and Phil Cammarata who put together this, the best collection of all, are not Jonathans-come-lately. Cammarata was the first to distill new spirits into old stills and Winters introduced them some time back on the Jack Paar show. For more, buy the book!



So tell me, Frank, how's Molly and the kids?



*The work day here ends
at five,
not ten minutes to!*



Okay, lover, now what?



Mildred, this is not my idea of a honeymoon.

*Marty and me are going
to Birdland.
Mind if we use your car?*





I said you're standing on my foot!



*He's always found
Italian food
somewhat indigestible.*



Hurrell

Visits.....

- Here CAVALIER proudly presents the second in its series of portraits by master photographer George Hurrell. For his camera studies of Hollywood stars, Hurrell has justly earned the title of the world's greatest glamor photographer. World War II interrupted his career; he became a cameraman with the first motion picture unit in the Army Air Force. After the war, he went to New York to work in television. Now he is once again in Hollywood, focussing his lenses on a bevy of beauties who will be the Hollywood stars of tomorrow—CAVALIER's Ladies. As is the case with all departments, we welcome suggestions for candidates for CAVALIER visits.



.....June Wilkinson

CAVALIER

Cavalier's Lady

June Wilkinson

Though we've been proud to feature June Wilkinson as our Cavalier's Lady before, we felt that this exciting newcomer rated a visit from our exciting newcomer (to us), George Hurrell. We had the hunch that George could find something in June that no

Please turn page





June Wilkinson



other photographer has discovered. This is the master's forte and
we sure are happy we did—'cause he did. We're confident
that even the hard-core Wilkinson fans will agree no
one's ever really captured the real June before. Though

Cavalier's Lady



June is English we've always figured her as the real universal type a real guy could go for. The statistics? Nope—we won't tell you. If you don't know by now you just haven't been paying attention.



A 100-mile-per-hour sports car for under \$1,800? No, we're not kidding. It's got only two cylinders, and it looks like a toy, but throw her into gear, step on the gas, and we're sure you'll agree that...

The Berkeley's A Beautiful Bomb

text and photos by Joe H. Wherry

● The attendant laughed when I wheeled the Berkeley into the station for some gas. "Just sit right there," he said. "I don't have a shoe-horn to get you back in."

"Look, Buster," I said. "You don't get in or out of this thing—you just put it on or take it off like a sweater."

That shut him up for a minute, and he filled the tank to its $6\frac{1}{2}$ gallon capacity. The Berkeley doesn't need a larger tank. It has a very stingy appetite. In four days driving, I'd averaged 30.2 miles in the city, and 42 miles on the open road—using regular gas.

After filling her up, the attendant wanted a look at the motor, so I opened the hood for him, disclosing the tiny but mighty 692 c.c. two-cylinder engine, which is made by the Royal Enfield motorcycle people. One of the finest power plants available in its class, it develops 40 brake horsepower at 5,500 revs per minute.

Please turn page



Author Wherry wears a pleased grin after giving the Berkeley a grueling road-test.

The compression ratio is a modest 7.25 to 1 which allows the use of regular fuel. It has pushrod-operated overhead valves and overhead rockets.

Largely built of aluminum, the machined cylinders sit on a crankcase of the same metal. The one-piece crankshaft is cast integrally with the centrally located flywheel, and the latter is carefully balanced both statically and dynamically. The pistons are of aluminum alloy. The engine uses a dry sump oil reservoir which is integral with the 2.5 quart crankcase.

For such a small mill, the generator and starter are huge—which should insure durability and easy starting. This proved to be the result for, on one occasion at fairly high altitude, the two-banger got well cooled off, yet started on the first hit of the push-button on the dash. The carburetor is the essence of simplicity and efficiency—a motorcycle type “Anal” single throat job about the size of your fist. An S. U. electric fuel pump, familiar to sports car types, pushes the fuel from the tank, which is mounted in the rear. The fuel filler is on the rear deck, and an in-the-line fuel filter strains out any unwanted foreign particles. With very little mechanical know-how and just a dime store screwdriver as your weapon, you can adjust this simple carburetor by the two external adjustments: the air bleed screw and the idle adjusting screw. The accelerator pedal is rather weirdly linked by a final cable that raises—or lowers—a piston-like vertical valve in the venturi to control fuel flow.

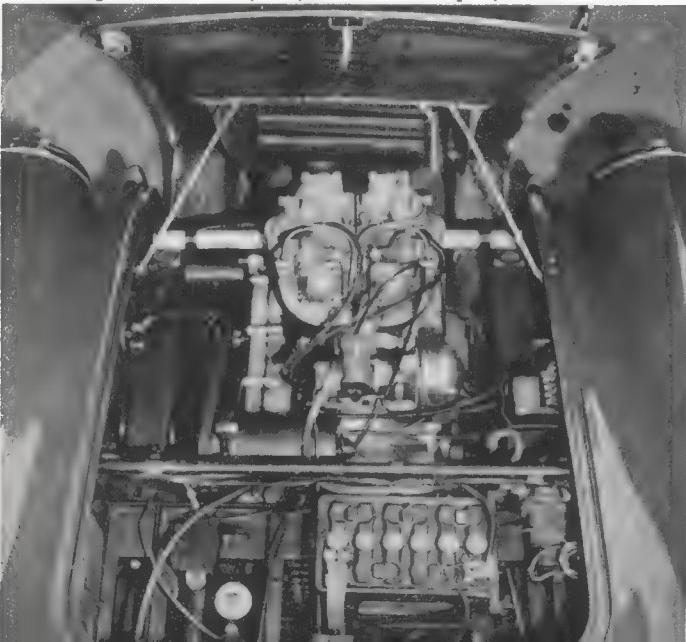
The battery is a small 12-volt unit snuggled tightly against the firewall and the tiny distributor has automatic retard and advance. There is very little to go wrong with this engine but the exhaust system sounds like that of a gutted hotrod. The exhaust manifolds are simple—merely smoothly curved, high efficiency pipes that curve from the tops of the finned cylinders down over the front of the engine immediately in back of the squarish airscoop.

Below and in back of this robust engine is a multi-plate “Albion” clutch operated

The Berkeley's A Beautiful Bomb

Continued from preceding page

Berkeley's two-cylinder air-cooled motor turns out 105 mph at 5,500 rpm's, is made by Royal Enfield Company.



by cable linkage. The four-speed gearbox, also an "Albion" unit, has overall ratios of 13.7, 8.62, 5.95, and 4.81 first cog through fourth respectively. Reverse gear with its 14.05 ratio will give your noggin a good whiplash if you hit the gas button too hard when backing out of your driveway.

This box, encased in aluminum, drives the front wheels through half-axle shafts with universal joints. The suspension, not at all designed for the soft Detroit kind of ride, is on the firm side. Unequal length wishbones combine with coil springs and telescopic dampers (that means shock absorbers in our American brand of English) hold up the front end and, together with the independently sprung swing axle beneath the rear end, give a mighty satisfying kind of roadability. There are, in our opinion, few sports cars below \$2,600 or \$2,750 delivered that can go through a tight corner any quicker or with less lean and fishtailing.

Girling, a top firm in Britain, makes the 7-inch diameter hydraulic brakes which have a shoe area of 65 square inches. Now that doesn't sound like very big brakes but this critter only weighs, dry, a mere 784 pounds. Divide that slight amount by the brake area and you get a weight-to-brake-area ratio of 12.1 pounds to the square inch of lining area. Comparatively speaking, that's getting on toward twice the braking ability of most Detroit slugs which do well to wind out, with all the stuff they load on those living rooms on wheels, with no more than 20 pounds of dead weight which has to be stopped by our rapid-fade brakes. The Berkeley's stopping ability has to be experienced to be believed. The pedal works easily, and the little 5.20 x 12 Michelin tires snag onto the surface like leeches. There is little nose dive, either, for this baby is snubbed right down to the point where there is little dip possible. [Continued on page 56]

Berkeley has simple dash. Speedometer reads up to 120 mph, but car won't do more than 105 without a strong tailwind.

Three minutes easy work-less in a rainstorm—and the Berkeley's tubular framework is in place.



Goering: **Millionaire Murderer Miser**

Last month you saw Goering, the World War I hero. Here is the more familiar Hermann, the man who hid a killer's heart under the most friendly face in Hitler's Murderer's Row. And here is how he built the Luftwaffe, became one of the richest looters the world has ever known—before he cheated the Nuremberg Hangman

By Richard Hanser





Goering liked to show his bravery by playing with lions—young ones.



Goering at the controls of a Luftwaffe plane on his Fiftieth birthday. He is aiming with his hands, perhaps remembering his flying days of WW I.



Part of the loot—this batch silverware—from all over Europe which Goering had stashed away in his private cave near Berchtesgaden.

● The patient in the padded cell inside the bleak and ugly walls of Sweden's Langbrö Asylum was officially described as an "extremely dangerous anti-social hysterical," and not a doctor or nurse in the institution would have bet a plugged kroner on his future.

What they knew about his past made his present condition seem even more pitiable. His name was Hermann Goering and he had once, in World War I, been commander of the illustrious Richthofen Squadron, an authentic hero of the air with the highest decoration for valor, the *Pour le Mérite*, to prove it. In man-to-man combat he had shot down 22 Allied planes, with all the magnificent courage, technical skill and physical stamina which such a feat implies. But now it was 1925 and he was a collapsed hulk, a dope addict, a psychopath who had to be confined like an animal for his own protection and the safety of his fellow creatures. By every normal sign, Hermann Goering's greatest days were behind him and his life irretrievably shattered.

And yet the quivering, mumbling inmate of that padded cell at Langbrö was only in the temporary ebb of a fantastic career which would, over the coming years, make him one of the most powerful and spectacular figures of modern times. The same factors which had reduced him to his present miserable plight would, in time, conspire to lift him to such heights as few men in history had ever attained. His connection with the Nazi Party

Please turn page

Goering:

Millionaire Murderer Miser

Continued from preceding page

of Germany and its leader, Adolf Hitler, had caused his downfall. But the Nazi Party and Adolf Hitler were also destined to transform him into a towering figure on the world stage—a war lord who shook a continent, a latter-day Nero rich beyond calculation, and a criminal on so vast a scale that an International Tribunal would one day pronounce upon him the verdict: "*His guilt is unique in its enormity.*"

As organizer and leader of Hitler's Storm Troops, Goering had been in the forefront of the first Nazi attempt to seize power in Munich in 1923. It was a bloody and abortive uprising which the authorities shattered with blasts of gunfire, leaving the Nazi Party scattered and broken and its leader under arrest. It left Hermann Goering with a severe wound in the thigh and forced him to flee his native land as a political exile.

His wound failed to heal properly, became infected and caused him such unbearable pain that he took increasing doses of morphine to still his agony. The failure of the uprising, the bodily damage done by the wound and the mental depression induced by his exile changed Hermann Goering from a robust and two-fisted swashbuckler into a moral and physical wreck. He could not give up taking dope even when the need for it had passed, and became a confirmed addict. Unable to resume his former career as a commercial pilot, he had no way of supporting himself and was forced to live off the family of his Swedish wife, Karin. His condition steadily worsened and when hospital treatment failed to bring about any improvement he was committed to the asylum as a last resort.

He spent six months at Langbrö undergoing all the horrors of "cold turkey" withdrawal from his drug, an experience which at first seemed to reduce him to a more alarming state of mental deterioration than ever. But gradually, with long rest and sound diet, recovery set in and some of the extraordinary vigor which had distinguished him as a wartime pilot and political agitator began to return. He was released as "possibly cured, fit for society."

Meanwhile, a change took place in Germany which had a further invigorating effect on Goering. A political amnesty was proclaimed, and he was free to return to

Ernst Roehm (left) was Hitler-Goering strong-arm man in early days and then was handed a typical double cross when he wasn't needed.



Goering congratulating Luftwaffe pilots after an aerial attack on England. He expected victory within weeks.

KITCHEE COO!



Recently-released photo shows Goering's young son reach playfully for the Fuehrer's famous moustache.

Goering:

Millionaire Murderer Miser

Continued from preceding page

his own country without fear of arrest and imprisonment. As one of the great World War aces, he had close connections with the aviation industry and obtained a franchise for the sale of the Tornblad parachute, a Swedish invention. Leaving the ailing Karin behind, he returned to Germany. After years of sickness, degradation and idleness, he flung himself back into the world of action and competition like a warhorse at the sound of a trumpet. Soon he was living in style in a gay bachelor's apartment in Berlin, doing business with aviation companies like Heinkel and the Bavarian Motor Works, and shrewdly extending his contacts into every circle which promised social and political advancement. He was 34 years old, and on his way again.

And he renewed his connection with Adolf Hitler.

After the failure of the Munich uprising, Hitler had been sentenced to five years in prison. But certain political strings were pulled behind the scenes and he served only eight months in comfortable quarters where he wrote *Mein Kampf* ("My Battle"), a book which openly blueprinted his plan for the conquest of Germany and the domination of Europe. Nobody but a handful of fanatical followers took it seriously. How could this provincial crackpot ever hope to realize his insane dream of becoming dictator of a great modern nation, let alone all Europe? It was a joke.

But Hermann Goering knew better than to laugh.

He had seen Adolf Hitler in action in many a Munich beer hall and on many a street corner, haranguing crowds of bitter and discontented men who were like tinder waiting for a spark. Now, as the result of a runaway inflation and the steady increase of postwar unemployment, there was tinder all over Germany—unrest, poverty and a yearning among the masses for a strong man, a dictator, who would do something grew and spread.

The tinder was there in plenty and Adolf Hitler, with his fiery and inflammatory speeches, was showering sparks all around.



GOERING'S GRAVE.
This ashcan in Dachau,
(site of former
concentration camp)
contains the Reichmarshal's
mortal remains.



In death, Goering, who cheated hangman by swallowing poison, seems to wink slyly at the cameraman.

"We will incite the people. We will lash them to a frenzy," he said, and he did. "It is our mission to cause unrest," he said, and he caused it. All of Germany's woes, he shouted, were due to Jews and Communists. Crush them, exterminate them, and Germany would rise from the depths once more.

"The principle of democracy is the principle of destruction. Leadership is primary and decisive. Struggle is the father of all things. Virtue lies in blood—the pure Aryan blood of the German people who are destined to rule the world!"

Hermann Goering listened with a mingling of open enthusiasm and private cynicism. For the ideological content

of Nazism he cared nothing. All he cared about was the frenzy—the upsurge of mass emotion which could be used to destroy the fumbling German Republic and install an iron dictatorship instead. Then, at last, the bonds of the Versailles Peace Treaty could be broken and Germany's military might restored.

And then—? War.

"Of course," said Goering long afterwards, "I considered treaties, especially peace treaties, as so much toilet paper. I wanted to make Germany great again. If it could be done peacefully, well and good. If not, also well and good. We weren't running any girls' finishing school. If rearming meant war—well, let it come. The main thing was to rearm."

So Goering plunged headlong into the whirlpool of German politics, serving as the contact man for the National Socialists—the Nazis—on the upper levels of society and industry. As a *Pour le Mérite* hero and the son of a respected consular official he had easy entry into circles where the usual Nazi, who was likely to be an unemployed waiter or a back-alley thug, would be shown to the door. Hitler picked him to run for the Reichstag, the German parliament, and he was elected. As the Nazis won more and more votes year after year, Goering's stature grew accordingly and he became President of the Reichstag, Hitler's No. 1 deputy, and a power in his own right.

What it meant to put authority in the hands of Hermann Goering became appallingly clear in 1933 when the Nazis came to power and he was made Minister of the Interior for Prussia. With the office went full police powers, and Goering used them to the bloody utmost.

"Whenever necessary," he told his policemen, "revolvers must be used without regard to consequences. I assume all responsibility for any shot that's fired. If you call that murder—all right. I'm a murderer. You may shoot too high or too low, but the main thing is—shoot!"

Goering's orders to stamp out and exterminate all opposition without regard to law and justice heralded the start of the Nazi terror that engulfed Germany, swept across Europe, and inflicted torture and death on millions.

Within a few days of assuming office, he summarily dismissed 22 out of 32 ranking police officials and replaced them with Storm Troop men, many of whom had police records of their own and all of whom were ready to commit without question any crime the Party might require. "I am not here to exercise justice, but to wipe out and exterminate!" said Minister of the Interior Goering—not in private, not behind closed doors, but in a radio broadcast.

Hermann Goering, once a fugitive from the police himself, once the inmate of a padded cell at Langbrö, now held almost absolute power over 60,000,000 people. With furious energy and immense organizational skill, he proceeded to set up the ruthless and complicated apparatus needed to insure an efficient, continuing reign of terror. His chief innovation was the Gestapo.

The Gestapo was the *Geheime Staats-Polizei*—the Secret State Police—and Goering made it an instrument of control not only over the population at large but over the Nazi Party itself. Agents of the Gestapo, who penetrated into every nook and corner of German life, supplied him with incriminating information on all important Party officials—their past crimes, their current corruptions, their sexual peculiarities. Armed with dossiers full of this kind of dynamite, Goering's power inside the Party and out grew to enormous proportions.

Outside opposition to the Nazi leadership was extinct, rooted out by fire and sword. But opposition still existed, and it came from the inside. It came from inside the ranks of the Storm Troops, whom Hermann Goering himself had organized and trained. Now, with the same cold ferocity with which he had once shot down the enemies of his nation in the skies, he turned on his political antagonists inside the Party in one of the earliest, and one of the worst, of the Nazi blood baths.

The Storm Troops were Hitler's personal army, the strong-arm branch of the Nazi Party. Made up largely of unemployed rowdies and misfits, they formed flying squads of jaw-smashers and skull-crushers whose brawling violence

did much to bring Hitler to power by terrorizing all opposition. Over the years their ranks had swollen until they numbered more than two million. Their leader now was Ernst Roehm, a burly, scar-faced character who had been a captain of infantry in World War I. He was a notorious homosexual, tough and ruthless.

With the Nazis in undisputed power at last, Roehm and his bully-boys looked to Hitler and Goering for a handsome payoff in loot and power for services rendered. But Hitler and Goering no longer had any use for their battalions of brown-shirted hoodlums. What Hitler and Goering demanded now was absolute order and discipline in Germany, so that the nation could be systematically girded for war. The Storm Troops would have to be subdued.

So Goering began exaggerating the unrest in the Storm Troop ranks, blowing it up into a smoldering rebellion which threatened the regime. He convinced Hitler that Roehm was plotting to overthrow the government and take the reins himself. He began referring to the Storm Troops as "a pack of perverted bandits," playing up the homosexuality which was rampant among the Troops especially at the top. This had never bothered him or Hitler before, but now it became a handy tar brush with which to blacken the whole organization.

All this was in preparation for a Night of the Long Knives. It came on June 30th, 1934.

On that day Roehm, far from plotting an uprising, was vacationing with some cronies at a lake resort called Wiessee, near Munich. Hitler swooped down in the early hours of the morning accompanied by a convoy of cars loaded with SS men, the black-uniformed elite guard which constituted his trusted body troops. They caught Roehm still asleep. In an adjoining room was his pal Heines, in bed with a homosexual boy.

Screaming accusations of treason and immorality, Hitler had his old comrade and supporter arrested, handed him a revolver, and gave him ten minutes to shoot himself. Roehm contemptuously threw the gun on the floor. "Let Adolf do his own dirty work," he said.

When the 10 minutes were up SS men with submachine guns stepped into the room and killed him.

But the big slaughter was taking place simultaneously in Berlin, with Hermann Goering as Lord High Executioner.

He had long been preparing lists of the doomed, including personal enemies who had nothing to do with the alleged Storm Troop plot but were simply in his way. He was, as usual, proceeding on his favorite theory: "It is better to shoot the wrong man than not shoot at all."

SS squads rounded up more than 150 top Storm Troop leaders and herded them into barracks at the Licherfelde Cadet School where, long ago, Goering himself had been trained and commissioned as a Second Lieutenant. At intervals of fifteen minutes, four names were called out—and the executions went on for twenty four hours, around the clock.

The victims were lined up against a wall, and an SS man ripped open their shirts and drew a circle with charcoal around the left nipple. The target.

Six yards away was the firing squad, eight SS men with rifles. Then came the order from the officer in charge: "The Führer wills it. Heil Hitler! Fire!"

At that close range, the bullets tore huge holes in the backs of the victims as they left [Continued on page 102]

A Funny One for the Road

ATTENTION

We have a check for B.H. of Sarasota, Fla., if he will contact us.

"Well, bless my wool," said the ram, as he plunged over the cliff, "I didn't even see that ewe turn."

J.R.F., Grand Junction, Colo.



Every morning a starving concert violinist, living in a meager tenement flat, watched as a stranger stepped into the courtyard below and sawed out horrible tunes on a fiddle. When he finished, windows flew open and tenants tossed him bills and silver.

One day the concert violinist decided to try his luck, but his brilliant playing was met with catcalls and a shower of over-ripe vegetables. He couldn't understand it, so he asked the strange fiddler how he managed to collect so much money.

"It ain't easy," the fiddler replied, "and besides, you gotta be a darn good bookie."

C.R., Saginaw, Mich.



A woman goes to a Doctor.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"My husband and I don't enjoy our sex-life the way we used to."

"How old are you, Lady?"

"Eighty-two."

"How old is your husband?"

"Eighty-five."

"When did you first notice it?" the doctor asked.

"Last night," she replied, "and again this morning."

L.L., New York City



A Texas millionaire walked into a swank Miami Beach hotel followed by several bellboys carrying skis, toboggans, snowshoes, and sleds. Following them came several brace of Alaskan huskies.

"Why, sir!" exclaimed the hotel clerk, aghast. "This is Florida. You won't find snow down here."

"I know, I know," replied the Texan. "It's following right along with the rest of my luggage."

L.B., Columbus, O.



Drivers of small cars are forced to make quick decisions. Especially when a Cadillac in front makes a sudden stop and they have to decide which tailpipe to go up.

G.H., Soledad, Cal.

One Cavalier to another: "Who was that cute little redhead I saw you outwit last night?"

C.H., Peoria, Ill.



The Pullman passenger had finished washing his face and combing his hair and then returned to his berth, when he discovered he had left his toothbrush in the washroom. Hurrying back to retrieve it, he found a fellow passenger using it.

"Pardon me," he said, "but that happens to be my toothbrush you're using."

"I'm sorry, sir," the man apologized. "I thought it belonged to the railroad."

W.C.B., Reading, Pa.



And then there was the would-be operator who approached a real stacked Indian girl and told her he had two bits that said he could take her out and show her the best time she ever had. She told him she had a buck that said he couldn't.

B.R. Jr., Wildwood Crest, N. J.



A GI was finally persuaded by his buddies to fill a vacancy on the regimental boxing team, although he had never fought before.

After his first fight, the GI staggered into the barracks, all battered and bloody. "You poor guy," said one of his buddies.

"That's not the half of it," moaned the boxer. "I gotta fight again. I won."

D.M., Waco, Texas



A pretty girl walked into the credit department of a large store and asked that some charge slips be sent to her husband. "We had a terrible fight," she explained, "and he moved out to an apartment. I'm sure he'll come back when he sees these."

"Sending your bills to him doesn't seem to be the way to make him forgive and forget," said the clerk.

"It's not the bills," explained the girl. "It's what I bought." The sales slips revealed the following: "Two martini glasses, two steak knives, 1 bottle of perfume, a black bra and panty set, and 1 sheer nylon nightgown."

D.B., Pacific Palisades, Calif.



The haughty lady from the East had boasted much—too much—about the distinguished lineage of herself and her eastern associates. Summing up, she said, "We, in the East, place great emphasis on good breeding."

"That's fine," said her Western hostess, "Of course we like it out here, too. But we have lots of other fun besides."

F.S., Atchison, Kan.



A girl was riding her bike on a country road when she got a flat tire. Seeing a boy in a hayfield, she called to him to help her. A few days later the sheriff came to see the boy.

"Well," the sheriff said, "I've heard the girl's side of the story. Now I want to hear yours."

"It was this way, sheriff," the boy replied. "I fixed her tire for her, like she wanted. She didn't have no money to pay me so she called me in the bushes and took her pants off. The pants didn't fit me so I took the bicycle."

A.D.B., Girard, Ohio



A Texan visiting up north was telling about a fish he'd caught. "It measured 12 inches," he said.

"I held my breath," chuckled one of his listeners. "I'd always heard you Texans were full of such whoppers."

"I don't know where you got that idea," said the Texan. "Of course, you know though we measure our fish down there between the eyes."

H.H., Washington, D. C.



I am the recipient of what is possibly the bluntest dunning letter ever sent out: "Dear Sir: You have been on our books for a year. We have carried you longer than your own mother did. . ."

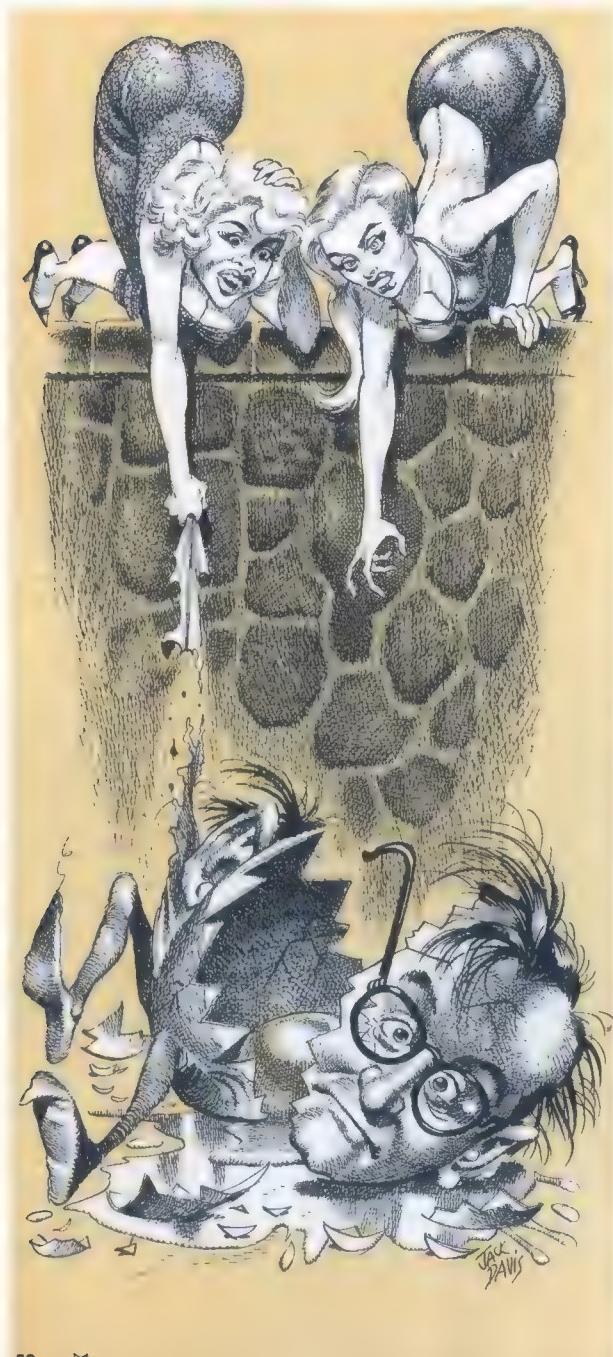
H.L., Fort Worth, Tex.

will be paid for any joke accepted for publication. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned; if your submission is not accepted within three weeks, consider it rejected. Address: Humor Editor, CAVALIER Magazine, 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York.



The Flat

These guys (and gals) get a whack on the backside from the flat of



to Steve Allen

Ever since Steve Allen hit the big time, critics have been saying that Steve is a man of many small talents—and they wish he could learn to do one thing well. This is a bum rap—Steve can do one thing damn well. When it comes to being a pretentious bore, Steve Allen has few peers and no master.

Indeed Steve is so expert at being obnoxious that he is the first gent to rate a second whack from the Flat of Our Blade.

The first time around we were annoyed with Steve because of the way he wheed and moaned about what a tough life he led while raking in all kinds of dough and how naughty the critics were when the same guys did so much to help the dough roll in.

Now Steve has changed. Instead of feeling sorry for himself, Steve is feeling sorry for you and you and you and all of us. Recently he told

Of Our Blade

CAVALIER's blade because we think they deserve it. Nominees are welcome

a *Look Magazine* writer that he wasn't "worried about the Maverick ratings—he was worried about the human race." You see, under the new set of rules Steve has drawn up for America, people aren't supposed to be so enthusiastic about cowboy shows—even the good ones like Maverick.

We've been so busy watching Maverick, we didn't know.

Sobering thoughts and words that made us all wonder what old Steverino was doing with his own show. Cultural stuff, eh what? A little Willie Shakespeare or Kafka or maybe even Pretty Boy Freud. But, hold on, folks. Seems like we got Steve wrong again. As an old Egghead he may worry about us Omeleheads, but as a money-maker, he's got to worry about old Steverino. So instead of seeing Chuck Laughton up there with Steve, reading "Don Juan in Hell," we see a parade of those deep breathers of the Jayne Mansfield—Juli Redding category.

Sure, we like Jayne and Juli and we know that nothing but nothing is better for the box office than a blouseful of goodies—but then we're just common clods who aren't equipped to tell other people how to behave.

We can't say for sure which one of Steve's many talents impresses him so that he feels he can play the Egghead and worry about us Omeleheads, but we figure it's the fact that he's had a few books

published. Someone who read them ought to tell Steve that if he was one of the great unwashed (like the folks who watch Maverick) the publishers would have had a special guy intercepting those manuscripts in the lobby.

We can say one thing for Steve in this direction—he wrote them himself. Leastwise we hope he did. If he paid a guy to ghost-write that stuff, he'll have to list business ability as another of his small talents.

Another thing we'll say for Steve is that he isn't shy. When he moved to Hollywood recently he started right off telling the people how they ought to feel about nuclear bomb testing. Not only does he tell them but he takes big ads in the trade papers so that no one will miss them. What qualifies Steve for handing out such advice and opinions about nuclear bomb testing? Well, Steve can sing a little, play the piano a little, tell jokes a little and write symbolistic short stories a little, a very little.

We used to enjoy Steve way back when he was a beginner and before he started seeing statues of himself springing up. We have the feeling that if he tried being a showman instead of a philosopher again he might be worth watching. At least he'd be doing something he knows something about.

As for being an egghead—skip it Steve. Every time you try, you end up with egg on your face. *

Cavalier's Buys for Guys

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Items shown represent the most interesting products Cavalier has seen this month. They are believed to be good values. The firms listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.



FAMILY SIZE ELECTRIC COOKER is automatic. Set the dial and forget it. The thermostat takes over for you. Cooker roasts, fries, stews, warms, casseroles, steams, etc. 10 functions in all. Holds 6 quarts. With the Cooker, you get a special Fireking oven-glass cover and a free cook book. \$7.75 postpaid. L & M Company, Department C, Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.



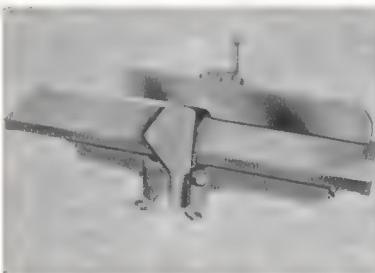
WINDOW WATCH shows the hour and minute in two windows. Never any confusion here because it is fully automatic and has no hands. The case is shock-resistant and will take some rugged wear. The jeweled Swiss movement and leather band complete the picture. \$9.95 postpaid. Cryder Sales Corp., Department WW-90, Box 79, White-stone 57, N. Y.



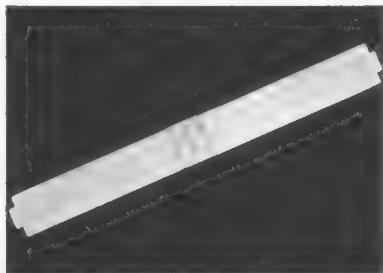
AIRLINES HAVE CAREERS FOR YOUNG MEN. Train at home in spare time for a career in the Air Age. Airlines employ thousands at good pay right at the start. Train at home and when you finish you will be eligible for Free Employment Advisory Service. For free information, write now stating age. Airlines Div., Northwest Schools, Dept. M-17, 11 E. 47th St., New York 17, N. Y.



PLAY PIANO with a short-cut method that teaches you to play songs in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises or practice. Secret is a patented feature called the "Automatic Chord Selector." Sample lesson, chord selector, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10c. Dean Ross, Department C-2, 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.



4½" JOINTER-PLANER carries an unconditional 10 year guarantee. In addition to the standard features, there are new improvements such as a table adjustment for depth of cut and completely adjustable fence assembly. Does fast and accurate planing and surfacing jobs. Shipping weight is 25 lbs. \$19.95 f.o.b. Order from American Machine and Tool Co., Dept. C-2, Royersford, Pa.



10" SLIDE RULE is handy for the student, accountant, farmer, everybody. Calculates instantly and accurately. Solves multiplication, division, proportion problems. Clear-view slide and A, B, C, D, C1 and K scales. No problem in the price which is \$1 postpaid, with instruction book. Order from Larch, Department 96-P, 118 East 28th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



DIAMOND BUYING GUIDE tells all the facts you should know about how to purchase diamonds. Prepared by Kaskel's, America's oldest diamond discount house, the 36 page Guide also illustrates hundreds of diamond styles in exquisite mountings. Explains Standard Diamond Grading System and Bonded Guarantee. Guide is free from Kaskel's, Dept. 930, 41 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



BORROW BY MAIL. Get the cash you want now, pay later. Enjoy the things you want now with a confidential Loan-by-Mail. Get any amount, \$100 to \$600. Pay back in small monthly installments to fit your paycheck. Everything private. No agent will call. Order blank mailed free. No obligation. Write to Dial Finance Co., Dept. K-2, 11 E. 47th St., New York 17, N. Y.



THE SKILLED HAND of the German gunsmith is responsible for this .22 blank cartridge repeater automatic with self-ejecting clip. Just 4" long, it fits easily into pocket or purse. Perfectly suited for sporting events and for use on the stage. (Not available to California residents.) \$6.95 postpaid. Best Values, Department F-49, 403 Market St., Newark, N. J.

CALLING ALL MEN! A 'SECOND INCOME' FOR YOU!



Coppertone
Tartan Grain
with built-in
Air Cushion
and Arch Sup-
port



Ladies' soft,
comfortable,
flexible casuals
and smart
dressy styles.



SHOW MIRACLE VALUE \$8.95 AND \$9.95 MEN'S DRESS SHOES!

The most sensational group of under \$10 footwear folks have seen in 20 years! Special leather purchases — plus our own new 'jet age' factories — make such values possible. New quality casuals at bargain prices keep repeat orders rolling in — and your income growing!

Now you can "be boss" of your own spare time shoe business!

How can you get the "extras" you need? With "extra" money, of course! You need a 'second' income — and here's how to get yours: — Take orders for a new kind of "all-day comfort" shoe! Work, dress, casual shoes — hunting boots — women's and children's shoes. Note the simple 2-finger demonstration that gets orders in moments!

No experience — no investment at any time.

Actual shoe samples supplied to producers!

Evenings and Saturdays — you can sell to neighbors and acquaintances, to co-workers "on the job". No stock to carry. No deliveries to make. We ship direct to your customers from our factory. Over a quarter million pairs in stock. Tremendous selection of 180 styles, complete range of sizes — 4 to 18, widths AAAA to EEEE — assure proper fit to big feet, small feet, wide feet, narrow feet. Soft glove leather linings, storm sealed construction give wearers the most shoe for the money.

**Make highest commissions — and
get your own shoes as "extras" without paying!**

No waiting for your money. You get up to \$5.00 a pair cash commission on the spot. Big bonus, other cash awards, your own shoes as an extra reward — all these are yours! "Word-of-mouth" advertising by happy customers helps you build a steady, prosperous business. Some men start spare time — soon operate full time and do a \$10,000 a year business as repeat orders come rolling in!

Send for big new Selling Outfit — it's FREE!

Write NOW — before you turn this page — if you want the independence and peace of mind a 'second' income can bring you. You never invest a penny, so you have everything to gain — nothing to lose. Hurry — WRITE TODAY!

CHARLES CHESTER SHOE CO.

Dept. B-07, Brockton, Mass.

(Established 1876)

MAIL COUPON RIGHT THIS MINUTE

CHARLES CHESTER SHOE CO.

Dept. B-07, Brockton, Mass.

I want to have a "second" income in spare time. Send everything I need to start ABSOLUTELY FREE and without obligation. Also tell me how I can get my own shoes without cost.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



BERKELEY IS A BEAUTIFUL BOMB

Continued from page 48

Standard equipment includes turn signals, electric windshield wipers, "double dipping headlamps with prefocused bulbs" which are okay but would be more legal in most states if they were switched to sealed beams, stop lights, and so forth. The puny-sounding horn needs more biff for freeway driving.

Speaking of freeways, this youngster will pass 'em. Just consider this dig: from a standing start you hit 30 miles an hour in 3.4 seconds. First cog is good for about 33 mph so a snap shift prangs you to 45 per in 7.5 seconds. Second gear still has lots of whack left but you do have to slam the stick into third slot at about 56 mph, which can jump you to 60 mph in 12.1 seconds.

These acceleration times were accurately checked with a stopwatch only after first checking out the speedometer to find the error. As on most cars, the Berkeley's speedometer is roughly seven per cent on the high side all the way up the clock. The top number is 120 on the competition type speedometer. To hit that mark you'd have to be charging downhill with the little car, but it will do an honest 100 miles an hour with little effort—in fact this 'slipper' is guaranteed for 100 per if in correct tune. On one fast run a buddy of mine name of Hallberg, who used to ride Royal Enfield bikes in his native England, and I took turns at the wheel. Thus, with just one aboard, to hit 105 plus miles per hour is within the realm of reality. At this speed the little scooter snuggles down on the road. Front wheel drive rigs are fun to drive. Despite the bulk of the weight being on the front wheels, the steering is light and there is little of the steering drag commonly associated with front drive cars.

While most front drive cars tend to want to trade ends, directionally, if one is sufficiently imprudent to lift the foot from the throttle pedal when in a fast corner, the Berkeley has better manners. In fact the front end gives the feeling that it wants to give up before the rear at such an unguided moment. The way to keep a front drive car from misbehaving is to keep the foot on the accelerator and, with the front wheels both driving and steering, the rear wheels just come along as a trailer. Actually the only reason

PHOTO CREDITS: Pg. 12, UPI; pg. 13, WW; pg. 14, top, WW; bot. UPI; pg. 27, Underwood & Underwood; pgs. 30-31, UPI (2); pg. 44, UPI; pg. 45, UPI (3); pg. 46, UPI; pg. 47, CBS-TV; pg. 48, UPI; pg. 49, UPI.

such vehicles have rear wheels is to save the seat of your pants and to keep sparks from igniting the gas tank. Front wheel drive cars are a real charge to drive as many converted DKW and Saab owners will tell you.

The body is very light, no unfunctional nonsense. Of laminated glass fiber impregnated with resin, the body is stressed with well-engineered aluminum bulkheads and cross members moulded right into the structure for a resulting single unit. There are also, for torsional rigidity and to provide backbone strength, tubular longitudinal members. But tip the B-95 on its side and you don't see all the structure; in true racing practice, designer Laurie Bond has provided his bomb with a full belly pan. The latter increases speed in the upper ranges by decreasing buffeting.

Here is a small two-seater which has everything really necessary for fast fun on any kind of roads. The lack of shudder, when the small wheels hit deep ruts, was amazing. Give this thing its head and drive in approved front wheel drive fashion and its performance belies its rock bottom price tag.

Taking the wheel the first time requires an adventurous spirit, for this mite steers very fast—something like a Morgan in lock—and turns on a dime in a 28 foot circle. The 70 inch wheelbase does not give as choppy a ride as I had expected and the wheel tread, 42.5 inches in front and 42 even aft, is well suited to fast cornering. The center of gravity is very low, and so is the seat of your pants! You sit on padded Vyanide-covered bench seats with backrests (that could use more padding) dished individually.

For some extra skins you can get a detachable hardtop. But the standard top is a sort of an Erector Set affair consisting of steel tubes which you fit together and secure in slots in the body. About three minutes are required to fit the canvas top to this framework and to secure it to a retaining channel on the windshield; the rear of the rag top fastens down by Dzus fasteners. This ain't too tough an installation but you'll be out the price of a finger nail repair kit if you have your gal help. The side curtains have a steel frame, secured by wing nuts to the doors, and have sliding windows. Frankly it's more fun driving without the top.

This is certainly the best rig in a long time for types who like an economical, hairy-feeling, and pleasingly-blatant sports car that feels and sounds the way a sports car should. You would have to be completely anemic—in an automotive sense—to withstand the appeal of this little monster. It's just plain fun to drive. And when you can have fun for an initial cost of less than \$1,800, get up to 40 miles to a gallon of cheap regular grade gas, and have a two-hole engine so simple that pliers and screwdriver can handle most any situation, then I submit that this new and potent critter has a great future in America. •



THE FRUIT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL

Continued from page 26

the old days when they rattled papyrus, flourished ink, dusted all with sand to dry the ink, and pressed their signet rings in hot crimson tallow at the bottom. So it would be if he left one, mind you, one fingerprint upon the scene! His approval of the murder did not extend as far as affixing said seal.

More drawers! Be quiet, be curious, be careful, he told himself.

At the bottom of the eighty-fifth drawer he found gloves.

"Oh, my Lord, my Lord!" He slumped against the bureau, sighing. He tried the gloves on, held them up, proudly flexed

them, buttoned them. They were soft, gray, thick, impregnable. He could do all sorts of tricks with hands now and leave no trace. He thumbed his nose in the bedroom mirror, sucking his teeth.

"NO!" cried Huxley.

What a wicked plan it had been.

Huxley had fallen to the floor, *purposely!* Oh, what a wickedly clever man! Down onto the hardwood floor had dropped Huxley, with Acton after him. They had rolled and tussled and clawed at the floor, printing and printing it with

their frantic fingertips! Huxley had slipped away a few feet, Acton crawling after to lay hands on his neck and squeeze until the life came out like paste from a tube!

Gloved, William Acton returned to the room and knelt down upon the floor and laboriously began the task of swabbing every wildly infested inch of it, inch by inch, inch by inch, he polished and polished until he could almost see his intent, sweating face in it. Then he came to a table and polished the leg of it, on up its solid body and along the knobs and over the top. He came to a bowl of wax fruit, burnished the filigree silver, plucked out the wax fruit and wiped them clean, leaving the fruit at the bottom unpolished.

"I'm sure I didn't touch *them*," he said.

After rubbing the table he came to a picture frame hung over it.

[Continued on page 66]

Are You Giving Your Wife The Companionship She Craves?



MEN RECEIVE IN EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE:

Choline	51.4 mg.	Niacin Amide	60 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Pantothenic Acid	4 mg.
dL-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin E	1 IU.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Folic Acid	0.1 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid	50 mg.	Calcium	75 mg.
Complex	5 mg.	Phosphorus	55 mg.
Vitamin A	—	Irons	30 mg.
Vitamin C	1,000 U.S.P. Units	Phosphorus	55 mg.
Vitamin B-1	2.5 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Vitamin B-2	2.5 mg.	Copper	0.04 mg.
Vitamin B-6	0.5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B-12	2 mcg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
		Iodine	0.075 mg.
		Potassium	0.5 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.

We invite you to compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation.

Posed by professional models.

Safe Nutritional Formula Containing 27 Proven Ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over twice the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C, and D . . . five times the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12 — one of the most remarkable nutrients science has yet discovered—a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs.

Glutamic Acid, an important protein constituent derived from natural wheat gluten, is also included in Vitasafe Capsules. And to top off this exclusive formula, each capsule now brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else at this price!

WHY YOU MAY NEED THESE SAFE HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES

As your own doctor will tell you, scientists have discovered that not only is a daily minimum of vitamins and minerals, in one form or another, absolutely indispensable for proper health . . . but some people actually need more than the average daily requirements established by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. If you are a normally healthy person, but tire easily . . . if you work under pressure, subject to the stress of travel, worry and other strains, with resulting improper eating habits . . . then you may be one of the people who needs this extra supply of vitamins. In that case, VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES may be "just what the doctor ordered" — because they contain the most frequently recommended food supplement formula for people in this category!

Help yourself
or someone
you love
to new health
and happiness!
Mail Postcard Now



A VITASAFE PLAN FOR WOMEN

Women may also suffer from lack of pep, energy and vitality due to nutritional deficiency. If there is such a lady in your house, you will do her a favor by bringing this announcement to her attention. Just have her check the "Women's Plan" box in the postcard.

Mail Postcard To VITASAFE CORPORATION, 23 West 61st Street, New York 23, N.Y.
or when in New York visit the VITASAFE PHARMACY, 1860 Broadway at Columbus Circle

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Avenue, Toronto 9, Ontario

YOU may be giving your wife all the love and care you are able to. You may have given her a good home, security, many of the conveniences all women yearn for. But is she completely satisfied? Are you giving her what she most expected on the day that you married her? Are you giving her the full companionship of the man she loves?

Or are you always "too tired" at the end of a day's work? Do you come home from work with only the "left-overs" of your energy for your wife and family? Is time catching up with you too fast . . . at work, at play?

If so, your condition may simply be due to an easily corrected vitamin and mineral deficiency in your diet. You owe it to yourself, if you are otherwise normally healthy, to find out whether high-potency nutritional supplement such as VITASAFE capsules can help increase your pep and energy. And you can find out at absolutely no cost by taking advantage of this sensational no-risk offer!

FREE 30 DAYS SUPPLY HIGH POTENCY CAPSULES

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, MINERALS and VITAMINS

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture, are carefully controlled for your protection! When you use VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES you can be sure you're getting exactly what the label states . . . pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and again!

HOW AMAZING PLAN BLASTS VITAMIN PRICES

With your free 30-day supply of Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you will need. By participating in the Vitasafe Plan now you are never under any obligation! When you have received your first 30-day trial supply, simply take one VITASAFE Capsule every day to prove that this formula can help you, as it is helping so many others. But you remain the sole judge. If you are not completely satisfied, and do not wish to receive any additional vitamins, simply let us know by writing us before the next monthly shipment — or you can use the handy instruction card we will provide — and no future shipments will be sent. Yes, you are under no purchase obligation ever; you may cancel future shipments at any time!

But if you are delighted — as so many people already are — you don't do a thing and you will continue to receive fresh, additional shipments regularly every month — for just as long as you wish, automatically and on time — at the low Plan rate of only \$2.78 plus a few cents shipping for each full month supply. You take no risk whatsoever — you may drop out of this Plan any time you wish without spending an extra penny, by simply notifying us of your decision a few days before your next monthly shipment. Take advantage of our generous offer! Mail postcard now!



DEADLIEST LIFEBOAT THE SEA EVER SAW

Continued from page 19

He straightened his body, and, holding his breath, kicked strenuously upwards.

He broke surface like a cork, rising out of the water almost to his waist, so powerful had been his effort. Taking a deep gulp of air, he wiped his eyes and looked around. A few yards away floated some wreckage—splintered wood, raw and blond. Gibson put his face into the water and stroked for it. When he reached it, he saw that another man, stark naked and coated with black fuel oil, was already clinging to it.

Gibson's back was turned to the ship. He looked out toward the horizon, thinking that the enemy sub might surface to machine gun the survivors. But he saw no sub, only the endless ocean and the tropic sky, studded with clouds no larger than a man's hand.

Gibson relaxed in the tepid water and threw his wet hair from his eyes. He breathed deeply, and air had never tasted so good. He wanted to laugh and a joke ran through his head, he was so glad to be alive. Had he known what lay ahead of him, he might have been tempted to slip beneath the surface again. But it's doubtful. Through the hellish ordeal that was to follow, Walter Gibson proved himself a man who put a high value on life.

There was a noise of voices over the water, and Gibson's mind went back to the ship. He turned to look at her. The *Roseboom*, a gawky, peeling freighter of Dutch registry, lay on her side, broken in the middle. A splotch of black smoke lay above her in the still, hot air. The *Roseboom*, three days out from Padang, Sumatra, with a cargo of British soldiers, civilians and wounded, was dying.

Dying with her were the wounded, trapped below by flames and debris. It was their voices, screaming out of raw throats, that Gibson heard.

"Sink, damn you," Gibson whispered. "Take them down."

It was only moments before the *Roseboom* did slide out of sight. Hearing the voices, it seemed like hours.

The *Roseboom* was hit just at the end of twilight on Sunday, March 9, 1942. She sank as the first darkness smudged the sky. It had been an inferno of a day, with heat-haze lying over the sea. But by the time a fat moon rose in the east, the temperature had dropped by 30 degrees, and Gibson kicked against the water, trying to keep warm. He still had not spoken to the other man, and decided that he'd better say something.

He looked across the wreckage and said, "Are you all right?" The other man smiled faintly out of his blackened face, and let go of the wreckage. He had long hair, and it floated just under the surface for an instant before he vanished forever.

There were other human beings in the darkness around Gibson; he could hear their cries for help.

Then, just a few yards away, Gibson heard another sound—the lap of water against a boat. He strained his eyes into the darkness and saw the dim silhouette of a lifeboat. He let go his wreckage and swam toward the boat. In his anxiety to reach it, he swam harder than he needed to, and he was almost out of breath when he came alongside.

Gibson found a lifeline and turned on his back to rest for a moment. As he did, he saw another survivor trying to scramble aboard. As the man tried to boost himself over the gunwale, a big soldier put a foot in his face and kicked violently. The man was flung back into the sea, and disappeared below the surface. Gibson made a false start, thinking to help him, but he saw it was too late.

The lifeboat presented an incredible scene. It was so heavily loaded that its gunwales were almost awash in the calm sea. Men and women fought desperately to get aboard. The people in the boat fought savagely to keep them out, in animal panic. The boat, Gibson remembered from drills aboard ship, was built to carry 28 persons. Idly, he began to count the people who had jammed themselves aboard the flimsy craft. He counted 80 before he stopped, and there were another half-a-hundred clinging, like himself, to the lifelines which trailed in the water.

The voices in the water dwindled as the lifeboat drifted. A man with a deep voice cursed gorgeously somewhere, and then was silent. Finally, there were no more cries for help, only the faint creak of the overloaded boat.

The people in the boat had become less vigilant now. Gibson thought that his best chance of getting aboard was by way of the stern. Cautiously, as if he were stalking a Jap in the bush, he let go of his lifeline and made his silent way to the stern of the wallowing boat. There were three men seated there—dark, sleeping shapes. Gibson found himself thinking of them as enemies—eyeing the soft place under the ribs where the trench knife goes in.

He shook himself back to his senses and, gripping the lip of the boat, began stealthily to pull himself aboard. He did it very slowly, lifting himself out of the water on stiffened elbows. Before he was halfway in, he began to have violent muscle twitchings in his arms; the hours in the cold water had sapped his strength, and he knew that he'd never be able to fight his way aboard. With a convulsive effort of the will, he brought his spastic muscles under control and continued his climb into the boat.

In five minutes, stopping every tenth heartbeat to listen and watch, Gibson was halfway home, sitting on the gunwale with his feet and legs trailing in the water. The man beside him had not stirred. Gibson jackknifed his long legs

against his chest and pivoted toward the bow, expecting at any second a blow or a kick that would send him back into the sea to his death.

The blow never came. As he settled himself into the last few inches of space on the boat, the man beside him muttered something in a thick voice. Gibson made no reply. Somewhere else in the boat a cracked voice began a hymn. Gibson wrapped his arms around himself for warmth and fell asleep.

Day broke unmercifully early. The tropical sun peered over the horizon like the unwinking eye of hell. The lifeboat's occupants, who had whimpered in the cold an hour before, now cursed the searing heat. Gibson tore a piece from the tail of his ruined shirt, dipped it in the water, and tied it, gypsy-style, about his head.

He found himself beside two older, gray-faced men—the brigadier who had commanded Gibson's outfit and the stolid Dutch captain of the sunken *Roseboom*. The fourth man in the stern was a young British captain, the brigadier's aide-de-camp. He stood up to make more room, and Gibson did likewise. Everyone aboard except the brigadier and the Dutch captain was on his feet. The boat was so incredibly crowded that there was no space for anyone to sit. The passengers stood face to face and back to back, like files of sailors fallen in for some weird inspection.

The brigadier had lost his pants and his boots and one sock, but he had somehow held onto his service cap with its red band, and his long brown shirt with its tabs of rank on the shoulders. Now he stood up, the long shirt-tails flapping around his skinny shanks. Gibson reflected that it should have been a funny sight—the brigadier with his tail bare—but somehow it wasn't.

The brigadier squared his cap and looked out from under the brim with his pale, direct eyes. "I feel confident that we will win through until help comes," he said.

The people in the boat gazed at him, listening respectfully. Hell had just begun for them, and they still believed that help could come. They also believed in their own humanity. They did not yet know how hunger and fear and thirst—above all, thirst—could twist men into something worse than animals.

The brigadier called upon the men of his command to keep their soldierly qualities, and appointed himself officer in charge of discipline. The Dutch captain, as the ranking seafaring man was in command of the boat itself.

Then the brigadier told them of the ration that was meant to keep them alive. For each person aboard, there would be one tablespoonful of water at dawn, an ounce of bully beef at noon, another spoonful of water and a spoon of canned milk at dusk. He appointed his aide keeper of the rations, and a young Dutch woman, the bride of one of the ship's officer's, produced a spoon from her purse and gave it to the captain. The brigadier ordered that all weapons be turned in to him. An assortment of knives, pistols and bayonets were passed to the stern.

[Continued on page 62]



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...
"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-542, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

The brigadier handed one pistol and one knife to his aide, and dropped the rest overboard. The aide tucked the pistol into his belt and opened a water can with the knife. Then, working carefully with the clumsy spoon so as not to waste a precious drop, he handed out the pitiful water ration.

At noon, the brigadier's aide distributed the bully beef. Gibson chewed his slowly and managed to work up a little saliva. Most of the others gulped theirs down; Gibson didn't try to advise them. They were already past wanting to hear another human voice.

At dusk, just after the second water ration had been distributed, a scream for help split the air.

The swimmer was soon alongside. He was dark-skinned, and wore the uniform of a lieutenant-colonel of the Indian Army. The brigadier ordered the man helped into the boat, and Gibson took his arm and boosted him aboard.

The Indian colonel had found himself aboard a raft with a major from Gibson's regiment, and with an English woman whose leg had been blown off in the explosion. When the colonel had seen the lifeboat drifting by, he had slipped off the raft and swum to it.

As he told his story, a glaze covered the Indian's eyes. Then, screaming, he stood upright and attacked the brigadier. Gibson and several others tried to pull him off, and Gibson was thrown to the floor of the boat in the struggle.

Then a voice said "Throw him over!" Then a splash and a cry, and the lieutenant colonel was gone. The sea was as quiet as ever.

As Gibson gained his feet again, he found himself looking into the panting faces of two Javanese seamen who had helped to dispose of the Indian colonel.

Time lost all meaning. At first, the aide-de-camp notched each day on the gunwale. Then even that rough count was abandoned. Originally, there had been 135 persons in or near the boat. The boat itself, 35 feet long and 8 feet wide at its widest point, could hold only 60. The brigadier ordered every able-bodied man to take a daily spell of four

hours in the water. From bits of floating wreckage, the men built a makeshift raft and secured it to the boat with some of the lifelines. Fifty men were ordered aboard the raft. It sank under their weight, immersing them to the waist. Without protection from the sun, their upper bodies were burned black. Their legs were bloated and bleached by the salt water. In less than a week, all but one of the men on the raft was dead. The brigadier ordered the single survivor brought aboard the boat. The order came too late. The man died within hours.

Gibson began to make a count of the survivors daily. Each morning one or two would be missing. And each morning, huddled together in the bow, would be the Javanese, silent and brooding.

Then, on the fifth night, a storm struck. Whipped by the gale, the sea smashed down on the little boat. With the last shreds of their strength, the survivors bailed furiously through the night and managed to keep the craft afloat. The wind died just before dawn, and Walter Gibson, his hands raw with blisters, fell asleep where he stood.

When he awoke, he began by habit to count heads. He could not believe what it told him, and counted again. In the night, no fewer than 20 people had vanished overboard.

From heat and lack of water, his tongue was as thick as a deck of cards. His mouth had shrunk to a small black hole. It was torture to speak, but he crawled to where the brigadier sat and croaked out his suspicions.

The brigadier, still ramrod-straight, seemed to listen. Then his long body slumped, one arm trailing in the water. The aide pulled the arm aboard and folded the old man's hands on his chest. The brigadier was dead.

The death of the gallant old soldier seemed to restore a flicker of feeling in the survivors. Gibson had begun to think that human life had ceased to have meaning for them.

But now, as the brigadier's aide read the funeral service, they stood weakly in the harsh heat and moved their swollen lips in prayer. With Gibson's help

the aide gently slipped the brigadier's body over the side. It slid into the cool depths of the sea, and there must have been those who envied it; for the brigadier, the struggle was over.

The brigadier's aide was badly shaken by his chief's death. He had been devoted to the older man, even saving a part of his own meager water ration for him. Now he sat stunned and slumped.

Nevertheless, Gibson felt that he must speak to him. The Javanese, had not joined in the funeral service. Now they stared feverishly at the few surviving English and Dutch in the stern of the boat. The threat of them was like a smell in the air. Gibson crawled to the aide. With him were the Dutch captain, a colonel of the British Army, and two other English officers.

"Sir," Gibson said, "did you hear what I said to the brigadier?"

"Yes, I heard."

The aide gave him the same sort of look that he had received from the brigadier. Gibson saw that it was useless to talk to him now. He turned to the colonel and confided his suspicions.

"Yes, Gibson, I know," the colonel said. "I'm afraid that they'll be coming out in the open now."

As the colonel spoke, a dark wiry shape crept by them. Gibson saw what was going to happen—saw the flash of sun on steel—but he was too weak to prevent it. The Dutch captain gave a strangled cry and sprawled backwards with a look of gaping surprise on his face. The carved hilt of an oriental knife protruded from his chest.

The assassin, blood-stained to the elbow, gave a jungle shriek. Gibson and another soldier lunged for him, but he was too quick for them. With a twist of his stringy body, he snatched at the rations and threw himself over the side. He sank immediately, leaving a froth of breath on the sea.

Luckily, the killer had missed the rations. But his desperate attempt was to be repeated many times in the days that followed. As more and more of the survivors chose suicide, they would make an insane attempt to take the others' one hope of life—the fresh water and other supplies—with them. Some tried to snatch the bung from the boat. All who chose death seemed to want to leave nothing but death behind them.

Gibson and the colonel went to the Dutch captain, but there was nothing to be done for him. He opened his eyes and said one last word—it sounded like the name of his ship—and died.

The suicide of the captain's killer reduced the number of Javanese to five. There were 16 British left, including two women. The final member of the tortured crew was a delicate Chinese girl named Doris Lim. She was no stranger to danger and risk; in Malaya, she had been an agent for British intelligence. The week's death toll, from exposure, thirst, murder and suicide, had been more than 100.

In Gibson's mind, there was no doubt that that toll would have to be increased by five if any were to survive. Killing the Javanese had become, now, a matter

[Continued on page 64]



"I'm glad you're along, Henry. I wouldn't have known it was necessary to keep your foot on the brake."

The STUDY of LAW

A "Must" for the ambitious man seeking Business Success!

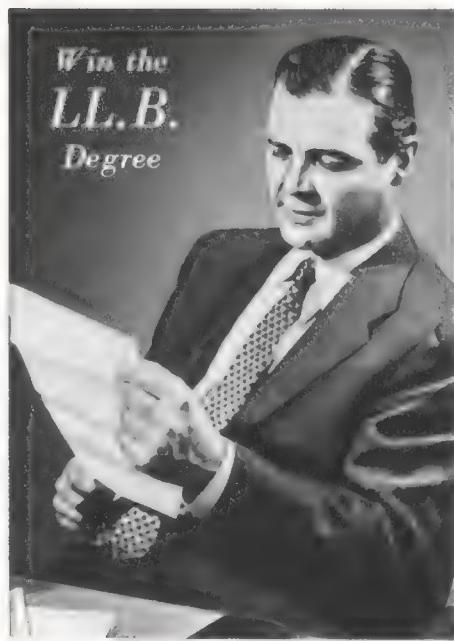
... Can YOU answer these legal problems?

CASE #1 Jones wrote Smith making an offer. Smith wrote his acceptance and mailed it. Then he decided to call it off and telegraphed Jones to that effect. Jones got the telegram before he did the letter. May he hold Smith to the contract?

ANSWER: Yes. Both Smith and Jones became bound when the letter containing the acceptance was mailed.

CASE #2 Doe said to Crane, "I will sell you 100 shares of XY stock at \$50." Crane said, "I'll give you \$45." Doe, knowing the market was unsettled, said nothing, but an hour later tendered 100 shares and a bill for \$4,500. May he hold Crane?

ANSWER: No. Crane's counter-offer was a rejection of Doe's offer.



Law . . . A FASCINATING STUDY AND A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Law today is involved in practically everything we do—regardless of what our position or status in life may be. That's why thousands of ambitious men and women who never intend to practice are studying Law with LaSalle in spare time—not for a legal career but as an aid to business advancement.

Whether your work is related to banking, insurance, advertising, credit or collections, transportation, accounting, claim adjusting, merchandising, store proprietorship, partnership, brokerage, manufacturing—ANY FIELD—you need to understand and know Law.

The study of Law is a great help to men in every walk of life. Many physicians, clergymen, and other professional men are now studying Law with LaSalle as a matter of recreation, mental training, culture, as a necessary part of a liberal education.

Aside from the actual knowledge that you acquire, the reading of Law is conceded to be a superior developer of reasoning power. For all types of work, Law training develops keen, clear, quick, correct and decisive thinking. Reading a Law text is much more interesting to most people than a fiction story—you'll be learning the underlying principles of man's relation to society, his rights, privileges, and restrictions toward himself and his fellow man.



A MOST UNUSUAL LAW LIBRARY

STUDY AT HOME—IN SPARE TIME

You can study American Law and Procedure right in your own home—advancing at your own pace. For over 50 years we have helped more than 1,400,000 ambitious men and women to greater success in the business world. You too can benefit, as have so many before you. Low cost—easy terms.

The training includes the 14-volume LaSalle Law Library—American Law and Procedure. This library has been compiled by leaders in the field of Law. It covers the whole basic field of Law in an orderly and easily understood manner that can be quickly learned. Collateral reading and printed lectures on legal problems supplement the text. Law instructors who are licensed attorneys personally supervise your program from the first assignment to the LL.B. Degree or Diploma.

SEND FOR TWO FREE BOOKS, "LAW TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP" AND "EVIDENCE"

If you are determined to enjoy the advantages of Law training—to prepare for greater future possibilities—send the coupon and get all the facts. The interesting and informative booklets, "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" will be sent promptly, and without obligation. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

SEND FOR FREE BOOKS

- OTHER LASALLE OPPORTUNITIES
- Accounting
 - Traffic and Transportation
 - Business Management
 - Stenotype (Machine Shorthand)
 - Modern Bookkeeping
 - CPA Training
 - Salesmanship

LaSalle Extension University — A Correspondence Institution —

Dept. 231LR 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, free of all cost or obligation, your latest illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence."

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

of self preservation. The Javanese, huddled together with burning eyes, obviously knew that some move against them would be made soon. When and how were the only questions. Gibson, in a whispered conversation with the British colonel, argued that the attack should be put off until night when there was a chance of catching the killers by surprise. The colonel agreed. Casually, as he spoon-fed the survivors the last of the water, Gibson recruited volunteers. In the end, all 14 of the surviving British men agreed that they would act together, at a signal that night from the colonel.

In the last water bottle there were two extra spoons full of water. Gibson gave them to the women and placed the water bottle with the rest of the empties in the floor of the boat.

An elderly English woman crawled to the stern and spoke to the colonel. He listened gravely, nodding his head. Then he stood and addressed the survivors.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the last of our rations are gone now. With them has gone the last of our hope. Mrs. Bishop has suggested that we commit ourselves to God. She would like to conduct a service."

From somewhere, Mrs. Bishop produced a tattered and water-soaked Bible. She read the twenty-third Psalm and other passages. The words of the Scripture seemed to give a moment of strength to those who listened. Through their swollen, salt-cracked lips, they mumbled the Lord's Prayer, and then sang *Abide With Me*. No living creature except themselves heard their thin voices on that vast, hot, utterly empty ocean.

As they sang, storm clouds formed far away. They could see ragged strips of lightning, even hear the faint sound of thunder. Worse still, they could see the slate-gray slant of the rain-fresh water, the stuff of life—and out of their reach.

Watching, a young soldier named Webber snatched one of the bailing buckets from the deck and dipped it into the sea. Lifting the salt water to his lips, he cried hysterically, "It's fresh! It's fresh!" The others knew that he was killing himself, but they made no move to stop him. It didn't seem to matter.

Gibson made his painful way to the sprawled form of the brigadier's aide. The young captain lay in the bottom of the boat, as if asleep. Gibson rolled his long, heavy body over, and started to speak to him. Then he saw it was no use; the officer had fallen into a coma and, lying with his face in the lapping bilge water, had drowned.

Lifting his eyes, Gibson looked forward. What he saw there made his heart turn inside him. One of the Javanese was creeping stealthily aft toward the young soldier who had drunk the sea water. The youngster was still babbling.

In an instant, the Javanese was upon the soldier. With the jagged edge of a tin can, he slit the youngster's throat. Then, as Gibson and the others watched, horror-struck, the Javanese cupped his hands under the boy's flowing blood. The rest of the scene was obscured by the bodies of the other Javanese. Like jackals, they crouched around the body, hacking at it with knives and bits of tin.

Suddenly, it seemed important to Gibson to save the aide's body from a similar fate. With the colonel's help, he got the dead captain over the side. Then the rest of the British clustered together in the stern, intently watching the Javanese.

That night there was no sleep for anyone. In one end of the death boat, the Javanese waited; in the other, the British sat tensely, waiting the signal to attack. Gibson felt the same faint sickness that he had felt in the jungles, waiting for a combat patrol to begin.

In a hoarse thick whisper, the colonel commanded: "Now!"

As one man, the English lurched forward. In the blackness, one of the Javanese screamed a shrill warning. Then the men were locked in silent, savage combat. Gibson and the colonel fell upon one of the killers. He was armed with a bottle, which he brought down on the colonel's head. Gibson heard the soft sound of smashed bone, and without a sound, the colonel toppled over the side. Gibson, finding a spring of strength in his rage, chopped at the Javanese with the edge of his hand. He heard the man give a soft, final grunt. Gibson cast the limp body over the side.

It was over in minutes. The Javanese, overside, snatched at the gunwales. The soldiers, blind with exhaustion and rage, hammered their clutching fingers with iron rowlocks until the broken hands lost their grip.

In the night, there was only the lap of the water and the heavy, broken breathing of the victors. Gibson, the last of his strength gone out of him, slumped to the floor of the boat and fell asleep.

During the night, Mrs. Bishop and two others died. The survivors, now fewer than a dozen, pooled their shredded strength to lift the bodies overboard. The desperate fight of the night before seemed as unreal as a nightmare.

Wearily, Gibson removed his head cloth and dipped it into the sea. The sun was like a branding iron against his momentarily unprotected head. When he fastened the sooping rag around his skull again, the salt water ran down into the raw sun-blistered blisters on his face and into his thirst-sore mouth.

For the next three days, they drifted in the staring sun. No one spoke. One by one, they died. Finally only Gibson and the Chinese girl and four others still held the ravaged ends of life.

Their torture was not only physical. Time after time, they would see storm clouds form in the distance, and the fall of rain. They would stretch out their hands and hitch their bodies forward, like children trying to make a toy wagon go. But the rain was always out of reach.

When the distant rain stopped, they would sprawl back again on the floor of the boat. After the first few days, they had felt no hunger. But thirst was inside them like a reptile. Salt water and sun had rotted away their clothes, and they were mostly naked. Gibson gave the frayed remains of his shirt to the Chinese girl; she tried to smile her thanks as she covered herself. Like the rest of them, she was pitifully frail, with almost every bone etched sharply beneath her once-delicate skin. Their long exposure had

caused huge ulcerous sores to erupt on every exposed part of their bodies.

Then, on the fourth day a miracle. Storm clouds began to form overhead. Lying on their backs, the survivors shielded their eyes and watched greedily as the puffy gray clouds formed. At last a huge, fat, cold drop of water fell on Gibson's bare chest. He closed his eyes and felt it spread over his chest. Then there were more frequent drops, then a shower, then a torrent.

Catching the cool fresh water in cupped hands, they worked desperately to fill the four water bottles. Then, their emergency rations safe, they opened their mouths to the rain like birds and let it course down their dehydrated throats. Gibson felt light with elation as his tortured mouth became moist again. He rubbed the cool water into his fevered body and, abruptly, laughed. To Doris Lim he cried in almost his old voice, "By God, I'm going to live!"

Next day, fortune smiled again. A flight of curious seagulls circled overhead, eyeing the boat. The survivors sat stiff and unmoving, beating with hope. Then the gulls descended. A dozen of them settled on the boat and on the heads and shoulders of the survivors. One, clucking softly, perched on Gibson's head. As if from a signal, the survivors pounced. Six of the birds were captured and torn apart, their cold flesh gulped down raw.

To Walter Gibson, the seagulls meant something more important than food. They meant land. He began to keep a daily watch, gazing into the dancing heat. Many times he thought that he saw an island, full of color and shade, but it was always his imagination.

Then, on the third night after the gulls had come, he felt a hand on his shoulder, shaking him awake. An emaciated face grinned hideously down into his, and he thought of the fate of the young soldier who had fallen prey to the Javanese. His hands tensed to ward off the attack. Then he saw that the other man was trying to say something, was pointing ahead.

Gibson hauled himself erect and strained his eyes. A shape darker than the night squatted upon the horizon, and the faint whisper of surf could be heard.

It was land!

The prow touched shore in the first light of dawn. Gibson pulled himself over the side and helped the girl into the water, too. Supporting each other, they staggered through the ankle-deep surf and fell, exhausted, onto the sand.

There, a few hours later, they were found by a group of natives who had come down to the shore to fish. The natives took them to their village and nursed them back to strength, hiding them for six weeks from Japanese patrols. Finally, the Japanese did come, and Gibson and the others were taken prisoner. From his captors, he learned the name of his island: Sipora, a speck of land 60 miles west of Sumatra. In the grip of the fickle ocean currents, they had drifted 1,000 miles to get there.

It was a heart-breaking day when the Japanese came. Walter Gibson was under no illusions as to what lay ahead of

[Continued on page 66]

DON'T BE HALF-TRAINED...

**Be A MASTER
TECHNICIAN**
In One Of
**AMERICA'S BIG 3
INDUSTRIES**

MAKE MORE MONEY

A Successful Career... Security...
Are Yours NOW in Modern Industry!

RIGHT NOW IS THE BEST TIME for you to get into the field of your choice! You can be a part of its growth, you can increase your earning power, you can really build a Successful, Secure Future. Send coupon for complete facts by mail. NO SALES MAN WILL CALL!!!

N.T.S. TRAINS YOU RIGHT, FAST and EASY! Incomplete "short-cut" training limits your earning power, disqualifies you for top-pay jobs. N.T.S. Shop-Tested Home Training Is...

- * BETTER — classroom developed, job and shop-tested, industry-approved, home study designed.
- * MORE COMPLETE — you learn All Phases and you receive Everything You Need for Success...
- * LOWER COST — One Master Course at One Low Tuition gives you more training at lower cost.

TRAINING PAYS FOR ITSELF AND MORE... Earn your tuition—and more—while in training. We'll show you how. Many students have... so can you!

RESIDENT TRAINING AT LOS ANGELES

If you wish to take your training in our Resident School in Los Angeles, start now. Learn the big, modern Shops and Laboratories you work with latest and most fine and complete facilities offered by any school. Expert, friendly instructors. Personal attention. Help in finding home near school and part time work while you learn. Check box in coupon for full information.



NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
World-Wide Training Since 1905
4000 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles 37, Calif., U.S.A.

LET THE BENEFIT OF OUR OVER 50 YEARS EXPERIENCE

CHOOSE YOUR FIELD. SELECT ONE OF THE "BIG 3" NOW. CHECK COURSE DESIRED

Mall One of These
2 Coupons TODAY
for

**FREE
BOOK
and
ACTUAL LESSON**

Ask a Friend
to Send the Other.
It's Fun to
Study Together!

NO OBLIGATION...
NO INCONVENIENCE...
NO SALESMAN WILL
CALL ON YOU!!!

CHECK
ONE

CHECK
ONE

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

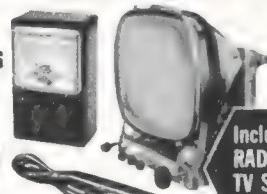
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Check here if interested ONLY in Resident Training at L.A.

VETERANS: Give date of discharge _____

N310F

TELEVISION RADIO-ELECTRONICS



Includes...
RADIO SET
TV SET
MULTITESTER

Business of Your Own or High-Pay Career in...
Service & Repair
Broadcasting & Communications
Hi-Fi & Stereo Sound Systems
Electronics for Guided Missiles
TV-Radio Manufacturing

Industrial Electronics
Automation & Computers
Radar & Micro Waves
TV-Radio Sales
FCC License Preparation

AUTO MECHANICS

& DIESEL



FREE
BOOK

Business of Your Own or High-Pay Career in...
Service & Maintenance
Motor Tune-Up
Automatic Transmissions
Diesel & Fuel Injection
Overhauling & Rebuilding

Automobile Air Conditioning
Electrical Systems
Automatic Power Devices
Industrial & Marine Engines
Foreign Car Sales & Service

Includes...
TOOLS
SOCKET SET
ANALYZERS

AIR CONDITIONING

REFRIGERATION
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES



FREE
BOOK

Business of Your Own or High-Pay Career in...
Air Conditioning — Refrigeration
* Domestic & Commercial
* Industrial & Mobile
Installation & Contracting
Automobile Air Conditioning

Electrical Appliances
Small & Major
Heating, Motor & Combination
Sales, Service & Repair
Manufacturing & Distribution

Includes...
TOOLS
GAUGES
TESTER

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

National Technical Schools, Dept. O-10
4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 37, Calif.

Please rush FREE Book and Actual Lesson checked below. No obligation. No salesman will call.

- TV-Radio-Electronics Book
 Auto-Mechanics & Diesel Book
 Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Electrical Appliance Book

CHECK
ONE

CHECK
ONE

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Check here if interested ONLY in Resident Training at L.A.

VETERANS: Give date of discharge _____

N310F

NATIONAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

WORLD-WIDE TRAINING SINCE 1905

National Technical Schools, Dept. O-10
4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 37, Calif.

Please rush FREE Book and Actual Lesson checked below. No obligation. No salesman will call.

- TV-Radio-Electronics Book
 Auto-Mechanics & Diesel Book
 Air Conditioning, Refrigeration & Electrical Appliance Book

CHECK
ONE

CHECK
ONE

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Check here if interested ONLY in Resident Training at L.A.

VETERANS: Give date of discharge _____

N310F

him in prison camp. But he also knew that he could take it. And take it he did; those hellish weeks on the sea had taught him afresh what a precious gift life is, and he had learned how to hold on to it.

Today, at his home in Northern Ontario, Gibson tries not to think back on his double ordeal. But the bare statistics

of it sometimes come to him: 26 days on the open sea, three years in prison camp, 130 men and women dead in the depths of the Indian Ocean.

And sometimes, when he turns on the faucet in the kitchen, he simply lets the cold water run over his bare hand, just to feel it. •

something on one wall.

"I refuse to pay attention," he said to distract himself. "The next room, now! I'll be methodical. Let's see—altogether we were in the hall, the library, *this* room, and the dining room and the kitchen."

There was a spot on the wall behind him.

Well, *wasn't* there?

He turned angrily. "All right, all right, just to be *sure*," and he went over and couldn't find any spot. Oh, a *little* one, yes, right—*there*. He dabbed it. It wasn't a fingerprint anyhow. He finished with it, and his gloved hand leaned against the wall and he looked at the wall and the way it went over to his right and over to his left and how it went down to his feet and up over his head and he said softly, "No." He looked up and down and over and across and he said quietly, "That would be too much." How many square feet? "I don't give a good damn," he said. But unknown to his eyes, his gloved fingers moved in a little rubbing rhythm on the wall.

He peered at his hand and the wallpaper. He looked over his shoulder at the other room. "I must go in there and polish the essentials," he told himself, but his hand remained, as if to hold the wall, or himself, up. His face hardened.

Without a word he began to scrub the wall, up and down, back and forth, up and down, as high as he could stretch and as low as he could bend.

"Ridiculous, oh my Lord, ridiculous!"

But you must be certain, his thought said to him.

"Yes, one *must* be certain," he replied.

He got one wall finished, and then . . .

He came to another wall.

"What time is it?"

He looked at the mantel clock. An hour gone. It was five after one.

The doorbell rang.

Acton froze, staring at the door, the clock, the door, the clock.

Someone rapped loudly.

A long moment passed. Acton did not breathe. Without new air in his body he began to fail away, to sway; his head roared a silence of cold waves thundering onto heavy rocks.

"Hey, in there!" cried a drunken voice. "I know you're in there, Huxley! Open up, dammit! This is Billy-boy, drunk as an owl, Huxley, old pal, drunker than two owls."

"Go away," whispered Acton soundlessly, crushed against the wall.

"Huxley, you're in there, I hear you breathing!" cried the drunken voice.

"Yes, I'm in here," whispered Acton, feeling long and sprawled and clumsy on the floor, clumsy and cold and silent. "Yes."

"Hell!" said the voice, fading away into mist. The footsteps shuffled off. "Hell . . ."

Acton stood a long time feeling the red heart beat inside his shut eyes, within his head. When at last he opened his eyes he looked at the new fresh wall straight ahead of him and finally got courage to speak. "Silly," he said. "This wall's flawless. I won't touch it. Got to hurry. Got to hurry. Time, time. Only a few hours

[Continued on page 68]



THE FRUIT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL

Continued from page 56

"I'm certain I didn't touch *that*," he said.

He stood looking at it.

He glanced at all the doors in the room. Which doors had he used tonight? He couldn't remember. Polish all of them, then. He started on the doorknobs, shined them all up, and then he carried the doors from head to foot, taking no chances. Then he went to all the furniture in the room and wiped the chair arms.

"That chair you're sitting in, Acton, is an old Louis XIV piece. *Feel* that material," said Huxley.

"I didn't come to talk furniture, Huxley! I came about Lily."

"Oh, come off it, you're not that serious about her. She doesn't love you, you know. She's told me she'll go with me to Mexico City tomorrow."

"You and your money and your damned furniture!"

"It's nice furniture, Acton; be a good guest and feel of it."

Fingerprints can be found on fabric.

"Huxley!" William Acton stared at the body. "Did you guess I was going to kill you? Did your subconscious suspect, just as my subconscious suspected? And did your subconscious tell you to make me run about the house handling, touching, fondling books, dishes, doors, chairs? Were you *that* clever and *that* mean?"

He washed the chairs dry with the

clenched handkerchief. Then he remembered the body—he hadn't dry-washed *it*. He went to it and turned it now this way, now that, and burnished every surface of it. He even shined the shoes, charging nothing.

While shining the shoes his face took on a little tremor of worry, and after a moment he got up and walked over to that table.

He took out and polished the wax fruit at the bottom of the bowl.

"Better," he whispered, and went back to the body.

But as he crouched over the body his eyelids twitched and his jaw moved from side to side and he debated, then he got up and walked once more to the table.

He polished the picture frame.

While polishing the picture frame he discovered—

The wall.

"That," he said, "is silly."

"Oh!" cried Huxley, fending him off. He gave Acton a shove as they struggled. Acton fell, got up, *taking* the wall, and ran toward Huxley again. He strangled Huxley. Huxley died.

Acton turned steadfastly from the wall, with equilibrium and decision. The harsh words and the action faded in his mind; he hid them away. He glanced at the four walls.

"Ridiculous!" he said.

From the corners of his eyes he saw



"I told you they had the trickiest sand traps you've ever seen!"

A NEW PILL THAT HELPS YOU QUIT SMOKING

by GEORGE CLARK

**Science at last tells you
what to do if you want to stop smoking**

The inability to give up smoking is one of the more curious idiosyncrasies of 20th century man. Ever since Sir Francis Drake in 1586 brought tobacco back to England from Virginia and the habit of smoking was re-imported to America by the Pilgrim fathers, the "noxious weed," as an eminent Victorian referred to it, has had half the world in its grip.

There are signs that this grip is at last being loosened. It is being loosened by a harmless little white pill. The story of how this little white pill was discovered is similar to that of many other earth-shaking discoveries. In the process of trying to go somewhere else, the scientific brain unearthed something it wasn't in the first place even looking for.

In 1947 a research team in a large Chicago university set out to study gingivitis, a rather unpleasant inflammation of the gums that bedevils mankind. It had long been theorized that smoking contributed to this inflammation. But would stopping smoking help? In true scientific fashion our researchers decided that half of their patients should stop

smoking to see if they showed any improvement over the other half.

Half were told to stop smoking by the doctor who headed the research team, but it was easier said than done. So our scientists are off on a new tangent. What could they give a patient that would help him to stop smoking quickly and easily? Up to that time medical experience showed that there was no easy, pleasant way to stop smoking. Years before, some experimental work had been reported with a drug called Lobeline Sulphate. This curbed the desire to smoke; but in doses large enough to be effective, it produced various unpleasant side effects. Here at least was a starting point.

Soon the tail was wagging the dog and the project of finding a way to help people conquer the tobacco habit had become the all-important problem. After months of research and experimentation, our scientists hit upon the solution. The addition of two common antacid ingredients to Lobeline Sulphate accomplished two things. First, any unpleasant side effects were eliminated; secondly, the amount of Lobeline Sulphate necessary to do an effective job was greatly reduced. The result was a harmless little white pill which, when given to test patients, helped them to stop smoking in 5 days!

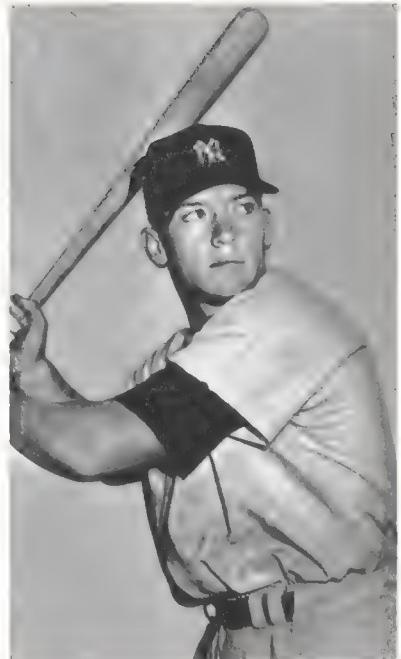
What made it work? Lobeline Sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco." It is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action but is not habit forming. It works by removing the craving for nicotine in the system and not by making smoking unpleasant or intolerable.

The footnote to this story is an interesting one. It turned out that smoking did irritate the gum tissues. Those gingivitis patients who, with the help of the little pill, stopped smoking, showed a marked improvement over the smoking half.

And of course there was a sequel. The university where all this occurred realized that in their little pill they had something that thousands longed for. Here was some-



FRANK LEAHY, famous football coach, in his Notre Dame days. Now you can stop smoking if you want to, says he.



MICKEY MANTLE, famous American League baseball player, says: "I am confident this amazing pill can help anyone to stop or cut down smoking!"

thing that would really help anybody who wanted to free him or herself from the smoking habit. But like any group of scientists they were cautious. More research was carried on, more tests were made on hundreds and hundreds of patients. It was proved that 83%, more than 4 out of 5, of all people who wanted to stop smoking, could do so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with the help of the little pills. Significantly, it was found that those who didn't stop completely had cut down their smoking drastically.

This new discovery was soon reported in medical journals; demand for it came overnight from every corner of the globe. The Campana Company was chosen to market these amazing pills. Today you can buy them at any drug store, under the name of Bantron for only \$1.25 a box. Bantron has been proven so safe, when taken as directed, it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription.

By now many thousands of people have stopped smoking with the help of Bantron. However, human nature is weak. Many who stopped after taking Bantron found that under the stress and strain of modern life they broke down and started smoking again. Often they tried Bantron again with equally effective results. Today there are men and women everywhere who reach for a Bantron whenever they feel the urge to smoke a cigarette.

Of course, Bantron can't do *all* the work for you alone. It will not tie your hands behind your back. But if you really want to stop, it can be a powerful helper. This is the testimony of policemen, airline pilots, truck drivers, business men, ordinary citizens everywhere.

before those damn-fool friends blunder in!" He turned away.

From the corners of his eyes he saw the little webs. When his back was turned the little spiders came out of the wood-work and delicately spun their fragile little half-invisible webs. Not upon the wall at his left, which was already washed fresh, but upon the three walls as yet untouched. Each time he stared directly at them the spiders dropped back into the woodwork, only to spindle out as he retreated. "Those walls are all right," he insisted in a half shout. "I won't touch them!"

He went to a writing desk at which Huxley had been seated earlier. He opened a drawer and took out what he was looking for. A little magnifying glass Huxley sometimes used for reading. He took the magnifier and approached the wall uneasily.

Fingerprints.

"But those aren't *mine!*" He laughed unsteadily. "I didn't put them there! I'm sure I didn't! A servant, a butler, or a maid perhaps!"

The wall was full of them.

"Look at this one here," he said. "Long and tapered, a woman's, I'd bet money on it."

"Would you?"

"I would!"

"Are you certain?"

"Yes!"

"Positive?"

"Well—yes."

"Absolutely?"

"Yes, damn it, yes!"

"Wipe it out, anyway, why don't you?"

"There, by God!"

"Out damned spot, eh, Acton?"

"And this one, over here," scoffed Acton. "That's the print of a fat man."

"Are you sure?"

"Don't start *that* again!" he snapped, and rubbed it out. He pulled off a glove and held his hand up, trembling, in the glary light.

"Look at it, you idiot! See how the whorls go? See?"

"That proves nothing!"

"Oh, all right!" Raging, he swept the wall up and down, back and forth, with gloved hands, sweating, grunting, swearing, bending, rising, and getting redder of face.

He took off his coat, put it on a chair.

"Two o'clock," he said, finishing the wall, glaring at the clock.

He walked over to the bowl and took out the wax fruit and polished the ones at the bottom and put them back, and polished the picture frame.

He gazed up at the chandelier.

His fingers twitched at his sides.

His mouth slipped open and the tongue moved along his lips and he looked at the chandelier and looked away and looked back at the chandelier and looked at Huxley's body and then at the crystal chandelier with its long pearls of rainbow glass.

He got a chair and brought it over under the chandelier and put one foot up on it and took it down and threw the chair, violently, laughing, into a corner. Then he ran out of the room, leaving one

wall as yet unwashed.

In the dining room he came to a table.

"I want to show you my Gregorian cutlery, Acton," Huxley had said. Oh, that casual, that *hypnotic*, voice!

"I haven't time," Acton said. "I've got to see Lily—"

"Nonsense, look at this silver, this exquisite craftsmanship."

Acton paused over the table where the boxes of cutlery were laid out, hearing once more Huxley's voice, remembering all the touchings and gesturings.

Now Acton wiped the forks and spoons and took down all the plaques and special ceramic dishes from the wall shelf . . .

"Here's a lovely bit of ceramics by Gertrude and Otto Natzler, Acton. Are you familiar with their work?"

"It is lovely."

"Pick it up. Turn it over. See the fine thinness of the bowl, hand-thrown on a turntable, thin as eggshell, incredible. And the amazing volcanic glaze? Handle it, go ahead. I don't mind."

HANDLE IT. GO AHEAD. PICK IT UP!

Acton sobbed unevenly. He hurled the pottery against the wall. It shattered and sprawled, flaking wildly, upon the floor.

An instant later he was on his knees. Every piece, every shard of it, must be found. Fool, fool, fool! he cried to himself, shaking his head and shutting and opening his eyes and bending under the table. Find every piece, idiot, not one fragment of it must be left behind. Fool, fool! He gathered them. Are they all here? He looked at them on the table before him. He looked under the table again and under the chairs and the service bureaus and found one more piece by match light and started to polish each little fragment as if it were a precious stone. He laid them all out neatly upon the shining polished table.

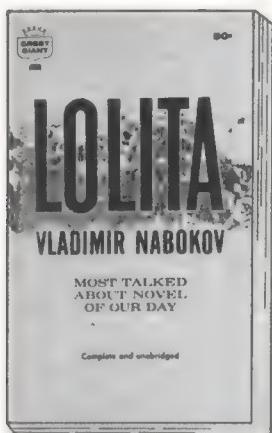
"A lovely bit of ceramics, Acton. Go ahead—handle it."

He took out the linen and wiped it and wiped the chairs and tables and doorknobs and windowpanes and ledges and drapes and wiped the floor and found the kitchen, panting, breathing violently, and took off his vest and adjusted his gloves and wiped the glittering chromium. . . . "I want to show you my house, Acton," said Huxley. "Come along. . . ." And he wiped all the utensils and the silver faucets and the mixing bowls, for now he had forgotten what he had touched and what he had not. Huxley and he had lingered here, in the kitchen, Huxley prideful of its array, covering his nervousness at the presence of a potential killer, perhaps wanting to be near the knives if they were needed. They had idled, touched this, that, something else—there was no remembering what or how much or how many—and he finished the kitchen and came through the hall into the room where Huxley lay.

He cried out.

He had forgotten to wash the fourth wall of the room! And while he was gone the little spiders had popped from the fourth unwashed wall and swarmed over the already clean walls, dirtying them again! On the ceilings, from the chan-

[Continued on page 70]



NOW
IN PAPERBACK

VLADIMIR NABOKOV'S
fabulous best seller

LOLITA

Complete and Unabridged

A December



Exclusive

ON SALE EVERYWHERE ONLY 50¢

Buy this Crest Giant from your local news dealer. If your dealer is sold out, send only 50¢ plus 5¢ for postage and wrapping to CREST BOOKS, FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC., GREENWICH, CONN. Please order by number and title. Canadian orders cannot be accepted.

SOWING PENNIES

to Harvest Dollars when they are needed

How hundreds of far-sighted men are using spare hours now to assure themselves of a ready made income in the event of lay-offs or recessions that might affect their jobs.

All over the country it's happening. You may even know some of the men who already have started home operated businesses of their own in their spare hours. They keep their jobs. The "boss" doesn't know they are planning for independence. They do not have any heavy investments in equipment or inventory, because they buy their raw materials as they are needed. They have no overhead expense because they operate their businesses from their homes.

Yet hundreds are quietly developing a second source of income—an extra income right now for their spare hours; and a business that can be quickly expanded if it were ever necessary to look to it for complete support.

These "little" home businesses are little only in the sense that they require little capital to start and run, and they require little time on the part of the owner. The margins of profit in some of them are so fantastic as to be almost unbelievable—far greater than those usually enjoyed by big investment manufacturing.

And, there are many kinds and types. For the man who is mechanically inclined there are businesses in which he can use his hands as well as his head. For those who have no aptitude with tools there are small manufacturing operations that are almost automatic in their production methods.

One of the features found in many of these businesses is a wide and ready market for the product. Usually it is a product too small in total national market to attract the attention or envy of the big investors. So, the danger of competition from big operators is absent. Usually it is a product that enjoys a neighborhood demand so that good markets are found in any size community from the small town to the neighborhoods of the big city. Usually the cost of the raw materials is only about one tenth the selling price. One such product costs 11c for raw materials, yet sells readily for \$1.00. Another sells for \$.65, yet the raw materials cost only 55c. Still another returns \$1.80 for each 27c worth of raw materials.

In the same way that history had its "Minute Men", quietly trained and ready at a moment's notice, so today, we have a constantly growing number of "Ready Men." They are working at steady jobs in offices, stores, factories, gas stations. They have a regular income now—an income that only a few months ago was considered both *regular* and *dependable*. But when the signs went up, they started quietly to prepare for independence. They are ready. They have mastered the details of their businesses. They have been making twenty, thirty,



forty, or more dollars a week as *extra* money—now—sometimes with others in the family helping. They have established the outlets for their products. But, more important than their present extra income, they are ready, overnight, to give their full time and to expand their businesses into full-fledged operations at increased income.

The fear of layoffs is gone from their hearts. The worried look induced by threats of recession has vanished from their faces. They face the future with confidence because they have sown the pennies that will be reaped as dollars when more dollars are needed—they have attained a sense of personal independence that puts them above worry and fear.

What are these businesses? There are a number. One that is especially interesting and that you can own outright for less than \$175.00 is the manufacture of a product used in quantity in every office and factory in the nation—and by millions of individuals.

The product is light in weight and can be delivered to customers by mail for just the cost of a few stamps. And 27c worth of material, to which you add nothing but your own time, brings back \$1.80 in cash at retail. The entire "factory" takes so little space that it can be operated on a table top in any spare room, the basement or garage and it is such a simple process that even the junior members of the family can help. The equipment is supplied by The Warner Electric Company who also give seven different methods of selling the output. These methods include a plan by which others sell your product so there is no canvassing needed on your part; another plan by which you sell by mail.

Complete information concerning this and other businesses is free. Information is mailed, postage prepaid, to anyone who is interested. There is no obligation and, since the company has no salesmen, you are not bothered by anyone trying to "sell" the equipment. On the basis of the information mailed, you decide in the quiet of your own home whether you are interested.

It is not necessary to write a letter. Just send your name and address on a postcard and say you want complete free information on various home businesses offered by Warner Electric Company. Address your card to Warner Electric Company, Dept. R-96-B, at 1512 Jarvis Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois. You may want to plan a degree of security for the future that is not experienced by men who depend upon the ups and downs of others' businesses for their livelihood.

FREE SAMPLE OF

"The SECRET KEY"

that has made

MILLIONS IN MAIL ORDER

An open letter to anyone who wants to
make MORE MONEY with LESS EFFORT!

• Dear Friend:

If you're like most people, you have always dreamed of "some day" starting and owning a nice little Home Mail Order business, with no real money to start off with.

"What's in it?" you have thought. "Just to pick up orders and money at the Post Office, with almost nothing else to do but spend your profits." No traveling. No hard selling. No night work.

And you want to know something? That's exactly the way a Mail Order Business can be, under the right circumstances. I am doing it myself. I've helped other ambitious men and women to do it. And I'll help you, if you'll let me.

• START NOW - NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

I'm sending you a long winding book on "Mail Order Methods", or a "Course of Study" that will take you a year to digest and still leave you up in the air! You've answered ads like that; I am sure . . . only to be disappointed and perhaps even annoyed that they promised so much, and turned out to be of such little practical value.

Now . . . I'm not trying to educate you. My purpose is to set you up in a profitable Mail Order Business . . . not next year or next month, but right now so you can start making money the same way I do. A way that has brought me security and financial independence.

• THE SECRET KEY THAT HAS MADE MILLIONS

The heading on this ad mentions what I call the "Secret Key", and says it has "Made Millions in Mail Order". And that's no exaggeration. It's responsible for some of the most fabulous success stories in history! There is no room here to explain it . . . but if you show a sincere interest by mailing me the Coupon below, I'll send you a FREE sample and tell you how to use it . . . to make more money with less effort than you have ever imagined, even in your wildest dreams! That's Step No. 1 of my plan to set you up in business.

• CASH IN ON FOREIGN TRADE

PRODUCTS (IMPORTS)

Everybody knows that there is a fantastic profit in IMPORTING . . . the items coming from \$1 up to often up to \$1000 in this Country. But we find that people don't realize is that importing procedures are too complicated for the average person to undertake on his own. And that's where I come in.

I am already importing watches, cameras, and sporting goods, hundreds of other items from all over the world . . . Now you can do the same without experience or previous importing knowledge! My secret Key Plan is an airtight Program, all laid out for you ready to go, to make everything available to you at once! You do not advertise; you do not prepare advertising materials; you do not handle the shipping or merchandise or inventory. You do not even handle the imports that you sell so easily, by mail to the public. About all you have to do is go to the Post Office for your mail, then to the Bank with your profits. That's Step No. 2 of the Program I offer you.

• EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE IF YOU ACT NOW AND CAN QUALIFY

Once you start making money in this exciting way, you'll want to expand . . . last year I made my 3rd and final step is to offer you an opportunity to buy my Exclusive Franchise to hold as long as you qualify. With this Franchise as protection you may make more, and more, and MORE. Start as small as you wish at home, build a big business requiring a special building & dozens of employees, or expand to a chain operation.

My own beginning was made with about \$50 capital, and no help from anyone (such as I now offer you). Today my sales by mail have long since passed the million dollar mark. I own a big home and my own business building, drive to work in a Cadillac, pay out thousands of dollars a month to employees. And every penny of this came from mail order profits!

So you see, my "Secret Key" is not an untried idea or a pipe dream. It is a proven, practical money maker that you can use as I do, perhaps take in more money every day than you could reasonably expect to make in a month by personal, face-to-face selling . . . and make it how good you are, or how good your product.

• EXCLUSIVE INVESTMENT IN MERCHANTABILITY

Let me repeat what I stated above . . . that you don't have to invest even one penny in merchandise. Just follow my detailed plans for use of the "Secret Key". If you ever find an easier way to make money at home, I hope you'll tell me so I can join you. In the meantime, I hope you'll start my way, for it's the easiest I've seen or heard of to do!

Airmail the Coupon today sure. Only a limited number of Exclusive Franchises are available. I'll see that you get the FREE sample of the "Secret Key" along with complete details of my Entire Secret Key Plan immediately. No cost or obligation. Just fill out and mail the Coupon NOW! You will always be glad you did!

Cordially yours

Nels Irwin
NELS IRWIN

For a
FREE SAMPLE
of my
"SECRET KEY"

Print Your Name and Address

NAME _____

STREET _____

TOWN _____

ZONE STATE _____

MAIL TO: NELS IRWIN, Dept. B352
MAIL ORDER DISTRIBUTORS,
15201 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 61, Calif.

delier, in the corners, on the floor, a million little whorled webs hung billowing at his scream! Tiny, tiny little webs, no bigger than, ironically, your—finger!

As he watched, the webs were woven over the picture frame, the fruit bowl, the body, the floor. Prints wielded the paper knife, pulled out drawers, touched the table top, touched, touched, touched everything everywhere.

He polished the floor wildly, wildly. He rolled the body over and cried on it while he washed it, and got up and walked over and polished the fruit at the bottom of the bowl. Then he put a chair under the chandelier and got up and polished each little hanging fire of it, shaking it like a crystal tambourine until it tilted bellwise in the air. Then he leaped off the chair and gripped the door-knobs and got up on other chairs and swabbed the walls higher and higher and ran to the kitchen and got a broom and wiped the webs down from the ceiling and polished the bottom fruit of the bowl and washed the body and door-knobs and silverware and found the hall banister and followed the banister upstairs.

Three o'clock! Everywhere, with a fierce, mechanical intensity, clocks ticked! There were 12 rooms downstairs and eight above. He figured the yards and yards of space and time needed. One hundred chairs, six sofas, 27 tables, six radios. And under and on top and behind. He yanked furniture out away from

walls and, sobbing, wiped them clean of years-old-dust, and staggered and followed the banister up, up the stairs, handling, erasing, rubbing, polishing, because if he left one little print it would reproduce and make a million more—and the job would have to be done all over again and now it was four o'clock—and his arms ached and his eyes were swollen and staring and he moved sluggishly about, on strange legs, his head down, his arms moving, swabbing and rubbing, bedroom by bedroom, closet by closet . . .

They found him at six-thirty that morning.

In the attic.

The entire house was polished to a brilliance. Vases shone like glass stars. Chairs were burnished. Bronzes, brasses, and coppers were all aglitter. Floors sparkled. Banisters gleamed.

Everything glittered. Everything shone, everything was bright!

They found him in the attic, polishing the old trunks and the old frames and the old chairs and the old carriages and toys and music boxes and vases and cutlery and rocking horses and dusty Civil War coins. He was half through the attic when the police officer walked up behind him with a gun.

"Done!"

On the way out of the house Acton polished the front doorknob with his handkerchief and slammed it in triumph! •



WAS FONCK A FAKER?

Continued from page 31

600 hours of Caudron time over the lines, four citations and a British decoration. He was confident, unawed, cool almost to the point of coldness.

René's first patrol with Spad 108, April 28, 1917, was a three-man sortie over the lines. A short brush with a flight of German Fokkers resulted in no fatalities for either side. On May 3, Fonck established in his new squadron the pattern that had been his in C-47. He flew a two-man patrol with Lieutenant Gigodot who had been assigned to familiarize him with the area. Fonck lost Gigodot and reported back alone with a long, detailed account of a combat with a German two-seater which he described as going down under his guns. Telephone calls to French balloon stations and observation posts along the front elicited no confirmation of a combat observed.

The claim was disallowed.

Two days later, May 5, Fonck flew with three other members of S. 108: Haegelen, Hervet and Schmitter. They were attacked by four Albatros scouts who had the advantage of surprise and a wild dogfight ensued, with everyone maneuvering frantically and firing at anything that looked like a target. One

German plane went down in the melee and the four French ships, happy to escape from a disadvantageous position, flew home. When they landed, the other three pilots, senior to Fonck, made their reports first, stating that one Albatros had gone down but that, since everyone was firing, it was impossible to say when it was hit or by whom. Such reports were often made and in such cases, cards were cut to decide which pilot received credit. Fonck, reporting last, calmly claimed the victory and was credited with it.

Fonck shot a Rumpler down in flames on May 11. It was his fifth official victory.

On May 21, before going on the leave permitted to a man who has just become an ace, Fonck turned in another victory claim that could not be verified.

Two days after Fonck left the escadrille, "Père" Dorme disappeared while on patrol and all attempts to find a trace of his plane or his body failed. On his return, Fonck was sensitive to the general atmosphere of depression. Men talked endlessly of Dorme, recalling incidents about him, remarks that he had made. There was general agreement that his official score

[Continued on page 72]

Are You “STANDING STILL” on your job?

You can justify a real pay raise and a better position—by making one simple move—the move that opens the way to more earnings and promotions—*practical training*.

If YOU are “standing still” on your job—no promotions—only token increases in pay—then you had better do something about it. You know that if you are untrained, your chances of getting ahead are slim. NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE.

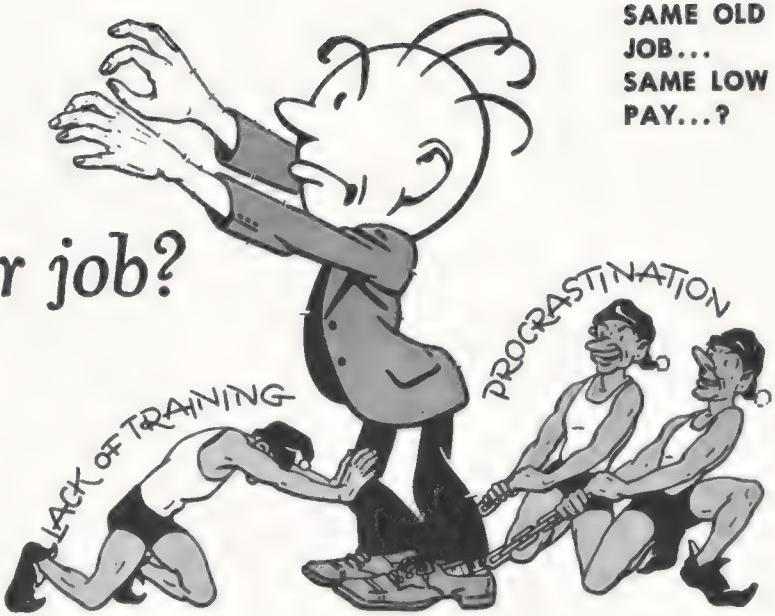
WILL RECOGNITION COME?

The only answer, as you know, is that success *does* come to the man or woman who is really *trained*. LaSalle has provided the “key to success” for many thousands of ambitious people who have sought our training for more than fifty years.

Get all the facts. Investigate the opportunities in your chosen field. It costs you nothing to learn about LaSalle’s proven and tested accredited correspondence courses in the major fields of business. You can train right in the privacy of your own home, progressing at your own rate.

You lose no time from work, and your instructors guide you every step along the way through our famous Practical Problem Method. Low cost—easy terms.

Don’t let promotions pass you by—do something TODAY about your future.



SAME OLD
JOB...
SAME LOW
PAY...?

The coupon below is for your convenience. Simply mark the program in which you are most interested, and mail at once. We'll send you, without obligation, free booklets describing that field together with the opportunities and what you must know to be a success.

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, A Correspondence Institution 417 South Dearborn Street, Dept. 231X, Chicago 5, Illinois

Please send me your booklet describing the program I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING

- Modern Bookkeeping
- Basic Accounting
- Practical Accounting
- Principles of Acctg.
- Cost Accounting
- Federal Income Tax
- Accounting Systems
- Business Law
- Auditing Procedure
- Controllship
- CPA Training
- Complete Accounting

LAW

- Law of Contracts
- Insurance Law
- Claim Adjusting Law
- Law for Trust Officers
- Business Law I
- Business Law II
- General Law
- First Year Law
- American Law and Procedure (LL.B. Degree)

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

- Principles of Management
- Psychology in Business
- Selling & Sales Management
- Advertising and Marketing
- Production Problems
- Business Financing
- Credits and Collections
- Office Management
- Managing Men
- Accounting & Statistical Control
- Business Correspondence
- Organization & Reorganization
- Legal Problems
- Complete Business Management

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION

- Organization & Mgt.
- Classification, Rates & Tariffs
- Transportation Agcy. & Services
- Transportation Law & Regulation
- Rate Making & Rate Cases
- Complete Traffic & Transportation

FOREMANSHIP & PRODUCTION METHODS

- Foremanship Training

MANAGEMENT COURSES

- Basic Management
- Production Management
- Sales Management
- Advertising & Sales Promotion
- Financial Management
- Personnel Management
- Sales & Executive Training

STENOTYPE (machine shorthand)

- Secretarial

SALESMAHSHIP

- LaSalle Sales Training

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

LaSalle
EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

Earned \$22⁷¹ EXTRA MONEY from this ONE UNIFORM ORDER Without Lifting a Finger!

says J. H. Edmund, Clarksburg, W. Va.



This repeat order sent in by a restauranteur to us automatically earned for J. H. Edmund this commission, without any effort, after the first sale was made for J. H. Edmund.

Whether you spend full time or spare time, you too, can easily get orders like this sent to us every day.

20 Million People Wear Uniforms All Year-Round—Waitresses, Waiters, Nurses, Factory Workers, Beauticians, Maids, Store Clerks, Physicians, Dentists, etc., Found in Every Town.

The SMARTEX line—the largest in the country today—is over 250 of the latest styles to offer at the lowest prices. Sizes 7 to 52, juniors, half, full, and extra sizes. Dacron, Nylon, Orlon, Broadcloth, Beersucker, Poplin, Gingham, in a variety of necklines and colors. Full length, three-quarter and short sleeves.

NO EXPERIENCE! NOTHING TO BUY! FREE SALES KIT!

The Smarter line is sold in advance for you through national magazines and on coast to coast television featuring Ella Raines and Olivia De Haviland who wear our uniforms. Sell full or part time. Make more than 20% commission plus extra earnings from other direct sales. Order from us and you'll earn \$66 commission, another order from a restauranteur earned \$42 commission, etc. You, too, can earn profits like these steadily from the very first day! No inventory to buy. No experience needed. Free advertising, catalog, free samples, etc. Send in \$1.50 for catalog. Pay cash on delivery. Offer customers valuable "Good Grooming guides" free with each order. Commissions on repeat sales. Sell with Money-Back Guarantee! Orders shipped same day. Send name and address for FREE SALES KIT NOW!

UNIFORM CORP. OF AMERICA Dept. W-20
118 East 59th Street New York City 22

Learn CARBURETOR and IGNITION



BIG PAY for Technicians
Start Training at Home for This Clean, High-Class Type of Position
Get in line for a raise—or for more profits in your own shop. Learn testing and adjusting with latest-type scientific motor tune-up equipment. When you know how to locate the trouble exactly, and fix it fast—handing and getting paid for more jobs per day. There's money in this, and it's clean, high-class work which gets the respect and confidence of your customers.

Send for FREE SAMPLE LESSON
Carburetor and Ignition Specialization offers very superior opportunities for better pay and bigger profits because relatively few mechanics know anything about this time-saving, money-making new test equipment.

Includes Fuel Injection

Now our spare-time home-study method teaches you the principles and shortens your shop training. Ambitious men (age 18-55) send for full ACTS AND FREE SAMPLE LESSON at once. Write today to

UTILITIES ENGINEERING INSTITUTE
2525 Sheffield Ave., OAL-5, Chicago 14

SONGWRITERS

Opportunity to have your song recorded on ROYALTY BASIS by large RECORDING COMPANY with NATIONAL SALES, PROMOTION, DISTRIBUTION. Send songs or song poems for FREE EXAMINATION. No charge for melodies. Lead sheets and records furnished.

MUSIC MAKERS, Dept. T-82, 8344 Melrose, Hollywood, Cal.

75 POWER TELESCOPE \$398 NEW!

Three in one telescope, 3 magnification.
Brass bound, 25 power for ultra long range. Guaranteed to bring distant stars, moons, objects, upon events closer. Most powerful scope sold anywhere. American made, 5 ft. long, closes 1 ft.; contains 4 ground & polished lenses. Can also be used as powerful compound microscope. Mass production enables us to offer telescope complete at 95% postpaid, F.O.B. New Haven, CONN.

CRITERION CO., Dept. FMB-19 • 281 Church Street, Hartford, Conn.

of 23 did not do him justice. Those who had served long with him recalled his aversion to paper work, his carelessness in entering claims and combat reports, his generosity in passing credit to young pilots for victories that he might have claimed for himself. Although he had not known Dorme long nor well, Fonck joined these discussions—and one day announced calmly that he would avenge Dorme.

The statement merely raised eyebrows. On the day that Dorme disappeared, Guynemer had shot down four German planes, all confirmed victories, and every man in the four escadrilles had been flying and fighting grimly ever since. The Storks had not waited for the return of Fonck to avenge Dorme.

Oddly enough, Fonck did what he vowed to do. On the morning of June 12, he dived out of the sun on two Albatros scouts which had swooped low in a hunt for French observation planes. He destroyed one of them with a single burst and tumbled it into a kitchen area behind the French trenches. The pilot was a Jasta leader, Captain von Baer, an ace with 12 victories.

For a while after that, Fonck went slightly into eclipse. French aerial losses were heavy and Germans were hunting in packs, so solo patrols were discouraged and Captain d'Harcourt of Spad 103 ordered more patrols at full strength. This hurt Fonck who never excelled when he flew with others. After that victory of June 12, he did not score again during June or July, although he put in claims for three victories that could not be verified. He did the same on August 2nd. In the meantime, Guynemer was running up his score, despite one invalid leave from the front. Nungesser, too, was adding to his score, despite time out with wounds. Guynemer had 50 victories at the end of July and Nungesser had 30. During this time Deullin, Matton and Auger were shot down—Matton and Auger killed. Fonck merely flew, a good pilot but not one of the great ones.

The French Air Service went through a series of crises that summer of 1917. Losses were heavy at the front and morale was admittedly low. There were demands for investigation in the French parliament, fierce debates, and a general agreement that action was necessary to restore French prestige in the air. As a result, the Air Ministry was created in August 1917—and the Army and Navy air services were united under one head.

The second battle of Flanders, which opened July 31, made heavy demands upon the air service and, with good weather, the air activity was intense. René Fonck, during August, was credited officially with five of the nine victories that he claimed.

Captain Heutreux, out of action with wounds that he received on May 5, had returned to Spad 3 as commander in July and celebrated his return by leading a raid on the German infantry moving up to relieve the troops in the trenches. This became a regular task of the Storks from that point on, in addition to the regular patrols. But it was confined to volunteers, as was the attacking of balloons. Fonck never volunteered for any

of these assignments.

Heutreux was shot down again on September 3 and Guynemer became commanding officer of Spad 3. Guynemer, worn out from constant flying and disliking the responsibilities of command, was morose and irritable.

The weather was bad, prohibitive for flying, and the Storks were expecting daily their transfer to another front. The general atmosphere of the four escadrilles was gloomy.

On September 11, the incomparable Guynemer flew out over the front and vanished.

The first tangible clue to his fate appeared in the form of a letter published in a German newspaper. A German pilot named Wissmann, writing to his mother, claimed that he had shot down the great Guynemer. He gave the date of his victory, however, as September 10 and the French indignantly rejected his claim as the vain boast of some opportunist. Guynemer had disappeared on the 11th.

The Storks made a crusade out of avenging Guynemer and René Fonck, in the two weeks following Guynemer's loss, claimed six victories, of which three were confirmed. With his usual lack of tact, he outraged the veteran Storks in doing so.

Guynemer had a distinctive sky signature, a method peculiarly his own, of announcing victories. When he returned from a patrol on which he had downed an enemy plane, he circled his own drome, rapidly opening and closing the throttle, producing a cadence, a song that sounded like: "J'en ai un." (I have one of them.) After his victory of September 14, René Fonck announced it as Guynemer had always announced his.

The veterans resented it. There could never be another Guynemer and some of them reproached Fonck that night in a manner typically French—by indirection, recounting stories of Guynemer's attacks on German troops and on balloons, his reckless gambling of his own life against odds and his scrupulous combat reports which underplayed his own deeds.

Fonck listened without replying. Nobody could embarrass him by telling how other men performed deeds that he would not attempt. As he wrote later, in his book "Mes Combats": "I have not assisted frequently in the burning of a balloon but it is a moving spectacle which one never forgets when one has witnessed it. I do not like thus to combat the enemy and I prefer to leave such attacks to specialists."

As had happened after the disappearance of Dorme, Fate stepped in on the side of Fonck, helping him to silence his critics. On the 30th of September, the last day on the Flanders front for the Storks, Fonck surprised a German two-seater and shot it down behind the French lines. The pilot was identified by his papers as *Lieutenant Wissmann*, the man who had claimed Guynemer.

That was Fonck's 15th official victory and the turning point of his life.

There was no question in Fonck's mind that he, personally, was the avenger of Guynemer and the great Stork's logical successor. He forgot that Wissmann had

[Continued on page 77]

Give Me One Evening And I'll Give You A Push-Button Memory

Yes! Here at last is your chance to gain the super-powered, file-cabinet memory you've always dreamed about... so easily and so quickly that you'll be astounded... **AND ACTUALLY DO IT WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!**

Let me explain! I don't care how poor you may think your memory is now! I believe that you have the power to increase it **10 TO 100 TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU REALIZE TODAY!** I believe that your memory is working at a tiny fraction of its true power today... because you simply don't know the right way to feed it facts! Because you don't know the right way to take names and faces and anything else you want to remember... and burn them into your memory so vividly that you can never forget them!

Yes! Remembering is a trick! Powerful memories can be made to order if you don't have to be born with them. The secret of a super-powered, file-cabinet memory is as simple as tying your shoelaces! I can teach it to you in a single evening! And I'm willing to prove it to you without your risking a penny! Hero's hooray!

Would You Invest Three Hours of Your Time to Transform Your Memory?

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside only one evening. Give this book your uninterrupted attention. And then get ready for one of the most thrilling accomplishments of your entire life!

Take this book and turn to page 39. Read eight short pages—no more. And then, put down the book. It will stay in your mind the one simple secret I've shown you. And then—get ready to test your new, AUTOMATIC MEMORY!

What you are going to do, in that very first evening, is this: without referring to the book, you are going to sit down, and you are going to write—not five, not ten, but TWENTY important facts that you have never been able to memorize before! If you are a business man, they may be customers' orders that you have received... if you are a salesman, they may be twenty different products in your line... if you are a student, they may be the two main parts of your home work... if you are a housewife, they may be important appointments that you have to keep tomorrow!

In any case, you are simply going to glance over that list again for a few moments. You are going to perform a simple mental trick on each one of these facts—that will burn that fact into your mind permanently and automatically! And then you are going to put that list away. You're going to bed without thinking of it again.

And the next morning, you are going to amaze your family and friends! When you go down to business, you'll stand to every one of those orders—automatically!—without referring to your memo pad! For perhaps the first time in your life, you'll be able to place ahead your entire day—automatically, in your own mind—without being a slave to reminders, or notes, or other "paper crutches!"

Yes! And you'll amaze your friends by remembering every product in your line—backwards and forwards—in the exact or-

der that you memorized them! You'll keep every single appointment on time—because one appointment will automatically jump into your mind after another at the precise moment you need them—exactly as though you pushed a mental button!

All this—in a single evening! Here is a gift that will pay dividends for as long as you live! A simple trick... a simple secret of burning facts into your memory that may change your entire life!

Suddenly, Whole New Worlds of Self-Confidence Open Up for You!

But this is just the beginning of the "miracles" you can perform with your memory! This secret is just one of the over 50 MEMORY INTENSIFIERS contained in this book! You have seen men and women use these exact same methods in every walk of life to astound you. But you never knew... how incredibly simple they were—once you learned the inside secret!

For instance—REMEMBERING NAMES AND FACES! How many times have you been embarrassed, because you couldn't remember the name of the person you were talking to... or introduce him to a friend? In as little as one short week after you receive this book, how would you like to walk into a room full of TWENTY new people... meet each one of them only once... and then remember the names—automatically—for as long as you live!

Yes! These names and faces are filed in the storehouse of your memory—permanently! Whenever you meet these people on the street... whenever you bump into them at the club... whenever they drop in unexpectedly at a friend's house—the instant you see their face, their name pops into your mind automatically! There is no hesitation, no embarrassment! By the time you can reach out to shake their hands, your memory has delivered all the important facts you need to please them!

Think of the advantage in business—when you can call every customer by his first name—and then ask for his wife and children's names, by their names! Think of the impression you'll make when you ask him about the state of his business, about his hobbies, when you even repeat—almost word for word—the last conversation you had with him! Think of becoming a celebrity at your club—as the member who "knows everyone"... who can be depended upon to avoid mistakes, to win new friends for the organization, to get things done!

But this is still just the beginning! This book teaches you to remember exactly what you hear and read! It gives you the confidence you need to make an important point at a business conference... to back up your opinion in discussions... become a leader in conversation, with dozens of interesting facts at your fingertips!

This book teaches you how to memorize a speech, or a sales presentation—in minutes! It teaches you how to remember every card played when you relax at night! It can improve your gin, or poker, or bridge game by



MEET HARRY LORAYNE "The human being with the most phenomenal memory in the world!" Harry Lorayne has lectured in front of thousands of Americans! Rotarians, Elks, Masons, Chamber of Commerce groups have all called on this amazing man to prove his human record of power of storing, retaining memory! Lorayne's memory is so strong that he can remember the names, faces, addresses and occupations of over 700 different people in a single evening—after meeting each one of them only once!

And yet, a few short years ago, this man's memory was no better than yours! He turned his own personal problems into the most fabulous memory in the world from scratch! And now, he gives you the very same secrets he discovered and perfected himself! Memory Builders that work overnight! Secrets that can change your entire life in a single week—**OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Read the thrilling details on this page! Try them—**ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!**

100% in a single week!

This book shows you how to improve the depth and force and power of your mind! It shows you how to double your vocabulary—learn dozens of ways to build new words in your memory... learn their meanings without looking them up... repeat entire phrases, sentences, paragraphs from the great writers! You'll be able to learn a foreign language almost overnight—at least three to four times as quickly and easily as you could without this system! You'll be able to hear a joke, story or anecdote only once, and then repeat it in the same hilarious way!

Yes! And most important of all, this book will show you how to **professionally organize your mind**—to what you have to do in half the time! You'll remember dates, addresses, appointments—automatically! You'll carry dozens of telephone numbers in the file-cabinet of your mind! You'll stop going back over work two or three times because you'd forgotten something! Let me send you this book—and prove these facts in one short evening—**OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY!**

EVEN THE EXPERTS CHEER!

From the top newspapers in America! Enthusiastic review of Harry Lorayne's new automatic memory improver! Read what top hardboiled critics say about this man—and his wonderful method!

Robert Coleman, New York Mirror, a swell party... The stellar entertainer was Harry Lorayne, billed as "The man who has the most phenomenal memory in the world." After watching Harry at work, we were inclined to agree with that statement!

Ruth Razie, WWNT, Virginia ...this book is fascinating reading... Harry Lorayne states this emphatically... **THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A POOR MEMORY... ONLY A TRAINED OR UNTRAINED MEMORY.** He shows in this fascinating book how to easily train your memory to retain facts... figures... places... people and whatever you wish to remember... how to quickly memorize speeches or facts that you wish to remember for future use... I found **HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY** an experience in reading.

Ed Galing, Pennsylvania Intelligencer, Have you ever wished you had a better memory? That you could remember names, places, things? Well, Sir, a new book just out is guaranteed to improve your memory and you will be surprised at how your friends will think of your memory! **"HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY,"** by Harry Lorayne. The author can call more than 700 persons by their first name after meeting them for the first time... The book contains the secret on how to be a good rememberer... If you're having trouble remembering a phone number or an anniversary give this book a try. It could make you happy, successful, rich.

ever, the book costs you only \$2.98! And I want you to try this book—in your own home—entirely at my risk! Here's how!

First, try for yourself the experiment I have described in this article! See for yourself the almost-unbelievable results in the very first evening alone! And then, continue to use the book for an additional week! In this very first week alone, if this amazing book doesn't do everything I say... if it doesn't give you a file-cabinet memory—no matter what your age—no matter how poor you may think your memory is today, then simply return the book for every cent of your money back!

You have nothing to lose! Act TODAY!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MEMORY RESEARCH BUREAU, Dept. T48
366 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Yes, I want to try a copy of Harry Lorayne's amazing new book **HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY**—entirely at my risk! I will pay you \$2.98 plus postage and handling charges. I will use this book for a full ten days at your risk. If I am not completely delighted—if this book does not do everything you say, I will simply return it for every cent of my money back.

Name _____

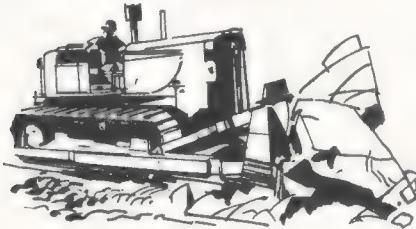
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

CHECK HERE AND SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order and we pay all postage and handling charges. You save as much as \$6.71! Same money-back guarantee, of course!

Train NOW as HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATORS

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED!



**MAIL POSTAGE FREE CARD
FOR FREE INFORMATION
NO OBLIGATION**

The most tremendous highway building program in history is under way . . . bridges, dams, houses, factories, are springing up all across the nation. The construction industry is booming as never before. And YOU can have a box seat for this greatest show on earth!

You will be trained thoroughly for modern heavy equipment operation. Learn to master heavy equipment such as: tractors, scrapers, graders, carryalls. Engineering fundamentals . . . blueprint reading . . . operating controls . . . diesel engine operation . . . highway construction, etc.

If you are between 17 and 45, you can get into Heavy Equipment NOW — regardless of your present position, training or income. Immediate nationwide placement service available without charge upon completion. We help you with financing. Training starts at home.

If age 17 to 45, signify interest at once. Mail card above.

Master Heavy Equipment Operation:

- Tractors
- Scrapers
- Graders
- Rollers
- Bulldozers
- Engineering Fundamentals
- Blueprint Reading
- Operating Controls
- Equipment Operation
- Field Maintenance
- Diesel Engine Operation
- Highway Construction, Etc.

DON'T DELAY. For full free information without obligation use the postage paid card at the upper right. If someone has already used the card just write a note to Heavy Equipment Training, Dept. P-33, Northwest Schools, Inc., 11 E. 47 St., New York 17, N. Y. giving your name, address, phone number, age, education and hours worked (if employed). Full information will be sent to you.



WAS FONCK A FAKER?

Continued from page 72

given the wrong date in claiming that he had conquered Guynemer. In time, others forgot it. Fonck was interviewed by many newspaper and magazine writers and there was no reticence in him when talking of his own exploits. He ignored the official count of victories and told interviewers that he had 30 victories. Many papers printed his claim without explaining, perhaps without knowing, that it was merely a claim. Since Guynemer had been credited with 53 victories officially at the time of his death, Fonck's claim of 30 lifted him to the position of challenger where the actual count of 15 would have been unimpressive. He was given a leave in Paris to celebrate and the timing of that leave was perfect for him.

It is an interesting point that up to this date, the real Fonck and the shadow Fonck seemed to be competing, and evenly balanced. He had 15 official victories and he claimed exactly 15 which were unconfirmed. From that date on, once he convinced himself that he was Guynemer's successor, Fonck became less a split personality and more frankly a glory hunter. He did not stop making wild claims, but he made a greater effort to have them acknowledged.

The newly created Air Ministry had taken over in the face of severe criticism of the air service, its record, its administration and the ships in which Frenchmen flew. Nungesser, the logical successor to Guynemer, was recovering from the latest of many wounds and a new hero was needed to take the minds of people off French aerial defeats.

Fonck became that hero.

Though René did not have the romantic appearance of the tall, pale Guynemer, he had solid assets. He had no bad habits and it was unlikely that he would ever embarrass the service as did the colorful and dashing Navarre who raised disturbances in Paris bars. With a talent for attracting attention to himself, René Fonck was a man worth exploiting.

Fonck knew that he had made a good impression at headquarters and he came back to his escadrille with the confidence that he could write his own rules.

One of Fonck's first acts was to request Guynemer's Cannon Spad. Guynemer had talked the Spad factory into building him a ship with a 37-mm cannon that fired through the propeller hub. Guynemer succeeded in having it built. It never came up to his expectations and other pilots who tried it were critical of it, but it was widely publicized and it became a Guynemer symbol.

Although it gave Fonck trouble, too, and required frequent repairs, it served to associate his name with that of Guynemer and served its object. (After the war, he stated that seven of his official victories were scored in this ship.)

The new drome of the Storks was at

Chaudun near Soissons. Fonck celebrated his return to the escadrille from Paris with a solo patrol on October 10 and the claim that he had destroyed two German scouts. There was no confirmation. On October 12, he claimed another which was not confirmed. On October 15th he claimed three, two of which were confirmed. In the next two weeks he claimed three more, receiving credit for two.

Winter was settling down hard over the trenches and there was little air activity. René Fonck had 20 official victories so he applied for a long leave of absence, married a girl from his home town and went on a honeymoon. He did not come back to the front until January 1918.

At this time the Storks were flying over the old Verdun battlefield. Captain Hormant had replaced Brocard as commander. On his first patrol over this front, Fonck flew with Captain d'Harcourt, Lieutenant Fontaine, and two young pilots. Captain d'Harcourt was forced to drop out of formation with engine trouble and, shortly afterwards, Fontaine led the two youngsters down on a couple of German two-seaters while Fonck flew above them. Fontaine got into trouble immediately when a burst from a German observer's gun silenced his engine. Fonck swooped down, set the German afame with one burst and, concerned for the inexperienced pilots who had separated in their futile attack on the other German, gave them the signal to follow him and led them home.

Fonck referred to this incident several times later when he was questioned about his avoidance of regular patrols. As he wrote in his book: "I preferred to fly alone; thus I was able to have more adventures comfortably because I was not afraid of putting comrades less experienced than myself in a bad position. It was when alone that I performed those little coups of audacity which amused me."

In February, he amused himself with many of this "little coups of audacity," claiming eight victories and receiving credit for five. In March he claimed 11, seven of which were confirmed.

The matter of confirmations was much simplified under the system inaugurated by the new Air Ministry which was eager to confront its political critics with evidence of French superiority in the air. The Storks now had a *homologuer* whose duty it was to follow up every victory claim entered, by phoning front positions or by a personal visit to the front if necessary, and to endeavor to confirm every claim made. René Fonck worked this individual harder than all of the other Storks combined. His combat reports were always sketchy and he was inconsistent upon confirmation for every claim.

With each success, Fonck became more of a prima donna. He declared that two

hours of front-line flying was sufficient if a pilot did his work well and he confined himself to two hours most days even when his comrades were flying much more than that. He was a Stork but a special case, fighting his own war in his own way, pointing to his mounting score as the answer to all criticism.

"Flying and fighting in the air," he said, "calls for fine physical condition and one must stay in training as for an athletic event. It is folly to fly to the point of fatigue or to risk one's life when one is not feeling physically fit."

This was, no doubt, sound philosophy, but it is not the statement of a man who is all out to win the war; it is the frank statement of a glory hunter concerned only with his own personal record.

He claimed six victories in April and the best efforts of the homologuer confirmed only three of them. When the French press belatedly reported that Captain J. L. Trollope of the Royal Flying Corps had shot down six German planes in one day during March, Fonck could talk of little else. "One would have to have it in his mind that he wanted to shoot six," Fonck said. "There would have to be the intent."

The other pilots laughed, shrugged and yawned. Such talk was nonsense.

On May 9, 1918 Fonck found himself flying in company with Captain Battle and Lieutenant Fontaine. As they crossed the lines they spotted a German two-seater protected by two Fokkers. Fonck led the attack, diving down on the nearest Fokker and shooting him out of the sky with a single burst. Continuing his dive, Fonck pulled out under the two-seater and zoomed, literally hanging by his prop as he poured two bursts into it.

The second Fokker pilot, with the advantage of altitude now, dived on Fonck who fell off on one wing, avoiding his fire, diving below the German and zooming up under him as he came out of his dive, destroying him with one long burst.

"It was all over in five seconds," Fonck said.

Three German planes containing four men were tumbling down the sky before the astonished Fontaine and Battle, only a trifle slow in following Fonck in his dive, reached the scene of the combat.

There was no question about confirmation on those three planes and Fonck, hot for further battle, landed on his own drome only long enough to put gas in his tank and check his guns. He had three victories for the day and there was daylight left. He had "the intent" to shoot down six.

To Fonck's great annoyance, Grugere and Theuzelier joined him when he took off, flying behind him. He gained altitude as he flew toward the lines and a cloud floor moved in under him. Through a rift in the clouds, he spotted a German two-seater below him and dived. He raked the enemy ship from the observer's roost to the prop before either of the Germans knew that they were not alone in the soupy sky.

He cruised just under the clouds after the two-seater went down and a flight of Fokkers materialized below him, followed almost immediately by five Albatroses flying slightly higher.

How You Can Master Good ENGLISH

-in 15 Minutes a Day!

THOUSANDS make mistakes in English—and don't know it. They say "between you and I," instead of "between you and me"—or use "who" for "whom"—or mispronounce the simplest words. Mistakes like these prevent you from getting your thoughts in strongest way. Real command of English will help you reach any goal.

Only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's famous invention—and you can actually SEE your English improve. It teaches by HABIT—makes it easier to adopt the RIGHT WAY.



SHERWIN CODY

FREE BOOK

Lack of language power may be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you! Write for free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day."

SHERWIN CODY COURSE IN ENGLISH, 1542 Central Drive, Port Washington, N. Y.

SHERWIN CODY COURSE IN ENGLISH	
1542 Central Drive, Port Washington, N. Y.	
Send me your FREE BOOK.	
I am interested in subjects checked below:	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Greater Grammar
<input type="checkbox"/>	Greater letter-writing ability
<input type="checkbox"/>	Correct Spelling
<input type="checkbox"/>	Proper punctuation
<input type="checkbox"/>	Proper expression
<input type="checkbox"/>	Large Vocabulary
<input type="checkbox"/>	Proper Punctuation
(It is understood that no salesman will call.)	
Name _____	Age _____
(Please Print Plainly)	
Address _____	
City _____	Zone _____ State _____

SAY GOODBYE TO RUPTURE MISERY

NOW! Amazing! **Comfo-Truss**

Patented

A spectacular step forward in rupture truss design! Weighs just 3½ ounces—yet holds your reducible inguinal hernia as gently and surely as you can retain it with your hand! Made of soft, perforated-for-coolness foam rubber covered on outside with strong, porous cloth. Soft adjustable padded leg strap. No laces, no snaps—quick, one-buckle adjustment. No fitting. Designed so that pad must remain low and in place. Cool, washable. For men, women. 10-day trial—money-back guarantee. \$4.95 single, \$5.95 double. Postpaid except on COD'S. Send measurement around lowest part of abdomen.

Kimlin Company
Dept. FM-20C
803 Wyandotte St.
Kansas City 5, Mo.

NEW—POCKET SIZE INVENTION HELPS HYPNOTIZE YOURSELF or OTHERS IN MINUTES!

MUST WORK OR MONEY BACK!

Hold the hypno-coin in front of the person you want to hypnotize. Gently vibrate the plastic lens. This sets a whirling hypnotic pattern into motion that is so fascinating, it captures and holds your subject's gaze. Now give your hypnotic suggestions! Get this amazing hypnotic aid complete with a FREE revealing booklet of second-hand information that tell you what to do and how to command and re-command with hypnotic stunts, etc. Get the COIN, Booklet and Stand for \$1.00 ppd. Sent in a plain wrapper. Money back if not delighted!

HYPNOTIC AIDS • Dept. A-7, 1133 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10

\$1.00 Name _____
Address _____

"I hesitated to attack," Fonck wrote, "but the desire to complete my performance overcame my prudence and I chose to risk combat."

Aiming his Spad at the gap between the two flights, he dived full out. He waited until the rearmost Fokker was huge in his sights and laid a burst into the cockpit. The Fokker fell under his diving ship, turning wing over wing before plunging straight toward earth. At that instant the five Albatroses dived.

Fonck came out of his own dive and zoomed into the oncoming Germans. He shot the leader down in flames without leveling out of his zoom and he was in the clouds again before his foes had time to fire a single burst at him.

This second trio of Fonck's day landed within the French lines and his "sextuple" was confirmed before he landed on his own drome. In getting his six, he demonstrated conclusively that when he wanted to be, there was no more dangerous man on the front.

Still Fonck had to claim too much. In writing of his big day, he stated:

"My sextuple victory of May 1918 had stupefied my contemporaries. The enemy, terror-stricken, did not for several days recover his self-possession, and, on our side, enthusiasm overflowed."

If the Germans were stupefied or terror-stricken, the statistics do not reveal it. In that month of May, 1918 the German Imperial Air Force destroyed 413 Allied planes and 23 balloons at a loss of 180 of their own planes.

Fonck, however, preferred to believe that he had won his war for the month. He basked in glory and flew seldom. When he did go out, he brought back tales of combat and conquest, claiming single victories on the 12th and 18th, a double on the 15th. The poor homologuer phoned all over, but the claims were not confirmable.

On the 19th, Fonck had two confirmations out of three claims. He took off for Paris the next day and was, as usual, interviewed by the press. He repeated a claim that he had made first in an interview on April 3, 1918, updated now with added victories. "I have destroyed 80 enemy airplanes in combat," he said, "and I have never received a bullet in my machine. No German pilot has succeeded in hitting me once."

He had, at that time, 44 confirmed victories and 36 unverified claims but, in typical Fonck fashion, he added them together, never relinquishing a claim that he had made. Eighty was the magic figure reached by Baron Manfred von Richthofen before his death in April and it was far in excess of the scores achieved by the immortal Guynemer, or the Britishers Ball and McCudden; all of whom had been bested many times in combat, shot down, or forced to fly home in badly-riddled ships. This new wonder claimed to have surpassed them all.

Fonck's own comrades were not enthusiastic. The ghost of the beloved Guynemer still lingered. Fonck, who deserved acclaim, received it, but pilots did not quite believe in him and the people of France did not take him to their breasts as they had Guynemer. Fonck seemed oblivious to this. He extended his leave

into the middle of June, celebrated his return with a very doubtful and unconfirmed victory claim, then scored an authentic and confirmed triple victory in one day. He claimed five more victories that month and two of them were confirmed.

Fonck's combat reports, always vague, became even more confusing. He had never had a sharp eye for enemy models and hardly ever attempted to identify the make or model of a two-seater. He identified enemy scouts as "fighter planes," occasionally naming them Albatros or Fokker (which he spelled "Focker"). He claimed, perhaps rightly, that he could not tell where a plane would land when shot down at 20,000 feet.

Some of the skeptics insisted, however, that the Fonck method was a shotgun system of gambling for credit. A vaguely-described airplane destroyed where no one saw the combat, which might land anywhere, was at least a good bet for confirmation during a period of heavy air fighting if a harassed, hard-pressed homologuer was working for the confirmation. "He robs the dead," one pilot said, and his meaning was plain. German planes crashed by accident and were shot down by Frenchmen who were killed or wounded before they turned in combat reports, were credited to Fonck because he made his reports a basket big enough to receive them.

Fonck had seven confirmed victories and four unverified claims in July, four victories and three doubtful claims in August. After the last of these questionable and unverified claims on August 15th, he took another long vacation.

During Fonck's absence, the doubts that he had inspired grew and spread. Young and obscure pilots scored victories which they claimed would never have been credited to them if Fonck were still flying. He had an uncanny knack, they claimed, of spotting a dogfight or an attack on a two-seater from the heights at which he flew, and a habit of diving down after a kill had been made, or while a confused battle was in progress, firing his guns and claiming every ship that fell. One of his triple victories, it was rumored, occurred in just this manner, with Fonck claiming every ship knocked down in a dogfight which he joined late; his prestige reinforcing his claim.

Fonck, in his book, describes several such fights, claiming that his entry into the battle was a rescue operation. He might have been correct in his claim. He did kill swiftly, with little waste fire, and less experienced pilots could easily underestimate him.

In late September, René Fonck returned to the Storks, bronzed and fit and rested. He was incapable of imagining that people would doubt him, so he probably suspected nothing, of the fact that his reputation had been bounced around in his absence. On September 26, 1918, however, he wrote an answer in the air, an answer not entirely in his favor.

The German army was breaking up and in full retreat. René Fonck flew alone from the Stork drome at Noblette, north of Chalons. Although he had never, in his entire career, gone down on a balloon, his guns, by his own admission,

were loaded with incendiary ammunition. Climbing into the morning sun, he discovered five Fokkers beneath him and dived to the attack. They were flying in a V and it was his usual tactic to pick off one of the rearmost ships in such a surprise attack. On this occasion, the pilot of the Fokker behind the leader and on his right was the only one to sense danger. He turned his head, then poured gas to his engine, moving up to attract his leader's attention. Fonck shot him across the other ship which he had first selected for his victim, then, swerving slightly, he shot the rearmost plane. Both of the Fokkers flamed and Fonck zoomed away before the three shocked survivors could come around and give him battle.

As he climbed again, Fonck saw a French anti-aircraft battery in action and flew to investigate. A German two-seater was flying in and out of the archy bursts and Fonck approached to within 30 metres of it without being observed. He killed the observer with a single shot and the alarmed pilot dived so suddenly that the body of the observer was thrown free.

Fonck, pulling out of his dive to attack again, looked up and was horrified to see the corpse of the observer that he had killed hurtling down upon him. He banked sharply and the plummeting body missed his wing by-inches. Shaking off his shock, Fonck pursued the fleeing two-seater and sent it down in flames.

He had three victories, easy confirmations since all of them burned, and the day was young.

In the late afternoon, Fonck flew out again. He flew alone and the sky was filled with desperate Germans. He saw a flight of Fokkers far away from him go down upon a group of Spads and disperse them. Below him was a patrol of three Spads from his own escadrille, piloted by Fontaine, Loup and Brugere. Fonck joined them as the victorious Fokkers, fresh from one combat, closed in. There were five Fokkers and four Spads. Three more Fokkers came down and then another Spad, all joining in the tail-chasing contest that developed. The lone Spad was identifiable by his insignia as Captain de Sevin of Spad 26, who was the survivor of the earlier fight.

Captain de Sevin and Brugere were in trouble and Fonck shot down two Fokkers to extricate them, just as de Sevin went down.

Five Albatroses appeared below the fight and Fonck dived alone to intercept them before they could join the attack. As he opened fire on the Albatros, a Fokker, shot down by one of the other pilots, tumbled down in flames, barely missing Fonck who, in banking sharply, brushed the wing of an Albatros with his wheels. He destroyed that crippled Albatros then with one burst and pulled out of the fight with jammed guns.

"If my guns had not failed me," he wrote, "I am confident that I could have wiped out the Albatros and surpassed my previous record."

As it was, he returned to his drome safely with a claim for three victories in

that fight, six for the day; the second time that he had performed that feat.

Only the angels could straighten out the combat reports of that frantic, confused dogfight. Fonck was specific, however, about one fact; that he had shot down the two Fokkers with which de Sevin and Brugere were engaged, then, later, an Albatros. Fontaine shot down the flamer which narrowly missed Fonck.

There was great jubilation in Spad 103 and no problem at all about confirmations. The great Fonck had repeated his imitable feat—six in one day.

Then, Captain de Sevin came back from the dead. Presumed killed in the fight, he regained control of his damaged plane and made a safe landing behind the advancing French troops. In his carefully written combat report, he claimed that he shot down the Fokker with which he was engaged before he, himself, was forced out of the fight. De Sevin was a veteran, an escadrille leader, and no maker of wild claims. This was an embarrassment, doubly embarrassing when he was informed of Fonck's claim and refused to withdraw his own.

Fonck either had his second sextuple victory, or he had a five this time, which was not as sensational. Word was on the wires already, all over France, that he had scored six times.

Capping the excitement and the confusion was the discovery of papers on the body of one of the Fokker pilots which identified him as *Leutnant Fritz Rumey*.

MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS AND SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—**HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!**

LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big modern cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. Free employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 37th YEAR!

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send now for big illustrated National School catalog. See students in training. Read what graduates are doing and earning. See meat you cut and equipment you work with. No obligation. No salesman will call. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal card. Get all the facts NOW! G. I. APPROVED.

National School of Meat Cutting, Inc.
Dept. R-89
Toledo 4, Ohio



NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, INC., Dept. R-89, Toledo 4, Ohio

Send me FREE 52-page school catalog on LEARN-BY-DOING training in PROFITABLE MEAT CUTTING, SUCCESSFUL MEAT MERCHANDISING and SELF-SERVICE MEATS at Toledo. No obligation. No salesman will call. Approved for Veterans.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Learn to Draw at Home

for only 20¢ a Day



NOW, FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT, you can train at home in spare time for successful career in commercial art. It's easier than you think to break into this high-paying field—and you don't have to be a "genius." L. E. Sikes, Jr., of Florida, now owns outdoor display and lettering business. Tavi Teichman of New Jersey, earns an extra \$50 a week "in spare time."

Demand for trained illustrators, cartoonists, letterers, TV and fashion artists is greater. Ad agencies, newspapers and magazines, comic syndicates, dept. stores need art people... and a certificate from the Washington School of Art has helped many get jobs fast. Write today and give us TWO 22-piece ARTIST OUTFITS—complete home-study—personal supervision by professionals—all for less than 20¢ a day.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK that tells about Art opportunities today and gives full details of famous WSA Course (established 1914). No obligation. Mailman will call. Fill in below and mail entire ad to: Washington School of Art, Studio 1872, Port Washington, N. Y.

This One Course
Includes Expert
Instruction In:

- Commercial Art
- Advertising
- Illustrating
- Figure Drawing
- Painting
- Drawing
- Lettering
- Advertising
- Commercial Illustration
- Comic Strips
- Photography
- Portrait
- Painting
- Advertising
- Watercolor
- Plus many other branches of art

Name..... Age.....
(please print plainly)
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

EAT ANYTHING WITH FALSE TEETH



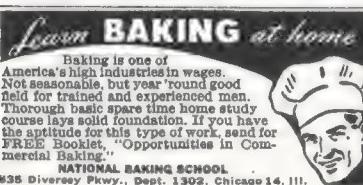
Trouble with loose places that slip, rock or cause sore gums? Try Brimms Plasti-Liner. One application makes plates fit snugly without powder, paste or cushions. Brimms Plasti-Liner adheres permanently to your plate; ends the bother of temporary applications. With plates held firmly by Plasti-Liner, YOU CAN EAT ANYTHING! Simply lay soft strip of Plasti-Liner on troublesome upper or lower. Bite and it molds perfectly. Easy to use, tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plates. Removable as directed. Money-back guarantee! At your drug counter, \$1.50 reliner for 1 plate; \$2.50, for 2 plates. Plasti-Liner, Inc., Dept. FM-6, 1075 Main Street, Buffalo 9, New York.

BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

HOT WATER QUICK!



New Portable Pocket-Size Water Heater Place in water; plug in socket, turn on switch! Hot Water! Thousands use for bathing, washing clothes, cleaning floors, etc. Quick heating... Heats small quantities very quick! Heating speed of large quantities depends on quantity. For example, for 10 gallons of water, heat price \$2.95. However, if you'll call your friends about BOIL-Q-WIK to advertise it for us, we will let you know how much \$1.98 plus post and handling. Pay postage \$1.98 plus \$1.00 C.O.D. postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 10 days for refund. **SEND NO MONEY** Pay postage \$1.98 plus \$1.00 C.O.D. postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 10 days for refund. BOIL-Q-WIK, 4534 Broadway, Dept. X-123, CHICAGO 40, ILL.



Learn BAKING at home

Baking is one of America's high industries in wages. Now is the time to learn the art of baking for trained and experienced men. Thorough basic space time home study course lays solid foundation. If you have the aptitude for this type of work, send for FREE Booklet, "Opportunities in Commercial Baking."

NATIONAL BAKING SCHOOL

635 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1302, Chicago 14, Ill.

who had compiled a fantastic record in a few short months at the front, a Pour le Merite ace with 45 victories.

The French Command in its wisdom decided that René Fonck had downed six German planes on September 26 and that one of his victims was the German ace, Rumey, thus answering for Germany the question—"Who is René Fonck?"

The war did not last long after that and René Fonck was officially credited with 75 victories at the end, credited in his own book with 127. He had far surpassed the statistical record of Guynemer but he did not stand on the same pinnacle of greatness. Fonck was honored but not idolized. Several men wrote books about Guynemer; no one wrote a book about Fonck but Fonck. Several pilots of long service with the French wrote books about their experiences without once mentioning René Fonck; no one wrote about the French Air Service without mentioning Guynemer. Among the survivors, the fighting pilot's pilot was Nungesser.

In the fall of 1925, René Fonck visited the United States. Raymond B. Orteig had announced that he would award a prize of \$25,000 for a non-stop Paris to New York, or New York to Paris flight. Fonck was seeking backing for the attempt and had been unable to obtain it in France where he had been engaged in small aviation promotions.

Igor Sikorsky, the famous Russian designer of bombing planes, was building a big ship to fly the Atlantic and a New York group, calling themselves the Argonauts, was providing limited backing, Sikorsky assuming the largest risk. An English war pilot of wide experience on the big Handley-Page bombers had been tentatively selected as pilot. René Fonck, who did not feel abashed at wearing his World War I uniform, with all the medals, sold himself to the Argonauts as the man who would bring the most favorable publicity to their venture; the greatest ace of France flying an American plane designed by a Russian and landing it in his beloved Paris! It was tremendous. The English pilot was shelved.

As soon as he was accepted, Fonck started to assert his authority. Sikorsky was building a twin-engine ship, a development of previous Sikorsky giants. Fonck insisted that for the Atlantic the ship should have three engines. He convinced the Argonauts that he was right. Sikorsky, after some hesitation, agreed that it could be done, that he could adapt his design to three engines rather than two, but that a whole new set of calculations would have to be made.

The question of engines arose. They represented a big expense and Fonck was certain that he could obtain them in France. The French government cannily agreed to underwrite the loan of three Gnome engines.

Fonck returned to the United States in the spring of 1927 and started a round of personal appearances to publicize the transatlantic attempt. He spoke no English but he appeared before many groups with an interpreter. He had, he said, shot down 127 German planes and his audiences, aware that America's ace

of aces, Eddie Rickenbacker, had shot down only 26, were impressed.

In August 1926, the huge Sikorsky trimotor was finished. It represented a \$100,000 investment, exclusive of the borrowed engines. It was designed to carry 13,840 pounds of fuel, cruise at 120 miles an hour, climb over 800 feet a minute. René Fonck flew it once, with Sikorsky beside him in the cockpit, a circle trip of Manhattan Island. He pronounced it ready, then returned to his round of Long Island house parties.

The press was impatient to witness test flights; Igor Sikorsky was worried because so many experimental features remained untried, and George Honneur, who had installed the engines and who was, in a sense, representing France was enraged at Fonck. Fonck made appearances at the shed factory only to pose for pictures and to make petty criticisms, Honneur said, and that was not enough.

On September 6, 1926, Colonel H. E. Hartley, vice-president of the Argonauts, issued an ultimatum to his associates. "Fonck is irresponsible," he said, "and not competent to pilot this ship. To permit him to attempt it would jeopardize human life. Either he withdraws from this project or I do."

It would be unthinkable to replace Fonck at the last moment, an insult to France. The Argonauts accepted Hartley's resignation.

On September 20, 1926, after much bickering, it was decided that the Sikorsky must take off or the flight would have to be postponed till spring. The weather reports were favorable and the hard-worked handful of workers from the Sikorsky factory spent all night, Sikorsky working with the rest, filling the tanks with 2,380 gallons of gas.

The crew arrived in the dark hour before dawn. Joseph Islamoff, the flight engineer and a personal friend of Sikorsky's, had worked harder, perhaps, on this project than any other man except Sikorsky himself. Charles Clavier, the radio operator was next; the favorite of the press, a Frenchman who spoke excellent English and who was always in good humor. He was carrying a small present for his wife in Paris and toys for his three children, proudly exhibiting the 35 cents that he had left.

Lieutenant Lawrence W. Curtin of the U.S. Navy, the navigator, arrived with Fonck who was, as usual, wearing his old Air Force uniform with all the medals.

The crowd was tense when the four men climbed into the ship and the suspense became all but unbearable when the engines started to warm. The signal was given and the big ship started to move. It picked up speed, but not enough. The tail did not come up and pilots lining the runway started to shout—"Lift that tail!" One of the wheels of the auxiliary landing gear, designed to be dropped after the take-off, broke away. The plane wobbled and the agonized onlookers read pilot panic in its every move. The throttles were retarded, slowing it still more, several other wheels broke away from the auxiliary undercarriage, then the throttle was slammed forward again. The plane lunged, responding to a sudden burst of power,

and still the tail did not lift.

"I decided that I did not have enough power to take off with that load," Fonck said, "and that I would stop before taking off; then I saw that I did not have enough runway left in which to stop and I decided to take off."

The indecision was apparent to the men who watched the Sikorsky stagger and lurch. The nose of the ship lifted slightly, the wheels a few feet above the runway, the tail still dragging. It jumped over the ravine at the end of the runway and disappeared.

All of the spectators were running and the sky was suddenly filled with flame.

René Fonck came up out of the ravine with Curtin. Curtin told the first men who reached them that Fonck had pushed him out of the door a few seconds before the plane caught fire.

"What about the others?" someone asked.

Curtin looked back at the leaping flames. "It all happened so fast," he said. "They didn't get out."

Pilot spectators who had, in the excitement of a bungled take-off, expressed their opinions freely, refused to make any comment or statement after it was learned that two men had died in the crash. Regardless of what they thought, pilots closed ranks to protect a fellow pilot in a bad spot. The reporters mingling with the crowd along the sides of the runway had absorbed the critical attitude, however, and it got into their stories.

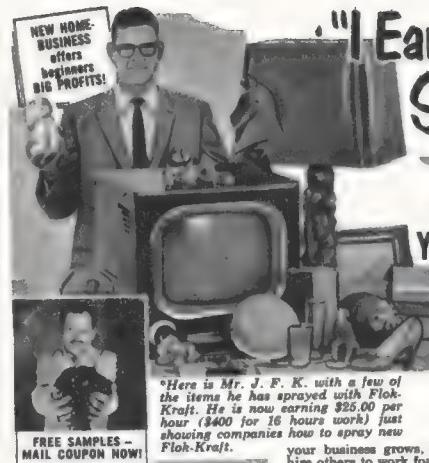
René Fonck was angry when he read the morning papers, or had them read by his interpreter. He called a press conference and issued a statement blaming the crash on the dead Islamoff. Fonck said that he had been forced to change his mind when halfway down the runway because the auxiliary landing gear broke away. Islamoff was supposed to release this landing gear and let it drop as soon as the ship was safely in the air. Obviously, Fonck said, Islamoff became confused and released the gear too soon.

The storm of criticism really hit Fonck then. The most damaging statement of all came from his countryman, George Honneur, who stated that the emergency landing gear had not been released, that it had broken up, and that Fonck had never tested it on a take-off as he had been urged to do.

"Islamoff was not confused," he said. "The only confusion was that of a pilot who was so eager to escape from his ship that he did not take time to turn off the ignition switches. That plane landed right side up. It should not have burned."

There was a coroner's jury before which Fonck cut a sorry figure, trying to explain that he did not lift the tail because he could not make up his mind whether to take off or stop. Colonel Hartley repeated his charges of incompetence against Fonck. Honneur placed the responsibility squarely on the shoulders of his countryman.

Only Lieutenant Curtin testified for Fonck. He said that Fonck had done all that he could do, that the undercarriage breakaway had caused the plane to lurch to one side, and that Fonck had been afraid that he would plunge into the



Make old (even broken) radio and TV cabinets look better than new. Spray paint old cabinets in 16 minutes with \$4 worth materials and charge at least \$10.00.

COVERS AND BEAUTIFIES FABRICS, METALS, GLASS & PLASTER. WOOD, PLASTIC - any surface! Huge profits are waiting to be tapped in this tremendous new field. Over 5,000 big profit uses. Spray lamps, figurines, greeting cards, signs, automobile accessories, shoes, hats, card tables, toys, furniture, draperies, ceilings, walls - anything! Flok-Kraft makes old, damaged and worn objects beautiful and salable again. New things worth more. You can even spray cheap butcher paper and make it look like velvet-suede, and sell it for gift-wrapping paper.



Recondition worn automobile interiors (doors, trunks, dashboards, seats, etc.) with Flok-Kraft, just spray it on - works like magic!

RAINBOW OF COLORS Amazing Flok-Kraft rayon and cotton fibers are now available in over 24 brilliant colors - even the amazing fluorescent "glow" colors that attract attention.

START AT HOME - SPARE TIME Here's a rare opportunity to own your own business. Start small spare time - add to your present income. Then, as



TEAR OUT AND MAIL THIS AD
WITH YOUR NAME & ADDRESS HERE
TO BIG BOX OF FULL-SIZE PRODUCTS

for FREE TRIAL!

ALAN
HULL
WALTON'S



APHRODISIACS

from legend
to prescription

A lively Survey
of the Modern Cookery of Love . . .
53 Specific Recipes

A sensible book describing potent
menus and their effects upon sexual
vigor . . . a subject in which most
adults are vitally interested.

" . . . eminently healthy and aboveboard
. . . rare—and well done!"—Newsweek

\$7.95 send check or money order to:

MODERN BOOKS

DEPT. K-C2, GREEN'S FARMS, CONN.

GIANT PLASTIC SHEET 1¢
9' x 12'
(108 Sq. Ft.)

Others charge \$1.00 or more for huge 9x12 ft. (108 sq. ft.) tough, durable, transparent plastic sheet, but we price it only \$1.00 per sq. ft. and will ship you the same size and exactly the same quality sheet for 99¢. In other words, you get TWO 9x12 ft. sheets for \$1.00! First quality, not seconds or throw-outs. Protects rugs, furniture and floors when painting. Perfect for window shades, hangings, awnings, bicycles, lawn furniture, etc. Make into aprons, tablecloths, lamp shades, appliance covers, etc. Water-proof, greaseproof, dirt-proof, clean with damp cloth. Each cover is full one piece. No seams. You pay Only \$1.00 for TWO 9x12 ft. plastic sheets (plus 10¢ for postage), or \$1.10 in all!

PLASTIC CLOTH, Dept. PL-653, Box 801, St. Louis, Mo.

HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIRS
Earn While You Learn at Home
Millions of jacks in gas & auto-service stations,
truckers, body-shops, riggers, factories, farms
need servicing. We show you HOW—easy step
by step directions—what tools to use. EARN UP
TO \$5 an hour, in spare time, in your own base-
ment or garage. Start your own business NOW.
Write for folder No. F2. & free bonus offer.

Institute of Hydraulic Jack Repair
P.O. Box 30, Bloomfield, N. J.

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection
Use the KLIPETTE Rotating Scissors
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

You can cause serious in-
fection by pulling hair
from nose. Ordinary scis-
sors are also uncomfortable
and impractical. No
better way to remove
hair from nose and ears
than with KLIPETTE.
Smooth, gentle, safe,
efficient. Rounded
points can't cut or
prick skin.

\$1
Made from fine surgical
steel. Chromium plated.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

HOLLIS CO. • 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y. • Dept. F22
Enclosed is \$1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it within 10 days for refund.

Name..... Address.....

crowd lining the runway. He said that turning off the ignition switches would not have prevented the fire.

The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accident, refusing to hold anyone responsible; but René Fonck was through in aviation. He returned to France and entered politics, winning election ultimately to the Chamber of Deputies.

In 1939, René Fonck went back to the Air Service in another war, an aging re-tread assigned to an administrative post. When the Germans overran France, he vanished for a time.

In 1942, a British sergeant pilot, George Cole, who was shot down in Belgium, returned with an odd tale which British Intelligence kept secret until the end of the war. He had, he said, been sheltered in a Trappist Monastery where he met one of the lay brothers who iden-

tified himself as René Fonck and who helped him to escape.

Fonck may, or may not, have served thus in an underground system organized to rescue Allied pilots or escaped prisoners of the Germans. Shortly after the Sergeant Cole incident, Fonck was back in France, serving under that great old warrior of World War I, General Pétain.

In 1944, René Fonck was arrested on the day of Liberation on charges of collaboration, but was never brought to trial. He spent his remaining years in the employ of a chemical products firm in Paris.

On the morning of June 18, 1953, René Fonck died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was lying in a coma when Death came and, like so many of his victims in the long ago, he did not see the black wings nor know when his last minute ticked on the watch of Time. *



HIS HOBBY IS SEX

Continued from page 23

addict can no more control his urges than a dope addict can fight off his cravings for a shot.

The affliction is known medically as *satyriasis* or *satyriasis*, defined as "excessive sexual impulse in the male." (In mythology, the satyr had a goat's tail and horn-like knobs behind pointed ears—a half-man, half-beast that typified animal lust.) To the average layman, *satyriasis* may appear to be a desirable disease. The facts, however, indicate that most rakes suffer from their ailment.

To the sex glutton, what should be a rhapsodic pleasure becomes a problem and a terrible challenge. He tries to substitute a quantity of sexual experience for a quality of sexual satisfaction of which he is emotionally incapable. In the normal male-female union, there is desire, requital, esthetic appreciation and affection. Since the sex addict loves only himself, he gets only what St. Thomas calls "sensate gratification"—appeasing his sensual appetite without any emotional contentment.

The healthy male enjoys tranquility after the sex act; the Don Juan type is still under tension, looking toward his next woman. He is, in effect, merely scratching a persistent itch.

To my mind, the highest ecstasy is in the mutual, simultaneous gratification of the male and female. The lecher, however, does seek only his own satisfaction. For him, having a woman is like taking a tranquilizer. It's as if he shut a window against a storm but the real storm is within himself.

While he seems to be victimizing women, the Great Lover is himself the victim of his merry-go-round chase. With his thoughts constantly on the pursuit of skirts, he neglects his work and the really important things in life. As Dr. Theodor Reik has put it, "He who concentrates all his interest on women cannot be much of a man."

Psychiatrists often discover that many men called "over-sexed" suffer unconsciously from lack of fulfillment of their ambitions and aspirations. Their physical energy seems to be displaced or shifted from the ego-drives to the realm of sex-urge.

Outwardly a superman, many a married philanderer suffers pangs of guilt. Not infrequently it leads to impotence with a man's own wife. One of my patients found himself in just such a situation. To overcome his inability to make love to his wife, he went so far as to take her to a bordello. While she remained in one room, he entered the next room with one of the girls in the house. As soon as the girl had aroused his urge, he joined his wife, for their mutual gratification.

Thus, beneath the sex adventurer's display of charm and self-assurance lie deeper problems. He is often a poor performer because his self-love has grown so strong that, alone with a woman, he can't forget about himself. Case histories of famous roués often reveal that they had many affairs and marriages because they were merely running from each woman who found them inadequate as a bedfellow.

How prevalent is *satyriasis* among American males? That's hard to say; the borderline between a normally virile man with healthy instincts and the compulsive, obsessive sex addict may be indistinct. The Kinsey Report (of which I am skeptical on the ground that men interviewed would be inclined to exaggerate their capacity) indicates that 7 per cent or about 4,500,000 males in the U.S. over the age of 15 have at least 20 sexual "outlets" or ejaculations per week. Among those interviewed were many whose rate of outlet were as high as those of satyrs in medical literature. One scholarly lawyer testified he averaged over 30 a week for 30 years. I believe

this is a rare exception, because the seminal vesicles usually don't secrete enough for such a feat.

In houses of prostitution, clients have been observed who, in one night, took on the entire female personnel in succession. At the court of Louis XV, a Prince Conti had a routine of receiving a souvenir from every one of his mistresses. In the collection he left after his death were 400 rings and 800 snuffboxes, each engraved with a lady's name.

What are the signs and symptoms of the oversexed lady-killer? Usually he's fairly handsome with a roving eye that can undress a woman 20 feet away and a magnetism that sets up an automatic emotional response in almost every eligible female he meets. He has an in-born impulse to be irresistible and women don't seem to mind his appraising eye. Yet often a Romeo is ugly, intent on overcoming his handicap by one conquest after another.

Emotionally immature, the sex addict can't accept family responsibility. He's apt to look at dirty pictures and read pornography whenever he needs a substitute for the real thing. He collects women, as a philatelist collects stamps. He brags about his "triumphs" to himself and to anyone who'll listen. George Moore, the eminent writer, used to tell stories of his amours so often at his club that he seemed to get more joy in the telling than out of the actual sexual exploit. He became so repetitious that once a friend pleaded with him:

"Never mind the preliminaries, George. Start with the breasts and go on from there."

Authorities have long tried to pin down the so-called erotic male. According to Havelock Ellis, he is the "motor type," with great muscular energy and vascular activity. Other sexologists describe men liable to satyriasis as those with a vigorous nervous system, abundant hair on the body, dark complexion, white teeth and large lips. Some contend that the man with a deep bass voice has a highly developed sexual apparatus.

Yet during my 45 years of practice as a psychiatrist, I have met a number of temperamentally erotic men with few of these qualities. Some of the Broadway and Hollywood producers who do their casting on office couches are bald, thin-lipped and have a high pitched voice, contrary to the alleged signs of the sex-motivated male.

To the marathon amorous, sex is a game. His philosophy is expressed in such familiar remarks as, "When you stop trying to sleep with a new dame every night, you're old." Or, he'll say, "The minute I met Bill, I knew I could make his wife." He's the animal man, committed to one kind of physical expression to justify his existence.

John Barrymore and Lord Byron led busy sex lives yet they were not victims of satyriasis. Both were remarkably handsome and didn't have to go on the prowl—adulating women flocked to them. Barrymore, who was a good friend of mine, actually was impotent in his later years. Women fell before Byron like wheat before the scythe and he couldn't say "No" though he had long periods

AIRLINES HAVE CAREERS FOR YOUNG MEN

TRAIN NOW FOR OPPORTUNITIES IN THE AIR AGE



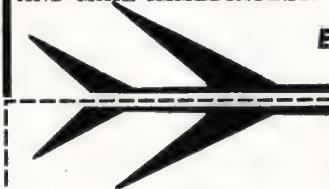
YOUNG MEN: Get into one of the world's most exciting businesses. The Air Age is just beginning . . . a career in it may be yours. Meet celebrities. See the world. Wear the Air Age uniform. Enjoy adventure. Airlines employ thousands of men and are expanding. There is opportunity now. We speed your training by new, advanced methods. No interference with present job or schooling. You will be trained at home and when you finish, you will be eligible for our free placement assistance. FOR FULL INFORMATION FREE, FILL IN COUPON AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY.

TRAIN FOR THESE CAREERS and MANY OTHERS

- STEWARDS
- STATION AGENTS
- OPERATIONS AGENTS
- PASSENGER AGENTS
- TICKET AGENTS
- RESERVATIONS AGENTS
- TRANSPORTATION AGENTS
- TRAFFIC SPACE CONTROL SPECIALISTS
- CARGO AGENTS
- TELETYPE OPERATORS (COMMUNICATIONS)
- AIRLINE SECRETARIES
- AIR FREIGHT AGENTS
- RAMP AGENTS

and other classifications

EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY
... ACT NOW



Mail At Once

AIRLINES, DEPT. M-19
NORTHWEST SCHOOLS, INC.
11 East 47th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Please rush immediately WITHOUT OBLIGATION, FREE exciting information about a career for me in Airlines.

Name.....
Date of Birth.....
Address.....
City.....
Hours I work.....
High School.....
Graduation Date.....
State.....
Home Phone.....

LIGHT 'EM UP WITH "RAZZIA"



Precision made with all the details of the "real thing"—yet so light you won't know you're carrying it! Foolproof automatic lighter works every time. Order several as gifts. Only \$1.98 each postpaid. Two for \$3.75. Three for \$5.50. Money-back guarantee.

M. MARSHALL & CO., BOX III-V, Elmwood Place, CINCINNATI 16, OHIO

NEVER A "DEAD" BATTERY

Just Plug MITYMITE In Any Outlet To Charge . . . Re-charge . . . Maintain Peak Battery Performance

Always Have
a "HOT"
BATTERY
In Your Car,
Boat, or
Tractor.

Keeps 6 or 12 Volt Batteries At Full Power.



COMPLETE
READY-
TO-USE
\$9.95



Postpaid

You'll never again have a weak or dead battery in your car, truck, boat or tractor if you get MITYMITE to keep your battery at full power. You can now plug MITYMITE into any outlet and make trips to service station for re-charge. Your battery will always be ready to deliver its full power the instant you want to start.

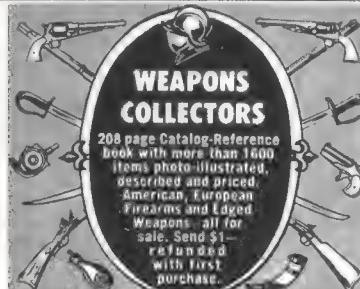
You just plug MITYMITE into the nearest outlet . . . connect terminals to battery . . . and new life flows into battery immediately . . . You can now run your engine as long as you want . . . give you instant starting . . . You can't overcharge because charging ceases automatically when battery is fully charged. You'll never blow a fuse either, as MITYMITE draws only $\frac{3}{4}$ amp, so it cannot overload your electric lines. Works on either 6 or 12 volt battery at flick of selector switch. Delivers 7.6 amps overnight.

FACTORY GUARANTEE FOR 1 YEAR

Here is double-duty service for all batteries at a low price that will save you money dollars in re-charging of new batteries. Best of all, you'll never again have a weak or "dead" battery.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Send check or money order for postpaid delivery.
If C.O.D., plus postal fees.

MERIDIAN PRODUCTS CO., Dept. BC-371
386 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



The MUSEUM of HISTORICAL ARMS
Dept. B • 1038 Alton Road • Miami Beach, Fla.

Be a DETECTIVE

Look forward to steady, rewarding employment. Home study course. Latest methods revealed. Write today for our latest book and lesson samples. They're FREE without obligation.

International Detective Training School
1781 Monroe St., N.E., Dept. FM02 Washington 18, D.C.



ACCORDION MANUFACTURERS &
WHOLESALE OUTLET, Dept. CR-20
2003 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.
Please rush color catalog and special discount prices.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FREE Color Catalog Rush Coupon



of abstinence.

The prototypes of the real skirt-hunting rakes were Don Juan and Casanova; the first was pure fiction and the other lived as though he wanted to prove that satyrmania could be a way of life.

The most renowned flesh-and-blood lover of all time, fabulous Giacomo Giralamo (Jacques) Casanova, apparently had tremendous (I should say incredible) physical stamina and a gnawing hunger for women that couldn't be satisfied. While I'm inclined to discount much of the show-off claims in his remarkable 12-volume "Memoirs," unquestionably this 18th Century Italian libertine remains an everlasting model for modern lady-killers.

He was a fop, a perfumed, silk-stockinged six-footer with a jutting eagle beak of a nose, square chin and dazzling white teeth. His hair was elegantly curled and pomaded, his clothes cut fastidiously by fashionable tailors.

At the age of 17, Casanova proved his manhood with not one but two ravishing girls, the same night and in the same bed. Lying between them, he distributed his attentions so impartially that neither had cause for jealousy. After that debut, he was to indulge himself with a broad variety of females, many under the age of consent, regal ladies and countesses, landlady's daughters, maids, his housekeepers and cooks, other men's mistresses, even nuns. Yet he still often felt the need to patronize bordelloes.

With a gift of romantic gab, his techniques had a passionate finesse. "If I am too bold," he'd say, as he kissed a girl or explored her physical assets, "blame not me but your beauty . . . I am your abject slave."

An ingenious prospector, he resorted to a variety of devices to accumulate mistresses. When he started a business venture, he had 20 young girls working for him, all of "excellent reputation." Casanova behaved like a small boy left alone in a candy store. In his private seraglio, he took on one girl after the other as his favorite, each lasting a week

or so. When he tired of a girl, he set her up in a little establishment—until he went broke.

In London, some years later, he gave shelter in his large house to an impoverished countess and her five daughters. In succession, all five succumbed to his magnetism.

Yet this Great Lover could become hysterical when he learned that a mistress was unfaithful to him. And when his youth began slipping, his virility became unreliable and several times he was completely unable to rise to an occasion. As a middle-aged amorist he crawled and slobbered before a teasing 18-year-old girl who wheedled a small fortune out of him without once submitting to his ardent pleas.

I contend that Casanova, despite his apparently gay escapades, was basically a profoundly unhappy man who kept vainly searching in each woman for the love that always eluded him. Satyriasis can give a man the momentary delusion of joy but fundamentally the illness can be devastating.

Why does any man set out to become another Casanova? What's really at the root of the overpowering, obsessive sex urge? I don't believe it's a purely physical factor. As Professor Pitirim Sorokin of Harvard has observed, "We do not have sufficient evidence of strictly anatomical and physiological changes directly and indirectly related to sex activities which would explain the increasing motivating power of the sex drive."

In my opinion, the over-promiscuous male is generally no more virile than other men. In fact, he's often less virile. It's the skinny kid who may say, "feel my muscle," and the sexually sub-endowed will often try to prove to themselves and others that they are capable of herculean achievements in the boudoir. Actually, the sub-endowed can do with less sex activity than others.

Chemically, however, it's possible for an increased availability of male hormones to increase the frequency of sexual activity. When men are given thyroid

extracts, the effect on the pituitary—which regulates both the thyroid and sex glands—may intensify the sex drive. Still, probably most modern "wolves" have no great oversupply of these hormones. The normal sex drive is easily gratified, so that it is not the need for sexual satisfaction itself that drives them restlessly and relentlessly on to more and more conquests.

Essentially, satyriasis is generally attributed to six major causes:

1. Don Juans use their wolfish impulses to combat feelings of inferiority or inadequacy and to continuously pamper their self-love. Like Casanova, they have an unusual amount of conceit and vanity about their prowess, certain they can win the battle over any feminine reluctance.

"What I like about that girl," they're apt to say, "is that she's mad about me."

Their ego rises and falls with every sex adventure. For example, I know one undersized divorce lawyer who caters to his vanity by seducing virtually all his distaff clients—just to prove they can be "made." To other philanderers, the lure of the forbidden—marital infidelities or seducing another man's wife—feeds their conceit.

2. A partially or even completely impotent man may be driven to free himself from his erotic disturbance with one woman after another, generally without success. Or he may fear he is about to lose his manhood. Whatever "victory" he may achieve is over a woman's resistance rather than in possession of her. The sexually sub-endowed—with little or no appetite—will eat even though he doesn't enjoy the dish. If the "wolf" is partly impotent he may dance with 10 women in an evening and only one will make him feel he's a man: to prove his potency, he'll go for her.

In one case of an impotent 28-year-old man, domination by his parents had made him sexually repressed as a child. As an adult he could never consummate an act with either girlfriends or prostitutes. Yet for years he was known as an "irresistible" lady's man.

In Paddy Chayevsky's play and motion picture, "Middle of the Night," a character boasts about all the beautiful dolls he's been dating night after night. Finally he confesses that for two years he hadn't been "good for a woman" and then attempts suicide. The phenomenon is not uncommon.

3. Psychoanalysts often trace Don Juanism to an underlying homosexuality and to a desire to compensate for it by chasing one woman after another. I don't believe this. A homosexual is a homosexual. The majority of notorious philanderers are no more latently homosexual than other males. However, because of their feelings of inadequacy, some of them may overact to inner sex tensions and collect women in order to soothe their egos. While Freudians argue that Don Juanism is sometimes a step away from homosexuality, that has not been the experience in my long practice of psychiatry. True, I've seen borderline cases where the homosexual drive has been strong, but these men have invariably failed with women.

4. Abnormal promiscuity may be a

OPPORTUNITIES

FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

PMC—Jan. '60

ENGINEERING EDUCATION FOR the Space Age. Northrop Institute of Technology is a privately endowed, nonprofit college offering engineering, offering a two year accredited technical institute curriculum. Complete Bachelor of Science degree Programs. Students from 50 states, many foreign countries. Outstandingly successful graduates employed in aeronautics, electronics, space technology. Write today for free catalog. Northrop Institute of Technology, 1169 West Arbor Vista Street, Inglewood 1, California.

HIGH SCHOOL AT Home in spare time with 62-year-old school. No classes. Standard high school texts supplied. Single subjects if desired. Credit for subjects already completed. Progress at own speed. Diploma awarded. Information booklet free. Write today! American School, Dept. X164, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37.

BE A REAL Estate Broker. Study at home. Write for Free book today. GI Approved. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2018 S. Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

PHYSICAL THERAPY AND Massage Pays big profits. Learn at home. Free Catalog. Write National Institute, Deak 5, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11.

SOLVE MENTAL WORRIES: Become Doctor of Psychology. Correspondence Only. Free Book, Universal Truth, 23-S East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Hypnotize with your recorder, phonograph. Details Free. Research Association, Box 24-PC, Olympia, Washington.

LEARNS AUCTIONEERING. FREE catalog! Missouri Auction School, Box 9252-NB, Kansas City, Missouri.

LEARN TILE SETTING at home. Free details. American Institute of Tile Setting, Box 217, Oakland 4, California.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

"HOW TO TRAIN HORSES"—A book everyone who likes horses or ponies should have. Free. No obligation. Simply send \$1.00 to Beaver School of Horsemanship, Dept. 1761, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

BARGAINS: 4 AMAZING Books 30¢. Interesting Literature. Samples 10c. Persil, 436 N.Y. Ave., Brooklyn 25, New York.

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write Hypnotist 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 46W, California.

STAMP COLLECTING

TERRIFIC STAMP BAROULINI Israel—Iceland—Vatican Assortment—Plus Extra Triplane Sets—Also Fabulous British Colonial Accumulation—Plus Large Stamp Book—All Four Offers Free—Send 10c To cover Postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. MB, Toronto, Canada.

105 DIFFERENT U. S. stamps 25¢. Approval included. Shelton, Box 907-A, New York 8, New York.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW \$50 to \$600 For Any purpose. Employed men and women eligible. Confidential 2 years to repay. Write for free loan application. American Loan Plan, City National Bldg., Dept. Y12059, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

"BORROW BY MAIL" \$100-\$600. Anywhere. Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 200 Keeeling Bldg., Dept. 62-A, Omaha 2, Neb.

SALESMAN WANTED

MAKE EXTRA MONEY—Big Cash Commissions plus premium for you and your customers. Sell Advertising Book Matches—sensational new Tenorama, Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, dozen others. All sizes—Quick daily sales; big repeat business. Free Master Kit makes selling easy—no experience necessary. Superior Match, Dept. Z-160, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Illinois.

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO \$5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For details, samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 6601C, Glen-Cam, Calif.

\$15,000 THOUSAND PREPARING envelopes, postcards, home—longhand, typewriter. Particulars free. D. Economy, Box 2580, Greensboro, N. C.

MAIL ORDER PROFITABLE BUSINESS. Man or Woman can operate. Get our successful Plan. Write immediately. Mishe, Dept. A14H, Wasco, California.

MAIL ORDER COULD be your opportunity. Valuable suggestions free. Rawson Wood, 2753-M Fullerton, Chicago 47.

\$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps. Spare Time. Simple, Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougar, Caldwell 4, Arkansas.

EARN EXTRA CASH. Prepare Advertising Postcards. Langdon, Box 41107PM, Los Angeles 41, California.

PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

BUY WHOLESALE 1,000,000 Nationally Advertised Products. Applications, Clocks, Jewelry, Household Goods, Watches, Typewriters, Tools, Clothing, etc. Discounts to 60% Buy-Rite, Box 288, Hawthorne 24, New Jersey.

SHORT—BE TALLER—Hollywood reveals simulated Method—Amazing—Send \$2.00. Sunset Studios, Box 712, Detroit 6, Mich.

\$3 BILLS USED years ago in this country \$3.25. Joseph Hanson, 317 E. Kennedy St., Syracuse 5, New York.

FREE—"DO IT YOURSELF!" Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-B31, Fort Worth, Texas.

INSTRUCTION

FREE APITUDE TEST tells if you can qualify for Radio-Television Servicing. Opportunity for own business. Scientific Aptitude Test will be mailed to you without obligation. Write Schubert, Dept. F, 1512 N. Clark, Chicago 26, Illinois.

LEARN CIVIL AND CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION at home. Earn steady good pay. Institute Applied Science, 1920 Sunnydale, Dept. 149, Chicago 40, Illinois.

DETECTIVES

DETECTIVES, COLLECTORS: ILLUSTRATED catalog modern, antique handbags, leg-irons, 25c. Patterson Smith, 269-L Shepard, E. Orange, New Jersey.

DETECTIVE PROFESSION: HOME STUDY. Badge, Certificate, Future, Box 41197-P, Los Angeles 41, California.

OLD COINS & MONEY

WE BUY ALL rare American coins. Complete catalogue 25c. Fairview, Box 1116-MP, New York City 8.

WE PURCHASE INDIANHEAD pennies. Complete album catalogue 25c. Magnacons, Box 61-KC, Whitestone 57, N.Y.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY for manufacturers. For additional information write Kesseler Corporation, 121 Fremont, Ohio.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

POEMS WANTED IMMEDIATELY for Musical Setting and Recording. Free Examination. Rush Poems. Songcrafters Ackley Station, Nashville, Tennessee.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. PC-10, Chicago 32, Illinois.

REAL ESTATE

TEXAS LAKE PROPERTY. \$10.00 month. Folder free. H-4 Matlock, Pipe Creek, Texas.



Automatic Saving is Sure Saving—U. S. Savings Bonds
Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

Wonderful way to feel!

You certainly can be on top of the world!
Why not? Your car is paid for and your house is halfway there. You're making pretty good money . . . the kids are healthy and happy . . . and your wife just bought a new outfit—shoes to change!

You don't owe anybody a red cent. Not only that—you've got a little money saved away for the kids' education and your own retirement.

Wonderful way to feel, isn't it?

If this description doesn't fit you—make it! You can. Here's how:

Start saving right now! Just as much as you possibly can—and regularly.

One of the best ways . . . one of the safest, surest ways is to buy U. S. Savings Bonds through the Automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work. Or, arrange to purchase Bonds regularly at your post office or bank.

U. S. Savings Bonds will bring you, in ten years, \$4 for every \$1. And you can count on that!

Start your plan today. It's the very wisest way to save!

CUT-TO-FIT HOMES CUT BUILDING COSTS

CHOICE
OF
57
DESIGNS



Build your own home and save the builders' profit — plus savings in lumber and labor with Sterling Ready-Cut-Homes. Anyone can assemble with simple, easy to follow plans furnished. Every

house complete with all lumber, roofing, nails, glass, hardware, paint, doors and windows, marked ready to erect. Freight paid. Complete building plans ready for filing at low cost. Sold separately if desired. Write today!

**ORDER NOW
SAVE UP TO 1/3**

PRICED FROM
\$2150 UP

Five Easy
Payment Plans
Send 25¢ for NEW
COLOR CATALOG



INTERNATIONAL MILL AND TIMBER CO.
BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
DEPT. FM20

"Better modest graft with reasonable safety, than great revenue without federal immunity."

Earl presided over the dissolution of the Long dynasty in 1940, then led it to its restoration in '48.

When Earl's wife, Blanche, finally muscled him into the booby hatch, I was among the 50 or so writers who returned to Louisiana to re-appraise the Longs. I knew Huey. Last month in CAVALIER I remembered Huey—here I'll focus on Old Earl.

To understand Earl you begin, as with Huey, in Winn Parish (county) where they both were born. It's in the middle of North Louisiana: poor and Baptist and second-growth loblolly pine. For 100 years Winn's pore rednecks have been cantankerous. They refused to secede during the Civil War. They hated the slave owners, defied the Confederate draft, hid out in the woods.

Like Huey, Earl was a draft avoider in the First War. He "wasn't mad at nobody" and this hasn't hurt him at the polls because most folks in Louisiana regard war as something to avoid—"rich man's war and pore man's fight."

On a hot afternoon I stopped at Winnfield, at the courthouse, sat under the trees, chewed tobacco, and talked with the old timers. Nobody works much in Winn anymore. Most everybody rents land to the Yankee government, grows pine trees which require harvesting every 20 years, and draws "some kinda money from Old Earl."

At first the old timers resented me: somebody had spread the slander (perhaps because I had my Rolleiflex camera along) that I represented LIFE Magazine. But when they noticed my Alabama license plates and saw how skillfully I spat; and when they heard me in robust Southern accent damn LIFE as "a lyin', South-hatin', Wall Street libel sheet," they relaxed and we talked and spat.

I tilted my chair against a monument to Huey.

"We got them monuments all over the parish," one old timer said. "Thick as pig droppin's."

I asked them what was the difference between Huey and Earl. They reflected and answered.

". . . Earl's rougher. He's rough as a cob. The papers are talking about Earl being crazy now because he's cussin' and yellin' and fightin'. The sonofabitch has been doing that all his life."

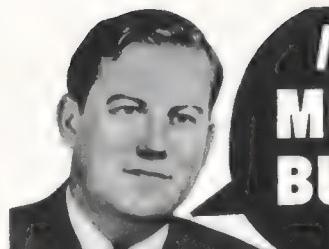
". . . If Earl's crazy he's always been that way."

Huey was a fightin' talker . . . a good cussin'. But Huey made tracks when the knockin' and the gougin' started. Not Old Earl. He's a gut fighter. He'll gouge you and kick you and bite you. If his teeth fall out, he'll gum you. He'll cut you with a hawkbill knife."

". . . Huey claimed he was ignorant, but he wasn't. Huey was smart. Earl claims he's ignorant, too, and by God, he is."

". . . One thing Earl ain't ignorant about. He knows how to add. He knows how to get what's coming to Earl."

". . . Well, when you get down to it, Huey was ambitious for things Up Yonder. He wanted to be President. He



I'll Set You Up In a MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS You Can Run from Home!



NOT SOLD IN STORES!
Mason Shoes are not sold in stores, so folks MUST buy from YOU and KEEP buying from you! You feature 210 dress, sport, work shoe styles for men, women . . . with such EXTRA features as Air-Cushion innersoles. Steel Shanks, work soles of Neoprene, Cork, Cushion Neoprene, Spike Soles, etc. You'll run a better business store . . . because in town, because you actually "carry" a greater selection than a store. You draw on our stock of over 250,000 pairs in sizes all the way from 2½ to 15, from extra narrow AAAA to extra wide EEEE. No need to substitute, folks get the style, size, width they order. No wonder you can expect fast profit!

MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. F-914, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Everything Furnished FREE! Top Men Make \$5-\$10 an Hour! You Never Invest One Cent!
MAKE BIG MONEY THE FIRST HOUR!

Get into a high-paying business without spending a cent! I'll rush you, absolutely FREE, a powerful Starting Business Outfit. It contains EVERYTHING you need to start making exciting cash profits the first hour! As the Mason Shoe Counselor in your town, you can start taking easy orders the minute your Outfit arrives. You need no experience. I'll show you how to add as much as \$217.00 EXTRA in income a month for just two orders a day . . . how to take orders from friends, relatives, neighbors, folks where you work.

EVERYONE wants comfortable shoes—and MASON Air-Cushioned Shoes are EXTRA-comfortable! You feature many new designs—such as Mylar®—the super-lightweight, super-strength material, Gator Boot, others. You do what no shoe store can do—bring the shoes right to the customer. Some topnotch men have taken up to 20 orders their first day . . . earning up to \$10 in an hour.

Rush Coupon for Your FREE Outfit!

Start now! We will rush, absolutely FREE, EVERYTHING you need to start making money the first hour! You'll get kit featuring 210 quick-selling styles, footproof Measuring Equipment, How-to-Make-Big Money Booklet. Make the extra cash you need . . . send the coupon TODAY!

Send for FREE OUTFIT

Mr. Ned Mason, MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. F-914, CHIPPENDALE FALLS, WIS.

Please set me up in a MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS I can run from home. Rush FREE and postpaid my Starting Business Outfit with EVERYTHING I need to start making extra cash from the very first hour!

Name. _____

Address. _____

Town. _____ State. _____

REMOVE UGLY HAIR FOR GOOD

from LIPS, from CHIN from ANY PART OF YOUR BODY!

Unwanted hair removed for good! Hair roots are destroyed almost instantly and without pain, leaving the skin smooth and unmarred by ONLY \$9.95. The miraculously LEMOS PERMAGON costing only \$9.95 complete, will ease the hair from any place on your body gently and safely. Complete refund if PERMAGON'S SAFE, GENTLE SELF-ELECTROLYSIS METHOD doesn't do for \$9.95 what professional beauticians charge hundreds of dollars to do. No electric connections to plug in. By following our accompanying safe, simple instructions and avoiding warts, moles and other blemishes, you will be free of unwanted hair! Order today. Send \$9.95 and we ship pre-paid. For COD send \$1.00 deposit and pay postman balance plus COD postal charges on delivery. Brian-Lloyd Co., 11 E. 47 St., Dept. M-40, New York 17, N.Y.



\$9.95

WIN WITH CARDS WITH DICE

It's easy if you know the "secret." Amazing FREE BOOK shows "Magic" dice that help you win. "Magic" Cards that let you read the backs. They'll bring hours of fun to your next party. Display uncanny skill, yet you alone know the "secret," which helps you win.



Show many exciting, new items and show hundreds of ways "HOW TO WIN." Also complete listing of Perfect Dice, Magic Dice, Perfect Cards, Magic Cards (Read the backs) Gaming Layouts, Dice Boxes, Counter Games, Punch Boards, etc. To get your FREE copy, postage paid, send name and address to:

K. C. CARD CO., Room 550-B
831 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois

MEN WANTED!

TOP PAY! EARN \$464 TO \$715 PER MONTH

Prepare for your career in Law Enforcement. Highway Patrol, Deputy Sheriff, City Police, Deputy Marshal and other departments need qualified men NOW. Opportunities unlimited! A profession, not just a job. Security. No Strikes. No Lay-offs. ACT NOW! Write for FREE fact booklet. Metropolitan Schools, 16913 Lakewood Boulevard, Bellflower, California.

Ask about our special program for men lacking High School education. NAME. _____ AGE. _____ HEIGHT. _____
ADDRESS. _____ CITY. _____ PHONE. _____





**MEN! Make up to
\$1,000 IN A
MONTH!**

without "SELLING"

Sensational Demand for Low-Priced Fire Alarm
PLUS Sure-Fire "No-Selling" Plan Offers Ambitious
Men Huge Profit Opportunities



Even beginners cleaning up unbelievable profits with first practical, effective, low-priced Fire Alarm. Needed in homes, factories, offices, stores, on farms, etc. Merlite Fire Alarm hangs on wall like a picture...no wiring, no installation. It's always on guard, "smells" fire before other people. When a general fire rises, Fire Alarm goes off automatically, howls loud warning that can be heard 1/2 mile, wakes up soundest sleeper, gives precious time to put out fire, call fire department, or escape. Sells for only \$4.95, with profit up to \$2.70 on each one.

Nearest Thing To Automation Selling

With our field-tested plan customers sell themselves. No cold canvassing; no hard selling. It's the nearest thing to "Automation Selling." Even a child can learn our plan easily with powerful sales tools we give you (which you leave with prospects). This plan makes money for you even while you sleep! No room here to give you full details. But write for amazing facts.

FREE SALES KIT!

Send no money. Just run your name and address for all the exciting money-making facts, complete illustrated Sales Kit. Everything you need to start money-making selling now—selling only 20 Fire Alarms a day brings you \$100.00 a month. Get in on ground floor now. Rush your name and address—that's all.

MERLITE INDUSTRIES, INC. (Alarm Div.),
114 E. 32nd St., Dept. F-42H, New York 16, N.Y.
In Canada: Mopac Co., Ltd., 371 Dowd St., Montreal 1, P.Q.

MONUMENTS



DIRECT TO YOU... EASY TERMS

Genuine Rockdale Monuments and Markers. Full Price \$14.95 and up. Satisfaction or MONEY BACK. We pay freight. Compare our low prices. Write for FREE CATALOG.

ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO.
DEPT. 492 - JOLIET, ILLINOIS

AS
LOW AS
**\$4.52
DOWN**

Better Than
Your Own

SHOE STORE AT HOME



Two-Eyelet
Fit With
Cushioned Comfort

No investment, no experience needed. Just show magic cushion comfort to friends, neighbors, co-workers. Advance commissions to \$4.00 a pair, plus Cash Bonus, Paid Vacation, \$25.00 Reward Offer. Outstanding values for men, women, children. Money back guarantee. Shoe samples supplied without cost. Write TODAY for FREE new 84-page catalog and full details.

TANNERS SHOE CO. #426 BROCKTON, MASS.

SONG IDEAS WANTED

Songwriters, with publisher contacts, want song ideas. SHARE ROYALTIES.

NO FEES. Send poems:

SONGWRITERS' ASSOCIATES
Studio C, 1650 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.



DETECTIVE PROFESSION

Opportunities everywhere for trained investigators, both men & women, private & police. Work home or travel. Send for free information on days, hours, pay scale, certificate & profitable future. No salesman will call.

PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS
P.O. Box 41197, R.
Los Angeles 41, California

left here as soon as he could. He went to Shreveport and Baton Rouge and New Orleans and Washington. Winnfield was just the place that birthed him. But Earl ain't never left. His roots are right here where he come from, and he don't want nothing outside o' Louisiana. Earl's happy when he's right here on his pine-knot farm, with a tin roof over his head, and some goats bleatin' around him, and a little cow dung on his shoes."

The house where Huey and Earl were born—they were the eighth and ninth of 10 children—is gone now. Only a vacant lot is left. Their parents, Huey Pierce Long Senior and Caledonia Tison Long, are buried in the Winnfield cemetery.

"Their old man, in some ways, was a rougher cob than either Huey or Earl," an old timer insisted. "He'd fight you quick."

In 1935, when he was 83, Huey Long Senior, made this statement to a reporter: "There wants to be a revolution, I tell you. I seen this domination of capital, seen it for seventy years. What do these rich folks care for the poor man? Their women don't even comb their own hair. They'd sooner speak to a nigger than a poor white. They tried to pass a law saying only them as own land could vote. And when the war come, the man that owned ten niggers didn't have to fight. . . . Maybe you're surprised to hear talk like that. Well, it was just such talk that my boys was raised under."

So Huey and Earl were born and raised to attack "capital" and "rich men." They both worked in fields and felt warm cow dung ooze between their bare toes. Their education was the Bible, the blue-back speller, and hell-roarin' Baptist revivals. Huey was the brilliant one who wanted the world. Earl was the younger (two years), rougher-cut brother, not brilliant but cunning, who wanted only Louisiana.

Huey was a drummer for two years, selling a shortening, Cottolene: he was a lawyer at 21. Earl was a drummer until he was 31. He sold shoe polish and pain-relievers to backwoods stores, and he was in his element telling those stories about the farmer's daughter, belching, belly-laughing, scratching his rump, and slapping his thigh.

He ate his lunch for years sitting on a store counter with a fistful of soda crackers, using his pocket knife to slice hoop cheese, and to spear, directly from the can, that VYE-enna sausage.

(In 1959, on his oddball tour of the west, Earl sent Louisiana highway patrolmen out of Denver's Brown Palace Hotel after midnight trying to find a storekeeper who had a can of "that good ol' VYE-enna sausage.")

When Huey began politicking, he regarded Earl as his most valiant supporter among his blood kin. He wrote in his autobiography:

When I was 21 I took the bar examination successfully, and when I walked away from that examination I was running for office. I started with three votes: my own, my wife Rose's, and my brother Earl's.

In Huey's campaigns of '20, '24 and '28, Earl went "right down the line" for him, hustling the country stores with the same

bull-alligator energy that Huey displayed. Moreover, Earl did the fist-fighting. In a typical melee Huey would be set upon for accusing somebody of being syphilitic, and Earl would leap in to help Huey. Ten minutes later, after Earl had won or lost, Earl would notice that Huey, unscathed, had left Earl to fight alone.

By the time Huey became governor in 1928, Earl, too, had become a lawyer "the hard way": by taking night courses and a "special examination." (Neither of them ever had the equivalent of a good high-school education.) Earl was the most deserving of the scores of relatives who awaited jobs. Huey gave him a good one: attorney for the inheritance tax collector in New Orleans. This was a soft touch, averaging \$15,000 a year.

In the campaign Huey, repeatedly, had promised to abolish this job and use the saving for a new tuberculosis hospital on Lake Ponchartrain. After Earl took the job, a New Orleans newspaper ran a picture of him and described him as the "promised hospital on the lake."

"Hospital" became Earl's nickname—and it hurt. But with his new prosperity Earl, at 35, married a vigorous and attractive woman, Blanche Revere, of New Orleans. They had no children, and she is the one who tried to commit him.

During the "Battle of Baton Rouge" in 1929, when Huey's enemies almost impeached him, Earl was the strong-arm persuader. He strode through the Capitol corridors, up and down the aisles of the state senate which was trying Huey. Earl assaulted more than one enemy, and in his roughest battle he seriously bit a member of the senate.

The classic brothers' rift developed when Huey, preparing to move on to Washington, refused to name Earl to succeed him as governor. Huey wrote in his autobiography:

My youngest brother became an attorney about two years before I became governor. He had wished to start out in the practice of law in New Orleans. He decided that I should appoint him to the position of attorney for the inheritance tax collector of Orleans Parish concerning which position during the course of the campaign I had spoken very disparagingly. It had been held by the campaign manager of one of my opponents. So I hesitated to appoint my brother to that particular position: I was certain to be condemned. But my brother had been a good and faithful supporter. Finally I yielded and handed in his nomination which was unanimously confirmed. The job was the best to be had in the state. Criticism and condemnation followed, to which I paid no attention. My brother began to announce his ambition to run either for governor or lieutenant-governor. I sought to discourage him, stating that it would be disastrous for a brother to undertake to have a brother succeed him, or to have him elected lieutenant-governor.

It was already being charged that I was a dictator and that I had placed many relatives on the state payrolls. To have added a family name to the head of the ticket



"I miss wine and song."

would have been disastrous to the whole ticket. My brothers and sisters, however, could not see the matter in that light. I finally declared publicly that I would not be his supporter for either office. His bitter reply was to announce for lieutenant-governor against my ticket. My brother's entry into the campaign and the general family barrage against me was the rift in the sky for which my opponents had looked.

Huey's big, rednecked, Baptist family proved more embarrassing to him than the New Orleans Regulars. His family had been hungry for generations, with that manure between their toes. Now they all wanted power. One governor in the family wasn't enough. Earl had helped Huey get elected; now Huey ought to help Earl; and if he wouldn't do it, they'd turn more hate on him than he had ever felt from Standard Oil.

In the campaign of '32 Huey was not a candidate. He had been elected to the U. S. Senate in 1930, but had remained as governor until "his man" could succeed him in '32. His man was O. K. Allen, also from Winn Parish. But Earl ran for lieutenant-governor against Huey's ticket and Earl was supported by their other brothers who denounced Huey for "betraying" Earl.

Huey's ticket won by a huge majority, and Earl, enraged, was available to Huey's enemies in any effort to hurt or destroy him.

Since Huey, after supporting Roosevelt, began violent attacks on the New Deal, Huey's deadliest enemies were in Washington. The New Deal relief millions were withheld from Louisiana, and Earl was brought to Washington to "kill" Huey.

No Senate committee ever heard such a cussing match as Earl and Huey staged. Earl told of bribes accepted by Huey, and Huey "went for" him, shrieking

"Liar! Liar! Liar!" Earl retaliated by calling Huey "a lying, bribe-taking son-of-a-bitch! . . . the yellow-belliedest coward in Louisiana!"

Until Huey was killed in 1935, Earl was "taken care of" by Roosevelt: he was Louisiana counsel for the Home Owners Loan Corporation, an embittered, hate-filled, frustrated man.

Shortly before Huey's assassination the brothers were partially reconciled through the efforts of Robert S. Maestri, of New Orleans, a wealthy supporter of all Long administrations, who became mayor.

Huey resumed speaking to Earl, but he despised him as a "traitor and a damn fool."

At Huey's vast funeral, when he was buried in front of his Capitol, canonized, and called "Louisiana's greatest son, an unconquered friend of the poor," Earl was among the mourners. But the poor, unwashed thousands who came to worship Huey had only contempt for Earl.

In the campaign of '36, with Huey martyred, Earl was a would-be candidate without the official support of a faction. Huey's enemies didn't want him, nor did Huey's friends. But the Long name now had more magic than ever: Huey dead was a better vote-getter than when he was alive. Moreover, Earl seemed contrite: he now described Huey as "our great, departed leader." So Huey's gang reluctantly accepted Earl as their candidate for lieutenant-governor, behind Richard W. Leche for governor.

When Earl returned to the backwoods to campaign, the hillbillies and Cajuns were sullen. They remembered. In his first appearance Earl was almost wrecked by one remark. He began by playing recordings of Huey's statements, then praising Huey as the "great departed leader," and finally he added: "Of course I didn't see eye to eye with Huey on every thing."

An old woman in a bonnet stood up

**MEN 17-55
GET FREE FACTS!**

Prepare for a
Profitable Future
in Many Branches of



ELECTRONICS RADIO TELEVISION

NO ADVANCED
EDUCATION NEEDED

If it is REAL EARNINGS . . . A GOOD JOB . . . INTERESTING FUTURE you want, then get ready now for a career in the big, growing Electronics field. DeVry Tech prepares you in spare time at home with equipment, movies and texts — or full time in well equipped Chicago or Toronto laboratories. You can even earn part time income while you learn! When you complete the training, you are ready for a good job or your own profitable business. See for yourself; mail the coupon NOW.



Radar



Computers



Micro-Waves



Radio and Television



Guided Missile Control



Industrial Electronics



Employment Service

DeVry puts you in touch with job opportunities—or helps you toward a better position where now employed.



Draft Age?

DeVry Tech has valuable information for every man of draft age; if subject to military service, check the coupon.



GET 2 FREE BOOKLETS

To get facts about the big opportunities in ELECTRONICS, mail coupon now, for "POCKET GUIDE TO REAL EARNINGS" and "ELECTRONICS IN SPACE TRAVEL."



DeVry TECHNICAL INSTITUTE



4141 Belmont Avenue, Chicago 41

MAIL COUPON NOW!

DeVRY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE 205
4141 Belmont Ave., Chicago 41, Ill., Dept. C-2-Q

Please give me your two free booklets and details on how I may prepare for a start in Electronics.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

ONLY 2" LONG, 'B-B Shot' IS SO POWERFUL, IT SHOOTS THROUGH 100 PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE!



NEW INVENTION HAS TERRIFIC POWER!

MAKE THIS TEST . . . Load your "B-B Shot" and fire against this or a similar magazine. Notice that the B-B pierces over 100 pages of the magazine. It's hard to believe that such a compact weapon, only 2 inches long x 1 inch in diameter could have such terrific power and range.

The "B-B Shot" is a new invention that fires standard, readily available BBs. It is lightweight and pocket size . . . always ready for target practice or to rout pests. A pocket-size powerhouse!

FREE! Get the "B-B Shot" and an extra "Velocity Cone" for only \$1.98 ppd. Order now and we'll include a FREE Automatic BB Dispenser, a supply of BBs and a Target . . . all for only \$1.98 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Not sold to N.Y.C. residents or minors.

SOLD ON A 10 DAY

\$1.98
ppd.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

GRAYSON CO. • Dept. B-3 • 210 Fifth Ave. • N.Y. 10, N.Y.
I am enclosing \$1.98 for each "B-B Shot" and Free Extras. I must be completely satisfied or I can return it for a prompt and full refund. (Sorry — no C.O.D.s)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

AMAZING NEW GEM DISCOVERY "DIAMONDITE"



ROUND



MARQUISE



EMERALD

ALL THE BEAUTY OF BLUE WHITE DIAMONDS

Such brilliant fire, real sparkle, and blue white color that no one will believe they're synthetic, BB facets, expertly cut, guaranteed for quality, against cracking, chipping or breaking. Hard they are, glass! Delivered by air mail ready to mount in rings, brooches, etc. Round, Marquise, Emerald Cut. Only \$4.95 per carat, from 1 carat, up to seven. Money back guarantee. Specify number of carats and cut.

EMPIRE MDSQ. CO. Dept. DC-280, 4 N. 3rd Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

ONLY
\$4.95
per carat

HOME-IMPORT BUSINESS MEN WOMEN

Make big profits buying low cost imports abroad (see examples at left) and selling to friends, stores or by mail order. Famous world wide buyers will help you to find thousands of exotic imports for full or spare time business, how to pocket profits in advance on foreign drop shipment plan. Complete details FREE! Airmail reaches us overnight. WRITE TODAY!

MELLINGER CO., Dept. C282
1717 Westwood, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

POEMS

Wanted To Be Set To Music
★ by America's Largest Song Studio.
★ Send Poems. Immediate consideration.
★ Phonograph Records Made
FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 308 BEACON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

How to Make Money with Simple Cartoons

A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address

FREE BOOK

CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
Dept. 272, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

and shouted: "Well, we did!"

The crowd roared for five minutes during which Earl stood silent with a sick grin. When he could be heard again he told them that he was Old Earl . . . that he made mistakes like everybody else . . . and that "the pore men of Louisiana must now pull together to realize the dreams of Huey Pierce Long."

As Huey's Heirs, Leche and the "Long ticket," including Earl, won by the largest majority in the history of the state. But Earl ran 35,000 votes *behind* the ticket. Even with the Long name, he had been a handicap, not an asset—for Huey's idolaters hated him.

This put Earl at a psychological disadvantage which has blighted his life. He has suffered gut-grinding frustration which has caused him to shout many times: "Huey Long couldn't 'a' never been elected dog-catcher without my help!" And: "I'm the greatest governor this state ever had—the greatest friend pore men ever had!"

But he knows it's a lie. He knows that Earl Long has never won anything without prostrating himself before Huey's monument.

With Huey dead, the administration of Dick Leche, which began in 1936, may have been the most graft-ridden in the history of the United States. Leche declared: "When I took the oath as governor, I didn't take any vows of poverty." Nor did any of Huey's Heirs.

Leche's first act was to scrap all national aspects of Huey's crusade. The Share-Our-Wealth Clubs were abandoned. The gang newspaper, *The Progress*, became a state organ again, and Leche made it immensely profitable, with forced circulation and forced advertising. After two years Leche sold his "stock" in *The Progress* for \$187,000; and he twitted newspapermen with remarks like "Why don't you lemme show you how to run a newspaper?"

The "Dee Ducts" from the salaries of state employees was a minimum of five per cent, often 10 per cent, and this was thrown into a secret "Bucket." Huey's Heirs then "joined the New Deal" and all the relief millions which had been withheld from Huey now cascaded onto Louisiana in what was called "the Second Louisiana Purchase."

Leche and the Heirs continued to pour out public money to "pore men," but now they taxed rich and poor alike. Huey had always denounced the sales tax, refused to impose it. Now the Heirs slammed on the highest sales tax in the country.

Into this circus of graft finally moved the Attorney General of the United States, Elmer Irey, the tax man who got Capone, took up residence in Louisiana, as did Assistant Attorney General O. John Rogge. The parade to prison began. The parade was led by Leche; Jingle Money Smith; Abe Shushan, president of the Levee Board; and Seymour Weiss, manager of New Orleans' Roosevelt Hotel and Huey's "treasurer."

When the parade ended, Louisiana was forced into some of the embarrassing "corrections of history" which are practiced in Russia. Abe Shushan, in building New Orleans' Shushan Airport, had put

his initial "S" everywhere, even on the doorknobs of the washrooms.

Removing all the S's was expensive.

When the parade ended, too, Earl Long was conspicuous for having survived. His "foot in the other camp"—his efforts to help the New Deal kill Huey—may have helped him survive. From the lieutenant-governorship he succeeded the prison-bound Leche as governor in 1939, and in 1940 he "headed the Long ticket" for governor.

He fought. He wrapped himself in Huey's mantle. He opened his campaign at Huey's Tomb. He called Huey back from the dead by playing the records of Huey's voice. He insisted that neither he nor Huey had had anything to do with the graft. He pointed to the Blessed Lord's mistake in choosing Judas, and he promised: "I am determined to remove from the seat of authority every man who in any degree worships Mammon rather than God."

One strong voice could have elected Earl, but it was noticeably missing. An asset for Huey was his wife, Rose McConnell Long, of Shreveport. She is the Eleanor Roosevelt of Louisiana politics, except that she is stronger: she has all of Eleanor's energy, she is smarter, and she has none of Eleanor's tendency to make enemies. Rose Long could have elected Earl in 1940 by making one appearance with him, but she didn't make it. And without Rose, Earl's insistence that he was Huey's heir sounded unconvincing.

Earl was beaten; and 12 years of "Longism" were ended.

Earl's first real victory came in 1948 when he was elected governor. But even then the victory wasn't his—and Earl knew it. The victory was Huey's—and Rose Long's. Because she was launching her son Russell for the U.S. Senate, Rose embraced Earl for the first time. Rose, Russell and Earl appeared on platforms together, and Russell had the enormous advantage of "looking exactly like Huey." Earl has the "family resemblance" to Huey, particularly the cleft chin, but Russell is the spit-and-image of the young Huey.

The crowds loved Russell and Rose, and Earl was the "bastard at the family reunion." He had one remark which drew cheers at every appearance: "I just wish poor old Huey was here tonight to see this crowd."

To charges that he should have gone to jail with the other Heirs, Earl answered: "The reason they didn't get me was that I was clean. If I had so much as spit on the sidewalk they would have indicted me—and you good people know it."

Earl lacks Huey's wild fire and hot appeal to fear and distrust, but he has a relaxed vulgarity with which the country people can identify. He can't arouse an audience—his voice is mushy—but he has some of Huey's talent for amusement. He belches, scratches his rump, wears rumpled white suits, and talks about turnip greens, potlikker, corn bread and sowbelly. His opponents are all "city fellows. . . . 65 per cent champagne and 35 per cent talcum powder . . . he pumps perfume under his arms

. . . his wife don't even comb her own hair . . . and with me attacking him he's like a mosquito dodging through squirts o' Flit."

Earl was elected again in 1956. His inaugural ceremonies are free picnics for the country folk. Truck-trailer tanks of buttermilk are dispensed, along with brunswick stew, hot dogs, hillbilly music, and pink lemonade for the little fellows. There are parades of high school bands and drum majorettes. The governor is "Old Earl" and "Uncle Earl."

Earl's strength, like Huey's, is in the giveaways. As Huey began by giving the little fellows free school books, Earl has given them "good hot lunches." And, without a war record himself, Earl has pleased the veterans with a whopping state bonus.

Only three states—all much larger—now spend more on welfare than Louisiana. On a per capita basis Louisiana's welfare spending is the highest in the country. The state's welfare outlay last year was \$47.50 per person. The national average was \$17.40.

Earl has contributed one innovation that is his alone: a disarming frankness about why he wants to be governor.

"Folks, I'll tell you why Old Earl wants to be your governor," he says. "When I'm governor I live better. Now you know that I got a little old house with a tin roof on it up in Winn. I love it, but when I'm governor I live down there in Baton Rouge in a mansion with all them flunkies. I love that. And I love all the free stuff I get. Every time I turn around somebody is giving me something. When I hear a knock on my door, it's somebody bringing me a turkey or a ham or a fine mess o' fish. Folks are always giving me money for campaign expenses—and I'll just be as frank with you as you'd be with me: I ain't ashamed to take that free stuff—I love to get it."

In an age when men are supposed to "sacrifice" when they are "drafted into public service," Louisiana voters appreciate Earl's telling them that he wants to be governor because he lives better, he likes "them flunkies," and he likes to be given money "and all that other free stuff."

Earl's wife, too, has been an asset. She has Rose Long's energy, wholesome look, and good sense. But she has refused to live, or spend much time, on Earl's goat farm, in the house with the tin roof.

"She's a little bit too high a stepper for the goat farm," an old timer told me. "Sometimes she comes up here with Earl but not often."

When Earl spends a weekend at the goat farm, he likes to sit around in his bare feet and nightshirt. His "flunkies" spread on the floor copies of the New Orleans newspapers, which he hates. Then he and his cronies drink liquor, chew tobacco, and spit on the newspapers.

These "flunkies" on Earl's farm are Negroes from the state prison at Angola. If they are parolees, Earl is supposed to pay them. If they are trusties, Earl is supposed to use them only around the governor's mansion. Newspapermen get little cooperation from these Negroes in trying to determine just which they are.

I Now Enjoy a Successful, NEW WRITING CAREER AT 50 Thanks to NIA TRAINING!

By John W. Overacker — WATERTOWN DAILY TIMES

Watertown Daily Times
Watertown, New York
Established 1835



How Do You Know YOU Can't WRITE FOR PROFIT?

Have you ever tried? Have you ever attempted to find out whether you have a natural aptitude for writing? Then, here is your big opportunity to get an expert analysis of your writing ability—your chances for success—without cost or obligation.

Now . . . A CHANCE TO Test Yourself—Free

The Newspaper Institute of America offers a FREE Writing Aptitude Test—proven by 35 years of successful experience. Its object is to discover more men and women who can add to their income by writing stories, articles, publicity, advertising, etc. You will enjoy this fascinating test. It comes to you by mail—no salesman will call on you. Those who pass are qualified to take the famous N.I.A. Copy Desk Training which teaches you to write by writing, at home in leisure time.

Sparetime Earnings At Home—While Learning

Guided by experienced writer-editors, many N.I.A. students quickly acquire the "professional" touch with their first few writing assignments. Soon they enjoy earnings of \$10, \$25, \$50, \$100 and much more while training for material easily written in spare time.

Send For Your FREE Writing Aptitude Test

Take the first step towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication. Mail coupon NOW. No salesmen will call. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, N. Y. 16. (Licensed by State of N. Y.) (Approved Member, National Home Study Council.)

"To anyone who has a desire to write professionally I fully recommend the N.I.A. Course.

The training I received helped me to realize a life-long dream. Now, at 50, I am on the staff of the Watertown Daily Times, enjoying a fascinating new career that provides a good living for my family. Whatever success I have is due primarily to my N.I.A. training." Mr. John W. Overacker, 448 So. Massey Street, Watertown, N. Y.

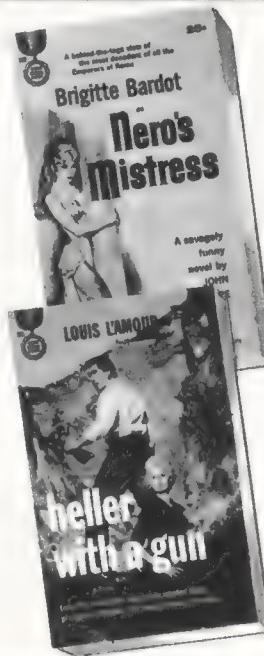
FREE

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.
Send me, without cost or obligation your
Writing Aptitude Test and further information
about writing for profit.

Miss _____
Mrs. _____
Mr. _____
Address _____

City..... Zone..... State.....
(All correspondence confidential) 79-E-910

READ THE GOLD MEDAL BOOK FIRST



BRIGITTE BARDOT as NERO'S MISTRESS

a naughty motion picture produced
by Titanus, S.P.A., Rome, Italy, and a
rollicking Gold Medal novel by
JOHN TESSITORE

GM952

only 25¢ each

SOPHIA LOREN in HELLER WITH A GUN

a powerful Paramount western film,
co-starring Anthony Quinn and based on
LOUIS L'AMOUR'S
novel of love and courage in Wyoming's blood-soaked Sioux territory.

GM955

Both books on sale December 31

Buy these Gold Medal Books from your local news dealer. If your dealer is sold out, send only 25¢ per book plus 5¢ each for postage and wrapping to GOLD MEDAL BOOKS, FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, GREENWICH, CONN. Please order by number. Canadian orders not accepted.

FREE! STAMP FREAKS



FREE—from the World's Largest Stamp Firm . . . the Most Spectacular Stamp Offer Ever Made! 115 different, genuine foreign postage stamps in all . . . Includes World's Largest and Smallest stamp PLUS fantastic collection of other stamp freaks. Weird designs, glittering colors, peculiar shapes — many from strange, mysterious lands in remote corners of the world — from Aden to Zanzibar! PLUS Giant Bonus collection of all-different stamps from other fascinating and exciting parts of the globe. **EXTRAL** Big Bargain Catalog; Collector's Guide; other stamp offers for free consideration. Send 10¢ to help cover mailing costs. **MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

H. E. HARRIS & CO., Dept. C701, Boston 17, Mass.
Rush my free valuable collection of STAMP FREAKS.
Enclosed is 10¢ for postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____



.22 Cal. Automatic
\$6.95

The skilled hand of the German gunsmith is responsible for this .22 caliber 6-shot repeating pistol with self-ejecting clip. Just 4 lbs. fits easily into pocket or purse. Ideal for sporting events, stage use (not available to Calif. residents). Not a weird weapon. Sold on money back guarantee. Comes for \$6.95 ppd. from Best Values, Dept. A279, 403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

BUILD MUSCLES & HEALTH WITH BODY BUILDER

This new Chest Pull Body Builder develops powerful human muscles F-A-S-T. Ideal for the beginner to give him a real start in championship muscle building. For the more advanced body builder to combine with his regular weight training to develop faster, all around muscle growth. Body Builder is wonderful for developing massive arms, shoulder, chest, back. Mail your order today. Only \$1 ppd.

Only \$1.00
postpaid
no C.O.D.'s

MEDFORD PRODUCTS, Dept. 888
Box 36, BETHPAGE, NEW YORK

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.

Phonograph Records Made

CROWN MUSIC CO., 48 W. 32 St., Studio 373, New York 1

Be a Detective!
WORK HOME OR TRAVEL
DETECTIVE Particulars FREE
Write **GEORGE S. R. WAGNER**
125 West 86th St., New York
Name _____
Address _____

Earl has continued Huey's war on New Orleans but with less success. The chief reason is that New Orleans is a hussy who has gone straight. In Huey's day, and for two centuries before, New Orleans was filthy and corrupt, and robbed systematically by the old Ring or "Tammany of the South."

But after the Second War, New Orleans reformed herself. Leader of the reform was an aristocrat, De Lesseps Morrison, who is now a force in state politics as well as in New Orleans. And this, despite being handicapped by a name like De Lesseps.

Morrison has defeated Earl's efforts to capture patronage in New Orleans, but, as this is written, he has been unable to win the governorship. He is Catholic, and Earl, with his newspaper, caricatures him as "Della Soups," a fop who perfumes his armpits, lives off of fish eggs, and whose wife doesn't comb her own hair.

Morrison, in turn, has been practicing vulgarity. He wears rumpled suits, drives a beat-up Ford, and is trying to learn to belch, chew tobacco, and scratch his rump. If he ever becomes skillful with a corn stick and potlikker, he may become governor.

Huey managed to straddle the Klan issue in the '20s and '30s and keep both Catholic and Protestant votes. Earl may not be so successful with the Negro issue.

Neither Huey nor Earl have been "nigger baiters" in the Talmadge-Bilbo tradition. Earl, after the Supreme Court decision on segregation, straddled successfully in '56 and won both Negro and White Citizens Council votes. But the Councillors, led by State Senator William Rainach, have knocked 20,000 Negroes off the poll lists, a heavy majority of whom were Long supporters.

Thus the two threats to Earl's continued domination in Louisiana are Morrison and Rainach.

The third threat to Earl—perhaps the fatal threat—are his wife and his flipped lid antics of 1959.

Two persons put Earl in the insane asylum for treatment: his wife, Blanche, and his nephew, Russell. When Earl freed himself he struck at both of them: by suing Blanche for divorce and by



hunter fled, leaving his dogs to the mercy of the big jungle cat.

The dogs were destroyed by the animal; and apparently through some kind of jungle cunning, the *tigre* understood that a hunter with a rifle could not kill him in the tall grass. It was never again seen in a tree; but it would rove through the marsh grass, killing cattle wantonly. Apparently the early experience had also left a deadly enmity for dogs, because the big cat had learned to draw the dogs into pursuit through the tall marsh grass,

denouncing Russell for "wanting to be governor."

But nobody knows better than Earl—that he can't stand alone. He can't be elected dog-catcher unless he is supported by Russell and Rose Long, and his wife's support—among both his Protestant and Catholic voters—is probably necessary. So Earl's continued success will depend on his being able to win back Russell and Rose and Blanche.

One small mistake could destroy him: his relationship with a stripteaser who calls herself Blaze Starr. Huey's enemies never ceased trying to hang some "New Orleans woman" on him—either in a Bourbon Street apartment or in a Roosevelt Hotel suite. But they never succeeded, for Huey was no skirtchaser. Nor is Earl. But Earl, as an act of defiance of his wife, has enjoyed several well-publicized and allegedly well-chaperoned rendezvous with Miss Starr.

At least one psychiatrist in Louisiana believes that Earl Long will wind up in a strait jacket. Here's why:

Huey was shot down in a Capitol corridor. By the time Earl became governor, the governor's office had been expanded to take in the very spot where Huey fell. A plaque marks this spot, and the plaque says Huey was Louisiana's greatest son. Every day of his life as governor Earl has had to pass that plaque, he has had to look at it, read it. Every time Earl has entered or left the Capitol, he has seen pilgrims at Huey's shrine, paying tribute to "Louisiana's Great Son, Who Was an Unconquered Friend of the Poor."

Earl knows he tried to kill Huey politically. Yet he knows that he has prospered only by prostrating himself at the shrine and pretending to be Huey's Heir.

"Without going nuts," the psychiatrist asked me, "how long can any man live in that position?" As this is written, there's a smell of trouble in Baton Rouge. Some say they can hear the bomb ticking. When it explodes, a man might want to be called nuts. When you're that way, people don't bother you with questions. •

THE DEATH DUEL I CAN'T FORGET

Continued from page 21

and then circle and crouch beside its own trail, springing at the dogs as they ran by. One sweep of the razor claws would destroy a dog, and then the cat would lope on, repeating the maneuver on each dog that followed. It was this trick of ambushing pursuers that gave the *tigre* its name—Assassino.

Since I was the only hunter in this region who killed with a spear, the big ranches had often sought my help; but I also knew that it would be impossible to track the *tigre* without dogs, and

Assassino was so crafty that sending a dog after him was virtually a death sentence.

Jose, of course, knew this. But his situation was desperate.

"If you do not go after him, Senhor Siemel, he will destroy all my cattle, as he has done in the South. I shall lose everything I have, and the big ranch will not pay me any more."

Twice before I had been asked directly by the big *rancheros* to hunt this devil. Once I had refused because of the risk to Valente, my best dog; and on the other occasion I was on my way south from Cuyabá and could not take the time to hunt. Nevertheless, the feeling persisted that I must finally decide to hunt this *tigre*.

Jose watched me with dark, smouldering eyes. He knew the risk to the dogs; and he had no dogs of his own capable

of tracking the *tigre* and bringing it to bay. I finally said:

"I will promise this much, Jose. If I see the *tigre*, or know that he is near, I will go after him."

"In that case, *senhor*, I shall go after Assassino, myself—without dogs," he said quietly. "Either I must kill the devil, or he will ruin me."

He whirled his horse and rode off along the river trail toward his *rancho*. I had visited the place shortly after I moved to my camp, and I felt sorry for him. His wife, Maria, was young and sturdy, and they worked hard to make enough to live on in this lonely marsh country.

I knew, moreover, that Jose would go after the *tigre*. He was one of those plain men who live in small outposts of civilization, in whom is bred a stubborn courage. I wondered if I should have refused; and at the same time, the notion grew in my mind that I must finally face this *tigre* and destroy it.

A few days after Jose's visit, I saw the *urubú*, the vulture, circling in the still, hot air west of the river. I leashed Raivoso, Pardo and Vinte, and started across the *pantanal*. Within a short time the dogs found the kill—a small marsh deer.

The deer had been badly clawed, the flesh ripped from the neck and side; but no part of it had been eaten. I knew it was Assassino, because the devil-*tigre* killed wantonly, for pleasure and not for food.

The dogs were off baying through the grass, and I followed. Within a mile we found a second kill, also a marsh deer destroyed in the same way, but not eaten. A third and fourth kill were found in the same way, all marsh deer, and all showing no signs of being eaten. The fiendish jungle cat was marauding through the marshlands, killing simply for the enjoyment of it!

Suddenly Raivoso, the lead-dog, let loose a sharper bark, and I rode up to

find a small ocelot feeding on the fifth kill of Assassino. While I was examining the carcass, after driving off the ocelot, I heard Raivoso's deep bay in the grass beyond, and I know from the sound that he was on the track of Assassino himself.

I collared the other dogs, and this probably saved them from destruction. It was useless to follow Raivoso through the marsh grass. The sudden staccato of shrill yaps, ending in a shrill, screaming bark told the story. He had caught up with Assassino and had been trapped by the *tigre's* ambush.

Back in my base camp that night, I carefully thought over the situation. In my years of hunting in the Matto Grosso, this killer was by far the most unusual I had encountered. I knew the natives had a superstition about "devil-tigres." They did not believe they could be killed by a human weapon—bullet or

In the March CAVALIER
THE TEN BEST FOREIGN CARS OF ALL TIME
By Griff Borgeson
On Sale January 28

of tracking the *tigre* and bringing it to bay. I finally said:

"I will promise this much, Jose. If I see the *tigre*, or know that he is near, I will go after him."

"In that case, *senhor*, I shall go after Assassino, myself—without dogs," he said quietly. "Either I must kill the devil, or he will ruin me."

He whirled his horse and rode off along the river trail toward his *rancho*. I had visited the place shortly after I moved to my camp, and I felt sorry for him. His wife, Maria, was young and sturdy, and they worked hard to make enough to live on in this lonely marsh country.

I knew, moreover, that Jose would go after the *tigre*. He was one of those plain men who live in small outposts of civilization, in whom is bred a stubborn courage. I wondered if I should have refused; and at the same time, the notion grew in my mind that I must finally face this *tigre* and destroy it.

A few days after Jose's visit, I saw the *urubú*, the vulture, circling in the still, hot air west of the river. I leashed Raivoso, Pardo and Vinte, and started across the *pantanal*. Within a short time the dogs found the kill—a small marsh deer.

The deer had been badly clawed, the flesh ripped from the neck and side; but no part of it had been eaten. I knew it was Assassino, because the devil-*tigre* killed wantonly, for pleasure and not for food.

The dogs were off baying through the grass, and I followed. Within a mile we found a second kill, also a marsh deer destroyed in the same way, but not eaten. A third and fourth kill were found in the same way, all marsh deer, and all showing no signs of being eaten. The fiendish jungle cat was marauding through the marshlands, killing simply for the enjoyment of it!

Suddenly Raivoso, the lead-dog, let loose a sharper bark, and I rode up to

spear. I knew, of course, that Assassino's survival was purely the result of an instinctive knowledge of the fundamental weakness of hunting in the marsh grass. A gun was useless, because the target could not be seen; and without a gun, it was necessary to bring the *tigre* to bay with dogs—and Assassino killed dogs as fast as they were sent after him!

It posed an impossible problem; and finally I decided the only way would be for me to go out in the brush alone—which would be like trying to find the proverbial needle in a haystack.

The loss of Raivoso was serious. Pardo was the next best dog; and I needed several hunts to train him sufficiently to take the lead. My plan was to use the dogs to pick up the *tigre* trail, and perhaps bring me within a reasonable distance of the cat.

My plans were unexpectedly changed. The following morning, while I was cleaning my rifle in front of my hut, little Tupy set up a great yapping. I looked down the river trail and saw Maria Ramos, Jose's wife, galloping toward the camp. Her hair was flying and her red blouse was out at the waist. As she pulled up the horse, I saw that her eyes were wide with terror.

"Senhor Siemel!" she gasped, as I started toward her. "Jose—"

"What's happened to Jose?" I asked.

"He went after Assassino—and this morning only the horse came back!"

I glanced at the horse, and for the first time noticed that the flank was gored with two gashes, which had bled freely. Blood was smeared on the wooden saddle. Meanwhile Maria, a pretty, dark-eyed girl of about 25, was pouring out her story. Jose had returned from his visit to my camp, determined to track down the beast that was killing his cattle.

He had neither a good gun, nor experience as a hunter. But he had an old muzzle-loader, which he filled with chopped nails; and he also had a pair



I
dreamed
about
being a writer
...and now I am!

For years it was my big ambition. But what chance did I have? No college education. No exciting experiences. No famous relatives. Then I saw an ad for Palmer Institute which told how others with no better background than mine were succeeding. Men and women, young and old, in all kinds of jobs. Making good money—even in spare time.

So I sent for their book which explains how they train for all fields of writing: stories and articles for magazines, TV, and specialized publications. So I enrolled and was delighted with the individual coaching I received from professional writers who gave me detailed instruction. It makes learning to write salable material easier than I ever thought possible. I actually enjoyed studying. Now my wish has come true—I am a writer, and I'm loving it!

Maybe You, Too, Can Write

Stories, Articles, TV Scripts

Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week learning to write so you may earn \$500 to \$1500 a year extra income? Or many thousands on a full-time basis? Many students earn while learning. Gerry Erwin won a story contest while on Lesson Nine of the fiction course; Harold A. Seward won \$500 in a Pennsylvania writing contest; Harriet Wenderoth's first story sold for \$240.

FREE Lesson Shows How

So you can see for yourself how you may "cash in" on the opportunities for new writers, we will mail you free a complete lesson package and our 40-page book. No obligation; no salesman will call. Send now before you forget!

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORIZATION

Only school of writing accredited by National Home Study Council

Since 1917

Desk CV-20, 1680 N. Sycamore,
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Approved
for Vets

Mail Coupon or Send Postcard

FREE

Palmer Institute of Authorization
1680 N. Sycamore,
Hollywood 28, Calif., Desk CV-20
Please mail me free lesson package and 40-page book, explaining how you help new writers get started and experienced writers increase their income.

Mr. _____
Miss _____
Mrs. _____
Address _____
City _____ Please print clearly Zone _____ State _____
Veterans: Check here

FINANCIAL HELP TO START YOUR OWN HOME BUSINESS!



Tired of being squeezed between rising prices and a stationary? Consider using your little home business to bring in extra income from your spare time, evenings and week-ends? I can show you how—will even help finance you, if you're short of cash. Sound unreasonable? Wondering how I can afford to do it? Well, it's simple. The business I'm talking about uses supplies, not capital. And that's the secret of success. You'll be surprised to learn that when your business gets rolling you'll rather do business with a friend than with strangers who did not show up until you were in the money. I've gambled the same way with hundreds of others, and it has paid off by helping me build the biggest business of its kind in the country. I can show you how to do into others... always works for those who give it a fair trial.

What is this business? It's printing without a press, an amazing process I call "Screen Print". With it, you can turn out printing in gorgeous coloring that many big shops cannot duplicate, even though they costing thousands of dollars! Yet my equipment (aspired to) to work with instructions would fit in a few pieces and be set up on a small table in the corner of your garage, basement attic, or even a bedroom. You can earn in a few hours to print on paper, metal, glass, plastic, leather, cloth, and about any other material you can think of. Even on curtains, blinds, hats, and many other items. You can handle all kinds of printing, from small name printing to big, bold lettering. You can handle all kinds of name printing presses can't handle at all! And I show you how to get big-profit orders from stores, factories, theaters, schools, and practically every type of business or organization for miles around - even by MAIL ORDER coast to coast.

JUST SEND ME YOUR NAME & ADDRESS—NO MONEY
Remember, I'll help finance you, so don't worry about the money—whether you are employed or not. I'm sure I can help you get set in a home business that will bring in a steady income for you forever. Just send name and address for FREE information without obligation TODAY SURE.

Mr. C. J. Nowak, President, Screen Print Co., Dept. 702, 15127 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 61, California

LOOK for Rupture Help

Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion appliance. This marvelous invention for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and Proof of Results. Ready for you NOW!

Brooks Appliance Co., 120-C, State St., Marshall, Mich.



TINY TRANSISTOR RADIO PLAYS for YEARS and YEARS!



Send Only
\$100

- Incredible but true! A real Transistor Radio—small as pack of cigarettes which plays for YEARS... given not attention to it. You'll marvel at its full, rich tone, its wide reception—including Conelrad for Civil Defense. Has no tubes, operates on two tiny batteries. Strong plastic case in beautiful color combination. Brilliantly gift boxed.
- \$100.00 plus \$1.00 postage, money order your postman #4.25 plus C.O.D., on arrival, or send only \$5.25 in all and we pay all delivery charges. COMPLY with everything made to pay—use with HL-F1 Earphones, batteries, ground and aerial. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Order now!
- TRANSISTOR RADIO, Dept. O-34, Box 831, St. Louis, Mo.

SONGS-POEMS

We need New Ideas FOR RECORDING . . .

Your Songs or Poems may EARN MONEY FOR YOU!

Songs Recorded — Royalties Paid

FREE EXAMINATION

Mail to: STAR-CREST RECORDING CO.
Dept. C-7, 1350 N. Highland, Hollywood, Calif.



LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Various Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used while you walk. More than 60 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

LIEPE METHODS, 3250 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 58-B, Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin

**FREE
BOOKLET**

of mongrels I had seen at his house. With these he set out across the marsh.

The next morning she found the horse in the yard, with the saddle covered with blood. She had mounted the horse and ridden to my camp.

I quickly saddled my horse and coupled four hunting dogs to the leash—Pardo, Vinte, Amigo and Leon. As I started away, little Tupi set up a great yapping, and since I knew the dog would try to follow me, I tied it to the corner of my hut. Then I rode off along the river trail with Maria Ramos. When we reached the point where she said Jose had apparently turned off into the marsh grass, I asked the girl to ride on home.

She shook her head. "I must see for myself," she said.

I knew the poor girl was nearly crazy with the dread of what she would see, yet she had the rugged courage of a frontier woman. We rode for perhaps two kilometers through the high grass, until we came to the edge of a *capao*, where the grass was shorter and a grove of trees, crested with *buriti* palms, indicated the presence of water.

I had spotted vultures circling above the patch of jungle, and I was afraid to let the girl see what I knew must be lying a little way ahead of us. We broke through a patch of underbrush, and I saw the figure of a man, lying face down on the ground. His shirt was ripped and the body had been badly mangled. Even before I turned the poor fellow over, I knew it was Jose.

I heard a small cry behind me, and turned to see Maria slipping from her horse. I jumped over and caught her. She recovered quickly, and after a minute agreed to ride home.

During the ride across the brush I had determined on a plan which offered some chance of success. I was sure the *tigre* would be close by, probably around the water hole in the *capao*. Assassino had not wandered from this area for several days, and I doubted if it would move very far from its last kill. From the marks around Jose's body, I knew the *tigre* had leaped for the back of the horse, probably knocking Jose from the saddle. I found Jose's gun a short distance away, loaded but not fired, and I knew it had fallen from the saddle as the terrified horse galloped away.

If the *tigre* had once attacked a man on a horse, it would do it again; and if it came from ambush I could not use a spear from the back of my horse. So I tied the horse to a tree in a fairly open clearing, unstrapped the shaft and spear-head, and also took my bow and a couple of arrows. I had a pistol in my holster, but no rifle—since it would be useless in the high grass.

My plan was to unleash the dogs and follow as fast as I could on foot. If I could stay close enough, I could force the *tigre* to attack me. I took the bow and arrows hoping for a distance shot, since a *tigre* will always fight the arrow rather than the one who shot it. Holding the bow and arrows in one hand, and the spear in the other, I started after the dogs, running low through the grass.

I had been running for perhaps 10 minutes, when I heard the sudden bay-

ing of Pardo in the lead. Then there was a shorter yapping and a shrill scream; and when I reached the spot, Pardo was on the ground, his side ripped open. I did not stop, hoping to overtake the other dogs; but a second scream told me the *tigre* had made another kill. The murderous Assassino was following his usual technique, circling back quickly on each dog and ambushing it with a sweep of its paw, and then loping on before the next dog could reach it. This circling back took only a few seconds—a short turn through the grass with the dog close behind, and then the deadly slash.

It was over in a matter of minutes. I had run perhaps a quarter of a mile since the first dog was killed, when I found Leon lying near the edge of a clearing in the *capao*. I stood over the dog, sick with rage, and not knowing what to do next. At that moment there was a yapping in the grass behind me, and out bounded Tupi, my fox terrier. He scampered across the clearing, barking joyously at the sight of me. I saw from the trailing length of rope that he had chewed his tether and followed us.

As the dog scampered past, I jammed my heel down on the trailing rope, and brought him up short. At that moment I heard a rustling in the heavy grass across the clearing, and with a sudden inspiration, I stepped forward with my free foot, landing on Tupi's paw.

The dog let out a startled yelp, tugging at the rope which I still held under my heel, and barking in high protest that sounded across the brush. I had dropped my spear as I stepped forward, and I quickly fitted an arrow to the string, and as soon as I saw a movement in the grass, I let fly.

The arrow apparently struck something, but how vital the shot was I did not know. I was relying on the frenzy of the *tigre* and Tupi's sharp barking to send the beast in my direction. There was a sudden commotion in the grass, and although it was so dense I could not see five feet through it, I was sure of my target now. I picked up the remaining arrow, fitted it to the bowstring and took careful aim. When I had isolated the movement of the animal in the grass, I shot again, trying to hit close to the center of the commotion.

Suddenly I saw a long, yellowish shape break from the grass and streak across the clearing toward a low scrub tree. Assassino, in pain from the arrow which had been driven through its shoulder, reverted to its first instinct, and ran for the tree.

The *tigre* apparently saw me as it neared the tree, and swerved toward me. I had to release my foot from Tupi's tether, and the dog scampered off to one side, barking with ridiculous futility. I had recovered my spear, and now I was ready to lure the big cat into a charge.

The open area in which Assassino and I faced each other was roughly 30 yards across; and I knew I must keep the cat within that area or my problem would be tremendously complicated. Unfortunately, I had no dogs to carry out that phase of the battle. Tupi was useless; and the *tigre* was so maddened with pain that I knew its actions would be com-

pletely unpredictable.

The big cat was weaving back and forth, stepping first in one direction, then reversing. Every so often it would fling its head and let out a snarl that ended in a scream. I edged toward the animal, anxious to get close enough so it would have to charge me. If it should suddenly turn and slink into the tall marsh grass, I would not only lose my advantage with the spear, but I would have no way of following its movements.

As I moved closer, my ears caught the whirr of a vulture, apparently lighting on a nearby tree. That vague premonition, which had shadowed my thoughts so ominously, crossed my mind. Perhaps this was the moment of my grim foreboding. Whether it was the sound of the vulture, or the morbid fancy that flickered for an instant in my thoughts, my attention was deflected, and the *tigre* chose that instant to charge.

A single second of diverted attention can be fatal in a spear-fight; and this missed being fatal by a single step. I had been caught off guard, and perhaps the cat sensed that momentary lapse. As it lunged toward me, I managed to pivot and drive the spear at the charging animal's neck. The spear did not bite deeply, but it was enough to throw the cat off balance. One paw, cutting through the air, actually grazed my right shoulder, and the force of my side-step threw me off balance. Had the cat swerved toward me, continuing its charge, I doubt if I could have met the attack. But it drew back, possibly from the new pain in its shoulder, and I had a chance to roll over and get on my knees. I still had the spear firmly in both hands, and I rose quickly to meet the next charge.

As I braced myself, I realized that I was rapidly becoming exhausted. There is something in the concentrated effort and the unrelieved tension of a spear-fight that quickly drains the strength. It is the kind of fight that must be finished quickly, because a man cannot physically stand up for any length of time against the greatly superior strength of a big cat.

Assassino also seemed to be drained of strength. As the *tigre* drew back, I saw the great slash I had made in its neck, with blood gushing out; and I knew that if I could stand up to an-

other charge, the cat would not last for more than one more thrust of the spear.

The big cat was sideways to me, its head turned and the white teeth flashing, but it did not charge. I could not attack, since he might escape into that tall grass. I was breathing rapidly, and sweat was pouring down my face, almost blinding me, but I could do nothing about that. I tried kicking dirt at the *tigre*, but this had no effect. Suddenly, while I was desperately casting about for some way of provoking a charge, the cat gave a terrible, snarling roar and leaped straight at me.

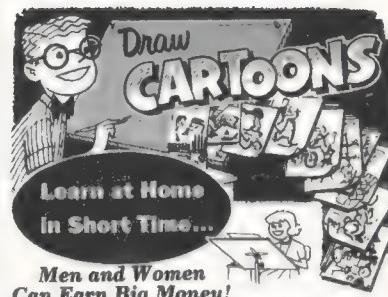
I barely had time to lift the point of my spear, and then it was a bit too high on the throat. I could feel the hot, foul breath against my face and arms as the spear-head drove into the animal's throat, high over the chest; and for an instant I had the horrifying thought that I had misjudged the distance and was too close to the raking claws.

With every ounce of strength I had left, I rammed the blade deeper into the dying animal's chest. Any other *tigre* I had fought would have had the life drained away by this combination of wounds; but Assassino clawed furiously, even after I had gotten a downward thrust on the spear-head and was literally driving the point into the ground.

I do not know how long this last furious phase of the fight lasted. Perhaps it was only a few seconds. Suddenly I realized that I was grinding the life out of a dead cat. Assassino had gone limp and the great, slashing claws that had ripped the life out of perhaps 300 cattle—and had destroyed all of my hunting dogs except Tupi—were numbed forever.

For a minute I rested on my spear, too exhausted to draw it out of the bloody chest. I do not think I have ever been closer to death from a *tigre*.

Later, after I had taken the mangled remains of Jose Ramos to his *ranchito* and arranged for the grief-stricken Maria to be taken with her child to the big Rancho Descalvados, I returned to the scene of the battle. Assassino's carcass was mostly eaten away, but I salvaged the head as a trophy. I measured the torn carcass, and it was 112 inches from nose to tail tip—almost 10 feet! I could only estimate its weight, but it must have been close to 400 pounds. *



Learn at Home in Short Time...

Men and Women
Can Earn Big Money!

You don't need previous training or art ability with the "Famous System of Manual Training"! With this modern streamlined method, you learn rapidly and easily...start to cartoon immediately, without tedious study or exercises.

Wide Demand for Cartoonists—Earn While You Learn... Magazines, newspapers, movies, television, ad agencies—all are searching for new cartoon ideas and talent. As a successful, Continental-trained Cartoonist, your earnings are not limited. Many of our students start earning after first few lessons. A wonderful pastime, too.

We Supply Everything... As our student you receive FREE of extra cost a big 15-piece Professional Kit containing all equipment and materials you need, and valuable Articulated Model that helps you draw any human pose.

Get All the Facts FREE... Big, colorful Free catalog gives all details plus pages of useful information. FREE for the asking. Use coupon today.

*U. S. Pat. applied for



Continental Schools, Inc.

DEPT. F-2 4201 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.
CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS, INC.
Dept. F-3 4201 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 37, Calif.
Rush Free Catalog and other information by return mail. No charge or obligation, no salesman will call.

NAME	AGE
ADDRESS	
CITY	ZONE
STATE	

REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS
Made of FLEXTON plastic
Choices of: SNAKE-ZEBRA DESIGN
or LEOPARD-COWHIDE DESIGN
ORDER FROM MFR. AND SAVE
Colorful SNAKE and ZEBRA DESIGN And
LEOPARD-COWHIDE DESIGN Can Be Used On
Either Side. Water and Stainproof. Tailored
With Side Grip Panels For Tight Fit. Sewn
With NYLON Thread For Long Wear. Simple To
Install. Dress Up Your Car With A Set Of Either
Of These Colorful Expensive Looking Covers!
10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Choice Of SPLIT OR Solid Front Seat Only \$2.98
Complete Set For Both Front & Rear ONLY \$5.00.
When Ordering Specify Choice Of Design Wanted,
Make Of Car And Seat Style. Enclose Payment
And Save Postage Or Send COO.
CRYDER SALES CORP. Dept. DS-87
BOX 79, WHITESTONE 57, N. Y.

If you were born
before 1900 . . .

... let us tell you how you can still apply for a \$1,000 life insurance policy (for people up to age 80) so that you can help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

You handle the entire transaction by mail with OLD AMERICAN of KANSAS CITY. No obligation. No one will call on you!

Tear out this ad and mail it today with your name, address and year of birth to Old American Insurance Co., 4900 Oak, Dept. L264M, Kansas City Missouri.



GREAT FRENCH MUTINY

Continued from page 16

also seen the heavily-armed military police detachments posted in the support trenches and along the roads with orders to shoot down any unwounded *poilu* who left the battlefield.

Pinned down, trapped, often surrounded on three or even four sides by the enemy, the French troops found it impossible to advance.

Casualties soared. The numbers killed rose steadily to ever more horrifying

levels—30,000, 50,000, 70,000—and would go higher, much higher.

Nearly 1,000,000 French troops had been committed along the 80-mile-long sector of the Western Front chosen by General Nivelle for his ambitious Spring drive.

General Nivelle was a glory-hunting incompetent who had used the tactics of a penny-ante politician to become Commander-in-Chief.

How You Can Develop a SUCCESS-WINNING

VOICE

Put warmth, friendliness and magnetism in your everyday voice. You'll find it worth dollars and cents to you in your business, trade or profession... and in social life a persuasive voice, with real character is priceless! We have been voice-training average people and celebrities (and salesmen) since 1916. More than 200,000 members! TV-Star Robert Cummings is one of our celebrity graduates.

FREE BOOK

"Voice Power & Personal Power!"

Write today for my big illustrated voice book. Explains all about our amazing method... and how to use it. Price \$1.00. No cost, no obligation—it's free! Just send me name, address and your age. Book will be mailed at once in plain sealed wrapper. No salesman will ever call you.

Eugene Feuchtinger

PREFECT VOICE INSTITUTE
210 South Clinton, Studio BP-49, Chicago 6, Ill.



FAMILY ARMS

Genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate 10" x 12" OAK WALL SHIELDS for mural decoration.

Enrich your home
Dignify the office



\$15.00 postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental and Air Badges etc. similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct... Dept. 210

HUNTER & SMALLPAGE, YORK, ENGLAND

ELECTRIC WELD - BRAZE & CUT
REPAIR MOST EVERYTHING MADE OF METAL

Home Appliances Auto parts Farm-gardens equipment toys & model and repair playground equipment. Laundry, tables, ornamental iron work, gates, wrought iron, steel, heat, bend, straighten with torch. Cut and weld any plate. Works from any home 110-volt plug-in. Complete with dark welders mask, arc torch, supply of carbon electrodes, sand, flux, etc. Send \$1.00 for Welding Instruction Book, 1 year guarantee. Weight 4 lbs. SEND ONLY \$3.00 (cash, ck., m.o.) and pay postage on arrival or cents \$12.95 \$19.95, plus COD postage on arrival. Order now. Available only from:

MIDWAY WELDER Dept. DFG-2 Kearney, Nebraska

GOVERNMENT OIL LEASES LOW AS \$1 PER ACRE

You do no drilling, pay no taxes, may realize a king-size profit without ever leaving home. Write for free map and literature.

American Oil Scouts, Dept. F
8350 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

ASTHMA

WRITE FOR NO-COST TRIAL OFFER!

IF YOU SUFFER FROM BRONCHIAL ASTHMA PAROXYSMS, from coughs, gasping wheezing... write quick for daring No-Risk, No-Cost Trial Offer. No matter if you consider your case "hopeless" — Write Today! NACOR, 41-N, State Life Bldg., Indianapolis 4, Ind.

FRANCHISES

Be selective; choose from best offers available. Nationwide openings. Excellent opportunities for the establishment of your own distributorship, dealership or franchise. Consider these really choice franchises before you act. Write today for interesting, free "Franchise Profit Letter."

NATIONAL FRANCHISE REPORTS, G-121
333 North Michigan Ave. Chicago 1, Ill.

A year before the offensive, Nivelle had made wild, blustering statements to press and public, promising that if he was given the top command he would "end the war in six months."

By the beginning of 1917, French government leaders were eager to grasp at any will-o'-the-wisp that offered hope for quick victory. It didn't matter that Nivelle was a second-rate general whose previous record was not even outstanding.

Nivelle's personal press-agentry worked. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief, replacing General Joffre.

He "guaranteed" a decisive breakthrough within 48 hours after his offensive began. He swore that he would whip the Boches and end the war by summer.

It wasn't what he promised that was to brand Robert Nivelle forever as a bungling mass-murderer who came within an ace of destroying France and losing the war. It was his seemingly congenital inability to keep his mouth shut about matters which even the lowest lieutenant would have recognized as vital secrets to be kept from enemy ears.

The blowhard General blabbed and bragged away the detailed plans for the Offensive. He discussed them freely with politicians and with the social butterflies he met in swank Paris salons.

Nivelle blandly revealed that the "Grand Offensive" would take place during the first week in May. It would be launched by the Fifth and Sixth Field Armies against an 80-mile stretch of front along the River Aisne, running East from Soissons.

Inevitably, all this information was funnelled into the German General Staff's Intelligence section.

While the French went about the business of massing men and guns and stockpiling munitions and supplies, the German General Staff evolved a fool-proof strategy for crushing the offensive. Code-named "Operation Alberich," it was a neat scheme by which the entire 80-mile Aisne front would be transformed into a gargantuan death-trap.

On the night before the offensive began, German troops would be quietly withdrawn from their front-line positions. They would be pulled back to a much shorter—and easily defensible—line. And that line would be made as nearly impregnable as military engineering could make it.

It was clever military planning. The French would waste their preparatory barrages on the German front-line trenches—which would be manned by skeleton screening forces.

When the French Infantry attacked, the impetus of the assault would carry the *poilus* past the deserted Boche positions. Then, having lost their forward momentum and advanced beyond the light and medium supporting artillery's range, the Frenchmen would slam head on against the main German defense complex. There they would be stopped in their tracks, boxed in—and butchered.

General Nivelle's staff planners were working toward the first-week-in-May kickoff date. Then, on April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany. Nivelle worriedly advanced his timetable.

"I do not intend having some upstart

American general take credit for what I do!" he told Camille Pirmez, a minor French politician. "I must make the attack before the first American sets foot in Europe!"

Nivelle moved the schedule forward two weeks and ignored his advisors' pleas to keep the new attack date a secret.

"The Spring Offensive along the Aisne will commence at 0600 hours, April 16," the glory-hound announced on April 10, thus giving the Germans ample time to make the necessary adjustments in their own planning.

At nightfall on April 15, the Germans began pulling out of their forward trenches. They were well clear by midnight, when the French cut loose with their massive preparatory barrages.

At 0600, the barrage lifted. Whistles blew and officers and noncoms bellowed the commands that brought the French shock-troops and spearhead assault units pouring out of their trenches and sweeping across No Man's Land.

The shock troops paused in surprise when they saw the trenches were deserted—then thrust on beyond them.

Now the trap was sprung.

The *poilus* slammed into a solid wall of fire, stopped, recoiled, and disintegrated into chaos and confusion.

The second, third and fourth Infantry waves were sent over. These, too, were halted, broken, pinned down.

General Nivelle committed his support troops and, when they had been smashed to bloody fragments, ordered the reserve divisions into the attack.

When, after three days, these reserves had been used up, Nivelle began a methodical stripping of other sectors along the 325-mile front held by the French Army, using the units he pulled from the line as cannon-fodder.

The 48 hours in which Nivelle had "guaranteed" a breakthrough were long past—and he had failed even to dent the German defenses.

More grim, terrible days dragged by. The French Army was being bled to death without reason or hope of result. It was only after the Fifth and Sixth Field Army's battle *fatalities* topped the 110,000 mark that Nivelle was forced to call off the "Grand Offensive." Even then, he was determined to continue attacking—but along a narrower, 40-mile front between Soissons and Rheimis.

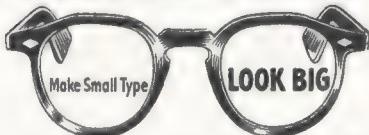
Nivelle launched a series of heavy attacks against objectives between Soissons and Rheimis. He realized that his reputation was at stake and, in desperation, threw away more lives.

Ominous rumbles of anger began to be heard among the line troops.

All leaves and passes for troops had been cancelled as far back as January. The rations reaching the Fifth and Sixth Armies were of poor quality—the bread was stale and wormy, the meat rotten, the wine weak and watery. Wounded men were being sent back to the front before their injuries were healed.

Potentious incidents occurred in widely-separated units. Here, a dozen men would refuse to go on patrol. There, a decimated platoon would hide in shell holes during an attack. The numbers of men reporting sick and the cases of self-

MAGNIFYING GLASSES



A Blessing For Folks Over 40

Read newspapers, telephone book or bible easy. Do fine fancy work, crocheting for hours without eye strain. Now, precision MAGNIFYING GLASSES (not RX) bring out detail SHARP and CLEAR. Not for folks who have astigmatism or diseases of the eye. A magnifying lens for each eye, set in stylish amber eyeglass frame. 10 day home trial. Send name, address, sex, age. On arrival pay only \$4, plus C.O.D. Satisfaction guaranteed. Or send \$4, with order, we ship prepaid. Order from:

PRECISION OPTICAL CO., Dept. 19-B, Rochelle, Ill.

"WITH GOD All Things Are Possible!"

Are you facing difficult problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Unhappiness? Drink? Love or Family Troubles? Would you like more Happiness, Success and "Good Fortune" in Life? If you have any of these Problems or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY OF PRAYER that is helping thousands to glorious new happiness and joy. Just clip and mail now and wait with your name, address and 25¢ to cover postage and handling. We will rush this wonderful NEW MESSAGE OF PRAYER and Faith to you by Return MAIL, absolutely FREE! We will also send you this FREE GOLDEN CROSS for you to keep and treasure!

**Life-Study Fellowship
BOX 6902, NOROTON, CONN.**



SONGS
into DOLLARS!

NEW songwriters, poets share \$33 millions yearly. Songs Composed, PUBLISHED, Promoted, Appraised, info FREE from...
NORDYKE Music Publishers
6000 Sunset, HOLLYWOOD 28W, Calif.

You CAN save money

when you buy or build your home...

with the new

ideas you'll find

in Today's Home



ON SALE AT LOCAL NEWSSTANDS

TODAY'S HOME

BUILDING AND REMODELING

a Fawcett publication

inflicted wounds increased noticeably.

General Nivelle's response was to blame troop discontent on "cowardly pacifists and subversive German agents." Nonetheless, he issued a top-secret directive to all commanders down to the regimental level.

"Unit commanders will take immediate and drastic measures to restore order at the first sign of unrest among their troops," Nivelle ordered. "The most ruthless measures, including summary executions by firing squad without reference to higher authority will be employed at the local commander's discretion . . ."

The slaughter went on in what the *poilus* had labelled "the Murder Grounds" between Soissons and Rheims. At long last, the French government realized that Robert Nivelle was a bungling, inept charlatan.

On May 12, French Premier Alexander Ribot demanded Nivelle's resignation. The "Butcher"—as Paris journalists had named him—flatly refused to tender it.

Hurried consultations were held—and, five days later, Nivelle was dismissed in what amounted to complete disgrace. General Henri Philippe Pétain was appointed in his place.

A thousand and one wild rumors travelled along the frontline grapevine.

"Pétain is planning a new offensive . . ."

"We're to attack again along the Aisne . . ."

"It'll be worse than last time . . ."

Under normal conditions, such rumors would have made the rounds and been forgotten. But conditions were no longer normal. The French Army was exhausted, its men surly and resentful. Even those units which had not participated in the offensive were affected by the bitterness spawned by the catastrophe.

There were more rumors. Men considered to be malingerers by their commanders, or those who had failed to obey orders and carry out attacks with sufficient aggressive spirit, were being court-martialed and shot. The smallest infractions were being dealt with severely.

"Ten men were shot in the Rheims area . . ."

"I heard it was twenty . . ."

"That's nothing. I was told the IXth Corps executed a whole company yesterday . . ."

The stories were vague and hard to pin down. Nonetheless, the troops heard them and believed them—they were in a state to believe anything.

"We are fools to stand for it . . ."

"It's time for a change . . ."

"Why should we get knocked off for those bastards upstairs . . .?"

Only a spark was needed to blow the whole thing sky-high.

The spark was provided on May 19, two days after Nivelle's dismissal.

The trouble that had been seething and bubbling so long below the surface broke loose in the strangest, off-color bastard unit serving on the Western Front—the "Russian Brigade."

This weird outfit, composed entirely of Russian troops, had been "given" to France by the Russian Czar in 1916. The Brigade—15,000 strong—was sent to France as a token of "solidarity and

• FREE FACTS on How to Become a GOVERNMENT HUNTER GAME WARDEN OR FOREST RANGER



Don't be chained to office, desk, store counter, or factory machine. Prepare now, in spare time, for outdoor man's dream job in Forestry & Wildlife Conservation. Get the facts. Plan to live the life you love.

OPPORTUNITIES IN YOUR STATE?

We show you how to seek out job openings today—Right Now—possibly in your own state or in another states Coast to Coast. Age limits 17 to 45, sometimes older on private game farms and hunt clubs.

MANY START \$3000 YEAR OR MORE

Fine starting pay, with regular advances established by law under Civil Service.

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIFE

Hard muscles.

bronzed skin and vibrant good health are extra rewards of outdoor living. Sleep under the pines. Catch breakfast from ice streams. Feel and look like a million!

VACATION JOBS FOR STUDENTS

No experience or preparation needed for vacation jobs in Nat'l. Parks & Forests. America's vacation wonderland. Many accepting Applications now. FREE BOOKLET tells how and where to apply.

FORESTRY & WILDLIFE COURSE, Dept. D-102A

1038 So. La Brea, Los Angeles 19, Calif.

Please rush FREE facts on Forestry & Wildlife opportunities, FREE booklet and catalog to me.

NAME _____

AGE _____

STREET _____

ZONE STATE

TOWN _____

Member: Association of Home Study Schools; Washington, D. C.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



HANDS TIED?

—because you lack a HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA

You can qualify for an American School Diploma in spare time at home! If you have left school, write or mail coupon for FREE booklet that tells how. No obligation of any kind.

OUR 63RD YEAR -----

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H-231

Drexel at 58th, Chicago 27, Illinois

Please send FREE High School booklet.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

SAVE 75%

ON

WORK CLOTHES!

Terrific values you've got to see to believe!



SHIRTS 79¢

4 for \$2.99

Made to sell for 2.99. Now,

4 for the price of one! The

used, sterilized and ready for

long, tough wear! In blue,

tan or green. Send neck size, 1st and 2nd

color choice.

PANTS to match

4 for \$3.85, now only.....

99¢

Send waist measure and

inside leg length.

COVERALLS . . . wear 'em

used and save plenty! Were

6.95, now.....

\$2.29

Send chest measurement.

3 for \$6.75

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If not satisfied, Order TODAY! Send \$1.00 deposit on

C.O.D. orders. Add 25¢ for postage on pre-

paid orders.

GALCO SALES CO. Dept. 622

7120 Harvard Ave. • Cleveland 5, Ohio

DRAW ANY PERSON in one minute! NO LESSONS! NO TALENT!

Now Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer;" You can draw Your Family, Friends, Animals, Landscapes, Buildings, Pictures, Bows, Plates, Fruit, Copy Photos, Comics, Designs, Maps, Anything—Like An Artist! Even If You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line, You can draw automatically seen on any sheet of paper thru the "Magic Art Reproducer." Then easily follow the lines of the "Picture" and immediately get an original "professional looking" drawing. Also reduces or enlarges. All reproduced pictures are perfect. Free with order. "Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade" \$1.00. Postage \$1.00. 10 Day Trial! Pay Postman on delivery \$1.00 plus postage. Or send order & \$1.00 and we will pay postage. Money Back Guarantee.

NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. 331, 206 Broadway, N. Y. C. 7



BE A CLAIM INVESTIGATOR



INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS! Many earning \$750 to \$1000 a month. Thousands of insurance companies, airlines, steamship lines and Government Offices need Claim Investigators. Also big opportunities for your own spare time business. We train you at home. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Bill King writes: "Your course has paid off for me with large earnings. You can quote me—your Adjuster Training Course is worth many times the cost." Write TODAY for FREE book.

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS
University Park, Dept. FM-2, Box 8227, Dallas 5, Texas

X-RAY EYES

How To Analyze — And Influence People — AT SIGHT.
Entire course, \$3. (Adults). Satisfaction or refund.

PSYCHIC DOMINANCE

How to RULE OTHERS with your THOUGHTS.
Full course—with stirring exercises. Illustrated. (Adults). Only \$3. No C.O.D. Satisfaction or refund.

CLARION, Box 9309-D, Chicago 90.

HELP yourself to better service from your postal service by including postal zone numbers on all correspondence.

Don't forget to include your own postal zone number in your own return address.

Postal zoning helps your post office give you better service.



friendship between two Allies"—and also as "payment" for arms and ammunition the French had shipped to Russia!

A month or so before Nivelle's Spring Offensive began, revolution broke out in Russia. Czar Nicholas abdicated. Technically, at least, the "deal" by which the Russkies were traded to the French was invalidated by the change in the Russian government. Nonetheless, the members of the Russian Brigade agreed to remain in France and fight.

The French High Command apparently considered the Russians highly expendable. They were used as suicide shock troops during the Aisne battle, flung into the toughest and hottest spots. By mid-May, only 7,000 of the Russians remained alive.

Then, on May 19, the 12th French Corps, to which the Russian Brigade was assigned, ordered the Russians against the most formidable German strongpoint in the Soissons area.

The Brigade's commander, Russian Major-General Nikolai Pankratov, was horrified by the order.

"At least twenty thousand men are needed for such an attack!" he protested. "I have fewer than seven thousand. It would be madness to send them against the objective. . . ."

"Obey your orders!" was the 12th Corps' reply.

Pankratov informed his junior officers and men of the order. They discussed the situation. Acting on the principle that they had no real further obligation to fight, the Russians refused to carry out the attack.

The Corps Commander used the ousted General Nivelle's old secret order for handling troop disorders as the authority for the action that followed. A stiff-necked martinet of the same stamp as Nivelle, he summoned his Corps Artillery Officer.

"The Russians have mutinied!" he barked. "Order all batteries to train on them—and begin shelling their trenches until ordered to cease fire!"

More than 150 guns opened up. Seconds later, the first salvos slammed down into the trenches occupied by the Russians. The barrage continued for nearly two hours—until a young Russian Ensign managed to work his way back to Corps Headquarters bearing a message that the Brigade would obey any orders—if the French would only stop the hellish bombardment.

The cease fire was given—but by then only some 1,000 Russians remained alive and uninjured. They were disarmed and placed under arrest.

Word of the ghastly incident spread like wildfire along the 325-mile-length of the French-held line and through the rear areas.

The 23rd Territorial Regiment, badly mauled during the Aisne campaign, was in a rest camp on the Marne River being re-equipped and reinforced. On April 20, it was ordered to return to the trenches.

The regimental officers told the troops to pack their gear and turn out.

The men refused.

"To hell with it!" dozens of them shouted. "We've had enough . . ."

Some of the 23rd's younger officers lost

their heads. They drew their revolvers and opened fire. A few soldiers—and some officers—were killed in the short, savage fight that ensued. Then the regiment's CO managed to halt the fighting—but the men still refused to march.

"Down with the war!" the *poilus* roared. "Death to those responsible!"

It was mutiny—not by Russians—but by a French line regiment!

It was like a fever—a highly contagious fever. It spread swiftly to the service troops near the 23rd's camp, jumped to another rest camp, took hold in a sapper battalion bivouaced nearby.

By the following day, it had become an epidemic.

"Down with the war!"

Overnight, the cry became the *poilus'* slogan, their rallying cry for an open revolt that would end the war, whatever the price for peace.

The words were chanted by troops in the trenches and by those in rest and reserve areas and in supply depots and base camps. They were chalked and painted on cannon barrels and caissons, smeared on walls and truck-bodies, scrawled on doors in headquarters buildings and officers' billets.

It was no longer a matter of single regiments. Entire divisions and corps were being infected.

East of Rheims, a combat patrol consisting of 50 men and three officers went out into No Man's Land. The men returned—without their officers—in less than an hour.

"They were killed by enemy shells," the *poilus* said, and shrugged.

There had been no shelling. The conclusion was inescapable. The officers had been murdered by their own men.

Five miles to the west, a reserve division refused to go into the line. In the Chemin des Dames sector, five regiments served notice that they would hold their trenches against enemy assaults—but that under no condition would they attack!

General Pétain and the High Command realized that France was on the verge of revolution and collapse. The burgeoning mutiny would have to be localized and sealed off.

All offensive operations—even small-scale patrols—were cancelled. Fast and furious troop shuffles pulled the most mutinous outfits out of the line and replaced them with units that seemed—at least for the time being—reliable.

The moves helped—but not much.

Rebellious soldiers by the thousands were placed under arrest. Military police units, elite "show" outfits, French Foreign Legionnaires, Moroccans—all were pressed into service to disarm and guard mutineers.

Still the revolt spread. To mutiny was added mass desertion. On May 1, French Army rolls carried less than 2,000 men as deserters. By May 24, the number had skyrocketed to an admitted 21,174!

First mutiny, then wholesale desertion—and then, on May 26, came open revolution.

The two regiments forming the 74th Infantry Brigade—their men fully armed and carrying double ammunition loads—started to march on Paris. The *poilus* announced that they intended fighting



Protect your car's finish with a portable garage. Vessair, the plastic vinyl cover folds compactly, enabling you to use it any time against rain, dust, salt air, etc. Fits all makes and models. Has nylon threads for extra security and elasticized bottom. Long wearing and really tough. Terrific. \$8.95 plus 55¢ postage. Cryder, Dept. G-90, Box 79, White-stone 57, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL TYPE BADGES \$2.98 PPD.

Individual Orders Filled \$2.98 ppd.

FREE Leather Badge Holder
with each order

These gleaming non-tarnish badges are finely crafted of massive metal. Will absolutely command respect wherever you go.

Your Special Officer Deputy Sheriff

Choicer: Private Detective Constable Sheriff Deputy Constable

10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Ford's Dept. F-19 P.O. Box 27 Cooper Sta., New York, N. Y.

LOOSE FALSE TEETH RELINE AND TIGHTENED AT HOME \$1.00

NEWLY REINFORCED DENDEX RELINER is a plastic bonding up (relining) loose upper and lower dentures. Readily makes them fit as they should without using powder. Easily applied. No heating required. Brush it on and wear your plates while it sets. It adheres to the plates only and makes a comfortable, smooth and durable surface that can be washed and scrubbed. Each application lasts for months. Not a powder or wax. Contains no rubber or gum. Neutral MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Not sold in stores. Proved pink color. Sold by 15 years of Consumers. Use. Send \$1.00 plus 25¢ handling charge.

DENDEX COMPANY, DEPT. 55-P

2024 WEST SIXTH ST., LOS ANGELES 3, CALIF.

JUST
BRUSH
IT ON

(stamps or calls)

IS IT TRUE
WHAT THEY
SAY ABOUT
HOFFA?

JIMMY HOFFA'S HOT

by John
Bartlow Martin

A top reporter's amazing inside story behind the rise of one of America's most powerful labor bosses, his strange underworld

connections and his headline-making clash with the Senate Rackets Committee.



Crest
World
Library

ONLY
25¢

Buy this
Crest Book
from your
local
news dealer

If your dealer is sold out, send only
25¢ plus 35¢ for postage and handling
to: CREST BOOKS, FAWCETT
PUBLICATIONS, INC., GREENWICH,
CONN. Please order by number and title.
Canadian orders cannot be accepted.

their way into the capital, seizing the government and executing its leaders!

Another regiment set up a roadblock along the MSR between Paris and Rheims and captured a 350-truck supply convoy. Still other units took over villages and the men, barricading themselves, issued notice they would open fire on anyone who came after them.

Altogether, at this juncture, 16 French Army Corps and countless lesser and rear-area units—well over 1,200,000 men—were reported as being in "at least partial mutiny."

Amazingly, the front held. Although the line troops—or at least a large percentage of them—refused to make attacks, there were enough of them who remained loyal to fend off German probes. The worst danger-spots were in the units that had been decimated during the Aisne Offensive and had been pulled back to be re-equipped and rebuilt.

Commandant E. A. Géneau grimly informed the joint command that the situation was deteriorating rapidly.

"Our most critical problems are in the support and reserve areas," he declared. "There are not two entirely sound and reliable regiments between the front at Soissons, and Paris!"

Pétain combed the Paris garrison for reliable units that could be used against the rebels. Among those that were turned up were two Cavalry Brigades, the 25th Territorial Regiment, and some Moroccan and African units.

One Cavalry Brigade threw up a screen against the 74th Infantry Brigade, which was marching on Paris. The other mounted outfit was sent to recover the commandeered truck convoy. The 25th Territorial and the Moroccans were sped by truck and rail to the villages held by mutinous troops in the Departments of the Oise and Seine-et-Marne.

The rebellious soldiers lacked organization, discipline and control. No senior—and very few junior—officers had joined in the revolt. There was no coordination or liaison between the various units. Hence, the disciplined, well-led "loyal" formations enjoyed a great advantage.

The Cavalry, which deployed outside Paris, intercepted the advancing 74th Brigade near Meaux. Colonel Jean-Pierre Robaud sent a messenger to the rebels under a truce-flag.

"Surrender and lay down your weapons," he told them. "We will not harm any of you. We don't want to shoot, but we will if forced to do so."

For a reply, the mutineers took cover and opened fire. A score or more cavalrymen were cut down by the first, unexpected volleys.

In addition to carbines and sabers, the mounted troopers were armed with the wicked, steel-tipped lances that were still standard equipment in the French Cavalry. Colonel Robaud knew the morale-destroying effect that charging cavalry armed with lances had on troops fighting in the open without artillery support.

"Lances down!" he roared. "Charge!"

His men swung their long weapons until the points were only two or three feet above the ground, and pounded forward in a thundering charge.

The infantrymen kept up a steady fire.

Will You Trade 1 Hour a Week
for BIG PAY—YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Be a LOCKSMITH

Be a LOCKSMITH
Cash in on the nationwide
shortage—trained locksmiths
are in demand! Quickly step
into a big-pay, big opportunity
job—start a high-profit SHOP
OF YOUR OWN—add 50%,
100% TO YOUR INCOME
with easy spare-time earnings.

Earn Extra Money RIGHT AWAY!
All Special Tools, Supplies
Furnished FREE

Age, education, minor physical
handicaps don't matter in this
growing trade. You can quickly
qualify as a skilled locksmith.
Study at home as little as one hour
a week. Gain practical experience
through well-illustrated lessons. Do
real jobs on car locks, house locks,
padlocks and safe locks, under the
guidance of experts.

Mail Coupon for Free Book

For a future as your own
boss or in a high-pay job,
write now for FREE illustrated
book! MAIL COUPON NOW! Only school
of its kind licensed State of N. J., accredited Nat'l.
Home Study Council.

Approved for Veterans
Locksmithing Institute
Dept. 2002, 150 Park Ave.,
K. Rutherford, N. J.

LOCKSMITHING INSTITUTE, Dept. 2002,
150 Park Avenue, East Rutherford, N. J.

Please send free and without obligation the
illustrated book, "Your Opportunities in Lock-
smithing." I understand no salesman will call.

Name

Address

City

Zone State

SELL Advertising Book Matches

FULL OR PART TIME!

No experience needed to earn Big
Daily Cash Commission plus pro-
motional fees for both you and your cus-
tomers. Be a distributor representative
of the world's largest exclusive
manufacturer of advertising Book
Matches. Every month expect
for new Tenorama, Glamour Girl,
Hillbillies, safety series and dozens
of others. All sizes—10, 12, 14, 16, 20,
30, 40, 48 stick matches. Quick delivery,
steady repeat business. New FREE
Master Sales Kit mailed today.
Write for details.

SUPERIOR MATCH CO.
Dept. A260, 7330 S. Greenwood, Chicago 19

MASS PRODUCTION MAKES THESE PRICES POSSIBLE!

Only world's largest boat
kit maker can deliver such quality at
such prices! Kits from \$4.25, freight \$9.50
paid. EASY PAYMENT PLAN

TAFT MARINE WOODCHART
Dept. F.M.-260, 636 39th Ave. N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn.

I'll Send You This Handsome SAMPLE CASE—FREE

and Show You How to Make
Up to \$30.00 a Day

Mail coupon for this Free Tailoring
Sample Case packed with 100 beau-
tiful big-valued samples of
tailored men's orders from friends,
fellow-workers, others, for fine
quality made-to-order suits.
Keep big profits in advance.
Because our suits and over-
coats bring more orders, we make only
what you want. No experience is needed. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SEND NO MONEY. Just fill out and mail coupon—today!

W. Z. GIBSON, INC., 200 South Throop Street
DEPT. B-639 CHICAGO 7, ILLINOIS

W. Z. GIBSON, INC., Dept. B-638
200 S. Throop St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Sir, I want a MADE-TO-MEASURE SUIT TO WEAR
AND SHOW, without paying for it. Rush details and sample
kit of actual fabrics. ABSOLUTELY FREE.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

BASS FISHERMEN WILL SAY I'M CRAZY—until they try my method!

JUST ONE TRIAL WILL PROVE THAT I MAKE EVERY FISHERMAN'S DREAM COME TRUE!

I have no fishing tackle to sell, I make a good living out of my profession. But fishing is my hobby. And because of this hobby, I discovered a way to get those giant bass—even in waters most fishermen say are "fished out." I don't spin, troll, cast or use any other method you ever heard of. Yet, without live or prepared bait, I can come home with a string of 5 and 6 pound beauties while a man twenty feet away won't even get a strike. You can learn my method in a few minutes. It is legal in every state. All the equipment you need costs less than a dollar and you can get it in any local store. The chances are no man who fishes your waters has ever used my method—or even heard of it. When you have tried it—just once—you'll realize what terrific bass fishing you've been missing.

Let me tell you about this method—and explain why I'm willing to let you try it for the whole fishing season without risking a single penny of your money. There is no charge for this information—now or any other time. But I guarantee that the facts I send you can get you started toward the greatest bass fishing you have ever known. Send me your name today—letter or postcard. You've got a real fishing thrill ahead of you. Eric O. Fare, Highland 11, Illinois

RUPTURE RELIEF!

GUARANTEED!

TRY THIS TRUSS FOR 30 DAYS FREE! Lasting, comfortable relief for your ruptured. Prove it! Wear a Web for 30 days—return for full refund if not completely satisfied. Write for free booklet.

WEB TRUSS CO., Hagerstown, Md.

Dept. FM-2

NIGHTMARE ANYONE?

HORROR IN A JUGULAR VEIN!!

Classic tales of terror SPOOKEN from the heart (with the **EIGHTH** kind of background music, of course)! This 12" L.P. Record is perfect for seances, funerals, executions & other joyous occasions. \$0. . . . get in the micro-groove—the death of the party! Horrifically priced at \$3.98 ppd.

NIGHTMARE, Dept. C
1897 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

"TALKING PENCIL" RADIO

IT TALKS! IT WRITES! It gives you the sports, news and latest hits. It's a regular size mechanical pencil with a radio inside. Requires no batteries. Simply ground it and it comes to life. The Talking Pencil is the hot-to-buy-for-type. Gift boxed—prompt shipment. Prepaid \$5.95, 2 for \$11.00. Guaranteed.

SCROOGES IMPORTS, Dept. C
360 So. Hawthorne Blvd., Hawthorne, Calif.

POEMS WANTED

Best songs recorded FREE with 7-piece orchestra. Melodies written. SONGMAKERS

Dept. C, 1472 BROADWAY, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

FOR SPORTS, FUN OR FOR SELF-PROTECTION!

World's Finest Blank Pistol .22 Cal. 6 Shot Automatic NOW ONLY \$5.95 Looks, feels and sounds like a fine "real" pistol. But it's safe... can't hold regular cartridges. Ideal for all sports, the outdoors, dog training and home protection. Fits easily into pocket or purse. Outstanding in appearance, action and price. New Low Price. Order by Mail. Send check or money order.

Geffrey Import Corp., Dept. C-2, 201 Broadway, N.Y. 7, N.Y.

Many saddles were emptied, many horses hit and sent crashing to the ground with their riders—but the mutineers were unable to withstand the onslaught. Scores were skewered by the lances and shrieked in horror and agony as the cruelly flanged points tore out their vitals. Others were trampled, or hacked to pieces by drawn and flailing sabers . . .

It was much the same story with the Cavalry Brigade sent to liberate the supply convoy and with the 25th Territorial Regiment and the Moroccan units which were fighting elsewhere.

Bloody skirmishes took place with the mutinous troops, but the loyal formations were better led, bolstered by the knowledge that they were obeying official orders, and far better disciplined. They, too, accomplished their missions.

Now the French government and High Command had a temporary respite, a chance to think and act.

General Pétain—who, in World War II would turn traitor and sell his country out to the Nazis—moved ruthlessly to stamp out the mass mutiny.

His first positive action was to issue an order that would have great significance—and which would help keep the truth about the mutiny and its macabre aftermath hidden for decades.

"Soldiers involved in mutinous acts will not be tried for mutiny," he decreed. "They will be tried within their regiments for cowardice before the enemy, insubordination or desertion."

On its face, this order appears reasonable, perhaps even overly liberal. But its intent was not.

Pétain's next move was to confer with Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force in France.

"The situation is deadly dangerous," he confided to Haig after obtaining the latter's promise to keep the entire matter a secret within his immediate staff. "If the mutiny spreads, we are finished, and the war is lost . . ."

Pétain proposed that the British Expeditionary Force pull the French chestnuts out of the fire. The Germans must be prevented from exploiting the French Army's insurrection at all costs. The only way in which this could be accomplished was for the British to go over to the offensive and attack heavily and steadily until the French Army could be nursed back to health.

Field Marshal Haig had little choice but to agree. The emergency measures would cost the British 200,000 men—but they would keep the enemy off balance.

Though ill-prepared logistically to mount large-scale attacks, the British immediately began hammering at the Germans in Flanders, forcing the enemy to rush reinforcements from other sectors. The effect was an immediate lessening of pressure in the French sectors. General Pétain had his reprieve.

But still the French mutiny flared up. There were military uprisings in Bourdeaux, Limoges, Nantes—places hundreds of miles from the front.

The government clamped iron censorship lids over these incidents. Newspapers were padlocked, persons spreading reports about the revolt were jailed.

Mutinous troops were jammed into stockades.

In the meantime, Pétain's plan for the handling of mutineers was working. It was a coldly cynical subterfuge, but it was necessary and effective.

French military law provided regimental commanders with authority to conduct courts-martial for capital crimes *within* their organizations. In other words, a regimental commander could convene a court-martial, approve a death sentence and have it carried out without reference to higher authority.

In addition to the unnumbered thousands who were being held without charge in detention camps, about 30,000 *poilus* were actually under arrest for mutiny. Now, their commanding officers drew up new and different charge sheets. The men were to be tried—not for mutiny—but for cowardice before the enemy, insubordination or desertion.

These offenses, according to French Army regulations, were capital crimes.

What did the French Army hope to gain by this devious double-shuffle?

First, secrecy; second, maximum "fear-effect" on the troops with a minimum of soldier resentment; third, morale and propaganda victories.

Men found guilty would be shot, but—and this is a very important "but"—the courts-martial, sentencing and executions would all take place *within* the men's own regiments.

The troops in the outfit would have the grim, frightening object lessons of their own comrades' executions before them. On the other hand, there would be no mass mutiny trials at higher levels. Thus, the soldiers in one regiment would not know about the executions in other units and would not realize how widespread the revolt had become. As all units were restricted to their own immediate areas and all mail carefully censored, the amount of dirty linen washed in each regiment would remain its own problem.

"We want each unit's personnel to believe that the punishments they witness are the results of isolated incidents within their organization," a Pétain aide explained. "We intend to form 'islands of guilt' and of fear. We must cut this mass mutiny up into a honeycomb of air-tight, compartmented regimental disgraces . . ."

General Pétain himself pretended there was no crisis. Playing the part of the common soldier's best friend, he embarked on a whirlwind tour along the front.

Pétain personally visited no less than 90 divisions—outfits that were mutinous or "unreliable." His junket—and the act he put on for the troops—were sheer genius. Although the kindly, fatherly role he chose to play ill-fitted him, he managed to sell it to the soldiers.

"I have heard that you have some complaints," was the gist of his opening pitch. "I cannot imagine what they can be—and so I have come here to listen to them. Tell me what they are and I will do anything—everything—possible to help . . ."

The *poilus* fell for it, hook, line and knapsack. They elected spokesmen and representatives to present their gripes.

"Insufficient leave . . . bad food . . .



SURPRISE FRIENDS, RELATIVES, HAVE POPULARITY AND FUN GALORE!

In this introductory offer you get TOP RADIO GUITARIST ED SALE's famous 32-page book "How to Play 100 Songs," which positively teaches you to play a beautiful song the first day and any song by ear or note in seven days! Contains 52 photos, 87 finger placing charts, etc. Shows how to tune, keep time, build chords, bass runs, dance chords, swing, etc., plus 15 popular arrangements. Price \$1.50. **Chord Finder** of all the chords used in popular music; \$1.50. **Guitarist Book of Knowledge**—TOTAL VALUE \$7.00—**ALL THREE** for only \$2.98. **SEND NO MONEY**: Just name and address, pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. (Or send \$3.00 with order and mail postpaid.) Same guarantee (80% no C.O.D.), A.P.O., F.P.O. or outside U.S.A. Canada and Foreign \$3.00 with order.

ED SALE, Studio 161-B, Bradley Beach N.J.

FREE Illustrated LINGERIE CATALOG

What Else But "WOW"! ... describes our new catalog of exciting scanties and panties.

Send 25¢ to cover postage & handling.
Beaufont's 285 Kings Highway Dept. R-9, Bronx, N.Y.

PRAYER

is a Tremendous Mighty Power! Are you facing difficult Problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Love or Family Troubles? Worried? Drink? Unhappiness of any kind? Send your Name and Address, State an "Good Fortune" in Life? How a wonderful NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY OF PRAYER that is helping thousands to glorious NEW happiness and Joy! Just clip this Message now and mail with your name, address and 4c stamp to LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 8902-A, Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by RETURN MAIL absolutely FREE!



One look will tell you why Mimi is America's most popular gadget-tester. Get her personal reports on the latest whimsies every month in

MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED

25¢ at all newsstands

overly long periods in the lines without relief . . . medical boards that returned men to duty too soon."

Over 1,000,000 men in 90 divisions got it all out of their systems one way or another as Pétain made his rounds. By the time he was ready to leave a divisional area, the *poilus* lined up to cheer him and to shout their promises to whip hell out of the Boche!

The tide of rebellion was receding.

The tension and peril eased. Government officials began to breathe again in Paris. On June 15, Pétain pulled his trump card from his sleeve.

"We shall now convene courts-martial to try the men who mutinied," he announced.

There were those among his aides who hadn't been following the General's thinking processes too well.

"But haven't the regimental courts and executions handled that?" they asked.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Pétain chided gently. "What goes on at the regimental level is no concern of the High Command. There have been reports of trials involving men for such offenses as insubordination and desertion—but such matters are in the province of the units concerned. We, now, are dealing with mutiny . . ."

It was the neatest trick of the war. A handful of soldiers were tried for actual mutiny. Only a few of them—12, according to Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, 30 according to Winston Churchill—were executed in the historic military execution ground near Vincennes.

The French themselves released no figures, but it was clear that at most only a few dozen men had been shot.

The effect, of course, was precisely what Pétain had expected. No one could believe that the mutiny—about which whispers had spread—could have been very serious. How could it have been, when only a few men were executed?

It was indeed a master stroke. Even the Germans were fooled. If the revolt had been widespread, they reasoned, hundreds, if not thousands, would have been shot. But 12 men—or 30? Why, it was ridiculous to believe the rumors.

The *poilus'* reaction was equally gratifying to the French leaders. Told of the executions for mutiny, the soldiers marvelled at the leniency of their Commander-in-Chief—the sympathetic General who had punished only a handful and was giving his "children" a chance to redeem themselves.

Pétain followed up by revamping the Army's leave policy. Every soldier was to receive 11 days' leave every four months. He also saw to it that there was an improvement in rations and made improvements in hospital policy.

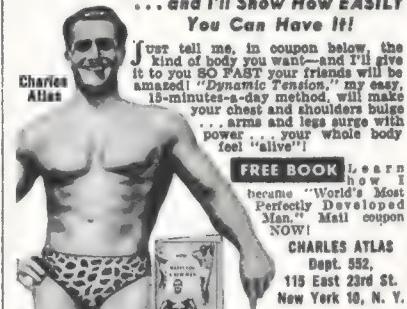
To men who have had nothing but privation and suffering for years, the smallest gifts loom great—and General Pétain became the Army's hero.

The regimental executions? Those were in the past. Let the dead lie and the disgrace fade into the past and keep your own nose clean . . .

The great French Army mutiny was over—and a million and more *poilus* marched back to the trenches singing "*Madelon*" and the praises of General

Check the Kind of Body You Want

... and I'll Show How EASILY You Can Have It!



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 552, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the Kind of Body I want! (Check as many as you like)

- More Weight—Solid—in Powerful Arms, Legs, Grip
 The Right Places Slimmer Waist, Hips
 Broader Chest, Shoulders Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. No obligation.

NAME.....AGE.....
(Please Print or Write Plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

FOR BIG MEN ONLY!



SIZES 10-16 Widths AAA-EEE

RIPPLE SOLE! Sensational new foot-comfort shoe! We specialize in LARGE SIZES ONLY—sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual and work shoes; golf shoes; insulated boots; socks; slippers; rubbers; overshoes; shoe trees. Also—sport shirts in your exact, extra-long sleeve length. Enjoy perfect fit in your new-to-fit size at amazingly low cost. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by mail only. Write for FREE Style Book TODAY!

KING-SIZE, INC. 7420 Brockton, Mass.

REAL ESTATE

PAYS BIG! SEND FOR FREE, BIG, ILLUSTRATED CATALOG NOW! Graduates report making substantial incomes in real estate. Run your own business quickly. Men, women of all ages learn easily. Course covers Sales, Property Management, Appraisal, Loans, Mortgages and related subjects. **STUDY AT HOME** in your spare time. Rooms in leading cities. Diplomas awarded. Write TODAY for free book! No obligation. WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE (Est. 1936) Kansas City, Mo.

MAKE MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Learn at Home to Fix ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Tools Furnished—No Extra Charge. Fix toasters, irons, fans, other electric appliances for friends and neighbors. Make money in spare time or build your own full time business. SAVE cash by repairing your own appliances. Enjoy the security of a skill to fall back on during slack periods, seasonal layoffs, when you retire. NRI will train you at home.

MAIL COUPON NOW. Sample Lesson and Catalog FREE.

National Radio Institute, Dept. J-650, Wash. 16, D.C.

Please send me Electrical Appliance sample lesson and catalog FREE (No Salesman Will Call).

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



.22 Cal NEW 7 SHOT REPEATER AUTOMATIC. The skilled hands of the German gunsmith is responsible for this .22 Caliber 7 shot repeating automatic with self-ejecting empty shells. Just 4 inches long, fits easily into pocket or purse. Ideal for sporting events. Stage use (Not available to Calif. residents). Not a lethal weapon. Money back guarantee. Comes for \$6.95 from Best Values Co., Dept. F-68, 402 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

Isn't it worthwhile to take a few minutes time to save a human life? Give blood—keep on giving blood. How? Call your Red Cross, Armed Forces or Community Blood Donor Center today!



FOR SONGS

All types for recordings, etc. Booming music business needs new song writers. Send poems now for FREE examination.

ASCOT MUSIC, INC., Studio M-3
6021 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.



HYPNOTIZE

"With ONE WORD, ONE FINGERSNAP," on stage... \$2



SELF-HYPNOSIS

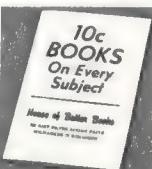
The Limb-By-Limb Self-Trance Induction Technique... \$2.
Satisfaction or refund.

HYPNOMASTER, Box 930-D, Chicago 90

WORLD'S FINEST

LITERATURE . . . Western Classics, Science, Fiction, Philosophy, Self-Improvement, Religion, Sex-Education. Almost 2000 Titles! Sixty page catalog 25¢.

BETTER BOOKS, Dept. C26
722 East Silver Spring
Milwaukee 17, Wisconsin



HI-FI SYSTEMS

the authoritative magazine
in the field of high fidelity



- Best Buys
- Stereo
- Do-It-Yourself
- Music Appreciation
- Record Reviews

Featuring—Martin Block • Joseph Marshall • Leonard Feather • Don Hoefler • Norman Crowhurst • David Randolph • other famous authorities

50 cents

Now at your favorite newsstand

This, however, did not keep him from marrying again. His new love was Emmy Sonnemann, a beefy actress of the Brünnhilde type with whom he had been having an affair. Their wedding was one of the circus spectacles of the Third Reich.

Tens of thousands of tickets were sold at \$8.50 apiece for admission to the cathedral where the wedding took place, and for places on the street outside—and the profit went into Hermann's pocket.

The Germans loved it. To them Goering was *unser Hermann*, "our Hermann," a hearty, amiable, lusty character. Tough? Sure. Ruthless? Of course. That's the way a leader should be. But he was the only ranking Nazi the people could feel any warmth for. Hermann—*der Dicke*, "Fatty"—was fun. You could even get away with telling jokes about him and making fun of his countless medals and his childish vanity. He loved it. "The jokes only show how popular I am," he said, and one story was that he paid his chauffeur one mark for every new Goering joke.

But this was all sideshow. While it was going on Goering was hard at the job of preparing Germany for conquest.

He was promoted to the rank of Colonel-General and made Commissar of the Four-Year Plan, a program for converting German industry to war production. His appointment made him the economic dictator of the Third Reich. Though his technical equipment for the task was scant, he had unrelenting energy, a bold imagination and a contempt for red-tape which got things done. Wheels began turning at high speed, unemployment vanished in Germany, arms began piling up.

Goering was also Minister for Aviation, and here was where his heart was. The Versailles Peace Treaty allowed Germany no military aviation, and only a limited commercial facilities. Goering launched a secret program designed to create an air force under cover and behind the scenes. Mail and transport planes were built in such a way that they could readily be converted into bombers. Obscure and out-of-the-way factories began turning out forbidden plane engines. Veteran designers like Heinkel and Dornier, and brilliant young newcomers like Willi Messerschmitt, were bent over drawing boards behind closed blinds, providing a reservoir of technical skill and aerial innovation.

Goering sought out old comrades from the Squadron—bold, experienced men like Bruno Loerzer, who broke him into flying in World War I, and his former adjutant, Karl Bodenschatz—and gave them key posts in his Air Ministry. Ernst Udet, the greatest pilot then living, was an anti-Nazi, but Goering shrewdly played on his patriotism and his passion for flying, and soon Udet was in uniform with a high rank in the Air Ministry. It was Udet who developed the dive-bombing techniques which were to make the German Air Force so formidable.

The Versailles Treaty became a scrap of paper, and in 1936 Hermann Goering was able to startle, and dismay, Europe by displaying powerful formations of military planes in flight over Nuremberg at the annual rally of the Nazi Party. He



BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER

Send for Free Book Telling How Easily You Can Learn Piano, Guitar, Accordion, ANY Instrument This EASY A-B-C Way

NOW IT'S EASY to learn music at home. No tiresome exercises. No teacher. No right or wrong playing in places. Thousands now play who never thought they could. Our pictured lessons make it easy as A-B-C to learn to play popular music, hymns, classical and any other music. An easy-pay plan, only a few cents a lesson. Over 1,000,000 students! (Our 82nd successful year.)

Stop Cheating Yourself on These Joys!

Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. Career Extra Money. Understand, appreciate, and converse about music. Learn lives and compositions of modern and great masters. Relax! Banish worries and frustrations. Satiate self-expression, creative urge. Gain self-confidence.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK. Find out why our methods can teach you quickly, easily, inexpensively. Write for 36-page illustrated Free Book. No obligation. Mention your favorite instrument. Just mail:



**U. S. SCHOOL
OF MUSIC**

Studio 1762, Port Washington, N. Y.



New You Can
Learn Music In
Your Own Home
FREE BOOK

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Studio 1762, Port Washington, N. Y.

Please send me your 36-page illustrated Free Book. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument.....

Have you
Instrument?

Name.....

(Please Print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Model Changeover Sale

8" TILT ARBOR POWER SAW

1959 MODEL

BLADE TIOTS

TABLE ALWAYS

REMAINS LEVEL

Comp.
As
Shown
Less
Blade

NOW
\$9.95
Was \$24.95



Heavy duty all cast iron and steel construction. Ground cast iron table. Price includes massive cast iron mitre gauge and patented motor drive that fits any motor. Does everyting same as saws costing 4 times as much—cross cuts, rips, bevels, mitres, dadoes, cuts compound angles. Adjustable depth of cut: 0" to 2 1/4".

SPECIAL BARGAIN during model changeover. This is an 1959 model. Brand new—sent to you in factory-sealed carton. Sold and guaranteed direct from factory. Family bargain during changeover of assembly lines to 1960 models.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—Try this famous saw 10 days. If not completely delighted—FOR ANY REASON—return for immediate refund.

SEND EXPRESS COLLECT—Send check or M.O. to AMERICAN MACHINE & TOOL COMPANY, Ringersford 24, Pa. We reserve right to refund money if stock is exhausted. Avoid disappointment. Order right now!

AMERICAN MACHINE & TOOL COMPANY

Ringersford 24, Pa.

100% ALL WOOL U. S. Navy TOQUE DICKEY

NOW \$1 Post
Only
Paid

A Real \$3.50 Value!

GUARANTEED NEW NEVER USED. A real comfort in Cold & Damp weather. Fits everyone. Men, Women & Children. Keeps Ears, Neck & Chest warm. Soft, Durable, Flexible, Comfortable. Converts any jacket to a parka.

SEND \$1 TODAY (Sorry no C.O.D.)
SPECIAL \$6 for \$6 Postpaid

Address Dept. CA

A. L. ROBBINS

36 Bowery, New York 13, N. Y.

WORLD'S SHORTEST NIGHTIE



This is delightfully ridiculous—a nightie that prevents "cold shoulders" and little else! Made of pink sheer nylon with fluffy lace trim and a small bow at the neckline. Give it to your lady love and spend happy hours discussing how foolish we can be. Or are we? THE PERFECT GIFT FOR YOU KNOW WHO!

POST PAID \$1.50

GREENLAND STUDIOS Dept. CA-2
5558 Forbes Avenue Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

New Isotronic Training Method

LEARN TV REPAIR IN ONE SHORT WEEK!

Now, after 5 year's research—streamlined training system that obviates all others. In just 7 days you can learn 150 valuable skills paying up to \$250 for training, studying long months! Developed by electronic scientists in cooperation with major TV mfg's, the new Isotronic method is the most practical ever devised! For conclusive proof, write for details and FREE SAMPLE LESSON. Use it on your own set or a friend's—repair it, convert yourself to a cashable big money immediately in your own TV business! Hurry! Free Lesson supply limited. Write:

TV Servicing Systems, Dept. D-102
1038 So. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles 19, Calif.

TINY RADIO PLAYS FOR 10 YEARS!



NO TUBES—TRANSISTORS—
BATTERIES OR "PLUG-INS" NEEDED!
Smaller than a pack of cigarettes.
1960 model never runs down or
burns out. Guaranteed to receive
anywhere without EXTRA ANTENNA WIRES. Easy tuning station
switch—Permanently protected in
black plastic case. BUILT IN
SPEAKERPHONE—NO SEPARATE
SPEAKERPHONE—NO CABLES
needed. Completely assembled and
serviced guaranteed for
10 years.

SEND ONLY \$2.00 postpaid, ch. not and
COD on arrival or send \$6.95 for postpaid delivery.

Send complete address to listen with 10 year guarantee.
No extra to buy. Free 1000 mile antenna enclosed
if you order at once.

MIDWAY COMPANY, DEPT. TPC-2 KEARNEY, NEBR.

GOVERNMENT \$1.00 to \$2.00 OIL LEASES Per Acre

Act of Congress gives citizens equal rights with Oil Co.'s to obtain Govt. leases. You do no drilling, yet may share in fortunes made from oil on public lands. (Payments if desired) Licensed & Bonded Oil Brokers. Free Information & Maps of booming areas. Write:

NORTH AMERICAN OIL SURVEYS, Dept. F
414 Felt Bldg. Salt Lake City II, Utah

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Send for FREE manuscript report and copy of How To Publish Your Book.

COMET PRESS BOOKS
WRITE DEPT. TP 2
200 Varick Street, New York 14

MAGIC IS FUN! MAKE MAGIC YOUR HOBBY!

CHANGE NICKELS INTO DIMES!

Please MAGIC CAP over 4 nickels, 11¢ cap
Presto! Nickels vanish and 4 dimes appear! May be examined. No skill required. Precision-made device. ONLY \$1.00 POSTAGE. Please remit with order. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FREE CATALOG WITH YOUR ORDER!
**LARGE CATALOG OF MAGIC BOOKS AND
Professional Magic Tricks. WRITE TODAY!**

D. ROBBINS & CO., Dept. D-2
New York 11, N. Y.



had given Germany back her wings, just as he had predicted at the farewell meeting of the Richthofen Squadron eighteen years before when Germany went down to defeat in World War I. He christened his new-born force the *Luftwaffe*, which literally means "Air Weapon," and he was ready for World War II.

Though Germany had simultaneously revived her Army and Navy, it was Goering's *Luftwaffe* which was the chief instrument of terror in the conquest of Europe. The mere threat of it tended to cause panic and paralyze opposition. Austria was annexed to the Third Reich by sheer bullying and intimidation, without war, and Czechoslovakia was next. At one stage of the negotiations which sealed the doom of the Czechoslovak Republic, Goering made one of his typical threats: brutal, cynical—and decisive.

When President Emil Hacha of Czechoslovakia gave signs of resisting Hitler's demands, Goering stepped forward and said to him: "I have nothing against your beautiful capital of Prague, Herr President. But if you attempt anything against the Führer's wishes, especially if you should call on the West for help, I'm afraid I'd be forced to show you and the world just how effective my *Luftwaffe* can be."

Hacha fainted, his resistance at an end, and Hitler's hammerlock clamped down on another country.

With the outbreak of World War II on Sept. 1, 1939, when Germany invaded Poland, the time for threats was past and the time for action arrived. Goering at last was able to show the world just how effective his *Luftwaffe* could be. He darkened the sky with his flying arsenals—horizontal bombers like the Heinkel 111, the Dornier 17, the Junkers 88; and fighters like the Messerschmitt 109 and 110. But the greatest sensation, and the greatest terror, was caused by the Junkers 87, Udet's frightful divebombers. They were called *Stukas*, and they came howling and screaming out of the clouds, plunging vertically on their targets and causing almost as much havoc from panic and fright as with their bombs.

The assault on Poland caught the West—Great Britain and France—morally and physically unready. They had nothing to set against the superb German infantry, the slashing German armor, the overpowering German Air Force. Polish towns and villages were smashed, Warsaw was brutally bombarded from the air, the Polish army decimated. In 27 days Poland was utterly broken and Adolf Hitler on his way to greater and more astounding victories.

With Goering's *Luftwaffe* blasting the way, with his planes and pilots showing the world a new kind of warfare, the Nazis achieved victories unmatched in military history—Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Yugoslavia, Greece. No considerations of humanity or pity stayed Goering's hand as he ordered his squadron to bomb and strafe without mercy or restraint. His all-out bombing of the neutral, open city of Rotterdam shocked and horrified the civilized world, but it was only part of his deliberate "strategy of terror." No wonder the Germans also called him "*der Eiserne*—the Iron One."

The climax came in May of 1940 when the British Expeditionary Force, outmaneuvered and slashed to pieces, was driven off the Continent and into the sea at Dunkirk. And France—mighty France with the biggest land army in all the West—abjectly surrendered after only a few futile weeks of resistance.

Hitler did his historic jig of triumph in the forest of Compiegne when the news of France's surrender reached him.

As a reward for what Hitler called his "mighty contribution to victory" a wholly new title was conceived for Goering, something to set him high above every other commander in all the Armed Forces, something equivalent to a six-star General. He was given the rank, glorious and unique, of "Reich Marshal of the Greater German Reich," complete with a heavy gold and diamond-studded baton as symbol of his eminence.

In addition, he was decorated with a medal which was awarded only once in the entire Second World War: the Grand Cross to the Knight's Cross, with Oak Leaves, Swords and Diamonds. Hermann Goering was in his glory. . . .

Of course, there was still England to be disposed of.

The British had withdrawn behind the Channel to lick their grievous wounds, but they had not surrendered. That, however, seemed certain to be only a matter of time—time, and a good solid dose of *Luftwaffe* medicine to bring them to their senses. Goering had no qualms at all about retaliation from the British Isles. Confident of the overwhelming superiority of his Air Force, he boasted in a broadcast to the German people that he was fully prepared to ward off any counter-blows. "If a single enemy bomber so much as reaches the Ruhr," he said, "my name isn't Goering. You can call me Meyer."

Goering's mission was to destroy the enemy Air Force and thus prepare the way for a seaborne invasion—coded as "Operation Sea Lion"—across the English Channel. Goering thought he could annihilate the fighter defense of southern England in four days and the rest of the RAF in four weeks. He had three powerful Air Fleets at his disposal, a total of some 3,500 combat planes, and the morale of his pilots was at its peak. There was a strong feeling that "Sea Lion" would never be needed at all.

But the mighty *Luftwaffe*, terror of the skies over Warsaw and Rotterdam, sovereign master of the air above France and scourge of the Balkans, met its match in the RAF. In the Battle of Britain, the turning point of the war, the fatal flaws in Goering's Air Force were glaringly exposed.

Its two-engine bombers were revealed as being too light for their mission, with primitive sights and insufficient bomb loads—less than 2,000 pounds in a war which was to see four-engine planes carrying nearly ten tons. The range of the German fighters was found to be drastically limited; they were like dogs on a leash. The dreaded Stuka turned out to be slow and cumbersome under determined attack, easy meat for the swift-darting Spitfire and Hurricane.

The men of the RAF fought back with



**ARE YOU
OR
BALD?
LOSING HAIR**

Today you have new hope for hair regrowth... it's been proved that even though you are bald, hair roots may still be alive to produce new hairs. Thousands have accomplished this AT HOME with the amazing Brandenfels System. (Now in 13th year). See "before" and "after" pictures at left. Go ahead... write now for full FREE information.

Carl Brandenfels
Box 7X5 St. Helens, Oregon, U.S.A.



\$ SONGS

into DOLLARS!

NEW songwriters, poets share \$33 millions yearly. Songs Composed, PUBLISHED, Promoted, Appraisal, info FREE from...

NORDYKE Music Publishers
6000 Sunset, HOLLYWOOD 28W, Calif.

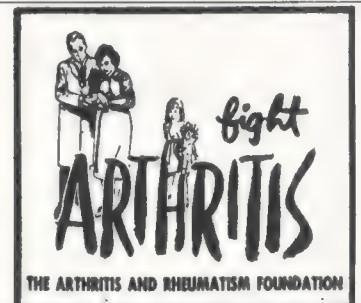
GETTING UP NIGHTS

If worried by "Bladder Weakness" (Getting Up Nights or Bed Wetting, too frequent, burning or itching urination), Secondary Backache and Nervousness, or Strong Smelling, Cloudy Urine, due to common Kidney and Bladder Irritations, try CYSTEX for quick help. Safe for young and old. Ask druggist for CYSTEX. See how fast you improve.

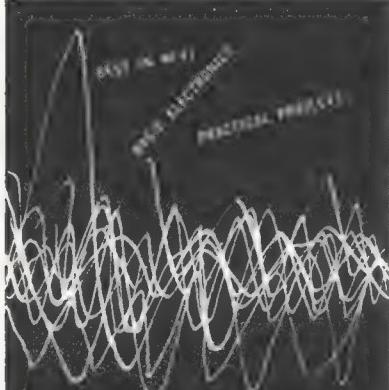
Be a Detective

Our home study course is easy to master and very reasonable. It prepares you for an interesting and profitable career as an investigator. For Free information write today.

Crime Research Publishers, Dept. B
2806 W. 7th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif.



THE ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATISM FOUNDATION



ELECTRONICS ILLUSTRATED

The Best of Yourself Magazine
For Hi-Fi Electronics
25¢ At All Newsstands

a fury and skill which the German pilots had never encountered before, and *Luftwaffe* losses mounted day by day, week by week, month after month. The British had radar and the Germans didn't, so that the Spitfires and Hurricanes almost invariably got the jump on their foes who often floundered around the skies like men playing blind man's buff.

Through sheer mass and dogged persistence, the Germans inflicted frightful damage on cities like Coventry, Liverpool, Portsmouth and others. On the worst night of the London Blitz, 1,436 people were killed and 2,200 fires started. But London became "the city that would not die" and England did not break.

The Battle of Britain was also a turning point for Reich Marshal Hermann Goering. His blustering self-confidence was being cruelly battered. He was obviously failing to make "Sea Lion" possible, and the invasion had to be quietly cancelled.

His usual bluff and hearty manner gave way to a ranting irritation with his Staff, and he took to bellowing accusations at his generals and squadron leaders even in the presence of junior officers. His nerves frayed, and he began taking increasing doses of pills.

His state of mind was not improved when, with England still resisting, Hitler committed what has been called "the biggest military blunder of all time" by attacking the Soviet Union. This imposed another tremendous strain on the *Luftwaffe*, as the inhuman Russian weather caught its planes and pilots unprepared, and Goering's stature declined further.

More and more, perhaps to disguise his failures even to himself, he indulged his inclination for unlimited luxury and extravagance. Karin Hall had been expanded to princely proportions, and he wandered through it like some figure left over from the mythological past. Sometimes he dressed in togas and sandals and carried a scepter, like a reincarnation of Nero. In the depths of Germany's wartime austerity, he gave flamboyant parties which featured the mating of bisons as entertainment, to the acute embarrassment of some of the lady guests.

He had agents continually on the prowl for masterpieces of every kind—tapestries, statuary, goldsmith's work, carvings—but especially paintings. The greatest museums and private collections of Europe were systematically ransacked to swell Goering's collection, which acquired a value almost beyond reckoning. It came to include 1,375 choice works by masters like Titian, Rubens, Holbein, Vermeer, Hals, Renoir, Cezanne and dozens more.

To his innumerable other offices, honors and titles, Hermann Goering added the distinctions of being the biggest thief of modern times and one of the greatest plunderers in all history.

But as his wealth and luxury increased, his power and prestige diminished. With America's entry into the war, swelling streams of Flying Forts and Mark X Lancasters throbbed through German skies by day and by night, and Hitler turned on his *Luftwaffe* chief with increasing fury and contempt. "Well, Herr Meyer?" he snarled, as Cologne and Hamburg and

I'll Send You This Handsome SAMPLE CASE FREE



Make Up to
\$30.00
IN A DAY!

You can make plenty of EXTRA CASH for yourself, in spare time or full time, with this big, valuable, FREE tailoring Sample Case packed with 100 beautiful, big-value suit and overcoat samples. Just show the samples and last-minute styles to friends, fellow-workers, others. Take their orders for fine made-to-measure clothes—and pocket BIG CASH PROFITS in advance. No experience, no tailoring knowledge needed—and no money needed, ever. We supply everything FREE—sample case, sample suitings, equipment, instructions. Start making money first day!

Your Personal Suit without 1¢ Cost!

When men see the fine fit, quality and value of our suits—
when ORDER 20 or 30 suits make up for you, get your
own personal suit and overcoat without paying even
one penny. Don't wait! Rush the coupon below with your
name, address, and age for your FREE SAMPLE CASE—Today!

PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
500 S. THROOP STREET, DEPT. B-329 • CHICAGO 7, ILL.

PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. B-329
500 S. Throop Street, Chicago 7, Illinois

Please rush ABSOLUTELY FREE the valuable Sample Case with suit fabrics and style display. Include instructions, money-making plans and details for getting my own suit without paying one cent.

Name Age

Address

City State

Would YOU Like to Make **\$1,000 A MONTH?**

That's What Stanley Hyman
made selling the amazing new
PRESTO Fire Extinguisher!

Tiny "Presto" does job of
bulky extinguishers that cost 4 times as much, are 8
times as heavy. Ends fires
fast as 2 seconds. Fits in
palm of hand. Never cor-
rodes. *Guaranteed for 20
years!* Sells for \$4.95! Over Three
Million Sold! Show it to civil defense
workers, owners of homes, cars, boats,
farms, etc., and to stores for resale—make
good income. H. J. Kerr reported \$20 a day. C. Karna,
\$1,000 a month. Write for free Sales Kit. No obligation.
MERLITE INDUSTRIES, Dept. P-42H
116 EAST 32nd STREET • NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
In Canada: Nopa Co., Ltd., 271 Dowd St., Montreal 1, P.Q.

Borrow BY MAIL
\$32 49 Per Month \$600 Repays

Enjoy the things you want now
with a confidential LOAN
BY MAIL—get any amount
\$100.00 to \$600.00. Pay back in small
monthly installments. Send us your
check. Take as long as 94 months.
No co-makers. No Charge Life Insur-
ance pays your loan if you die. Every-
thing private. No matter where you live,
rush this coupon. Loan Order Blank mailed
free in plain envelope. No obligation. Act!
DIAL FINANCE CO., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg.
Dept. B-49 • OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

DIAL FINANCE CO., Dept. B-49
410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Omaha 2, Neb.
Please rush FREE Loan Order Blank.

**NO AGENT
WILL CALL**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Amount you want to borrow \$

PLAY GUITAR IN FIRST LESSON!



Fabulous New GIANT 12" L.P. RECORD teaches you to play your favorite songs!

Amass your friends & family! No knowledge of music needed! Simple, easy-to-follow method for young & old!

Course includes Record, fully illustrated Instruction Booklet in 10 Day Lessons, plus Book of favorite songs!

Just follow each lesson in book while teacher on record explains & plays it for you. Nothing left to the imagination—you HEAR the right way to play! No tedious exercises—you learn by playing actual songs.

Save time & money by learning in the convenience of your own home. Course, if taught by teacher, would cost at least \$60. With our method, you have your own teacher on call 24 hours a day!

FREE!!

129.98 Value L.P. ALBUM
Orchestra features 8 guitars in super-high fidelity

Complete course with Free Album . . . only
\$5.95 postpaid

\$5.95 postpaid

GUITAR (as pictured) — \$17.95 (plus post, on arrival)

CANVAS CARRYING CASE — \$3.50 additional

Send cash, check, M.O. Money Back Guarantee.
(No COD's)

RADIANT RECORDS — Dept. C, 1607 Broadway, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

Pi PEER
\$5.95
Postpaid

BACK-EASER®
Instant Backache Relief
Order now

For men and women. Relieves back pain, slims waist, improves posture, helps relax tense nerves. Strong, form-fitting, washable. Snap front. Encircling pull straps for easy adjustment and instant relief. Large foam rubber pad holds massage balls—stimulates circulation. Prescribed by doctors. No fitting—10-day trial offer. Money-back guarantee. Send hip measurement. Postpaid except COD's. Piper Brass Co., Dept. FM-20B 811 Wyandotte Kansas City 5, Mo.



POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
SEND YOUR POEMS TODAY
FOR FREE EXAMINATION
J. CHAS. MCNEIL A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
1112 FD Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.

Find HIDDEN TREASURES
GOLD, SILVER, PRECIOUS METALS with the Famous Model 27 Metal Detector. Lightweight, ultra-sensitive, low res., None finer. Also OIGER COUNTERS for uranium and the VIOLET for tungsten. INFORMATION FREE
Detection Dept. JJ-2 SYLMAR, CALIFORNIA

The only thing he'll pay for is —

TRUE WESTERN ADVENTURES

- ★ True action stories of the old West
- ★ Hundreds of authentic photographs
- ★ New, hitherto unpublished material

Price 35¢ a copy. Subscription price \$4.00 for 12 issues in U. S., Possessions and Canada. \$6.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. A Fawcett Publication.

Berlin were laid waste by thousands of heavy bombers in raids which made London and Coventry look like the work of rank amateurs in comparison.

Now when Goering appeared at *Luftwaffe* inspections and staff meetings he looked bloated, sick and distraught. His associates were appalled to see that he was using rouge. Ugly stories spread that he was impotent, and that his baby girl, Edda, was not even his own child. The talk about him which had once been amiable and admiring became scathing and bitter.

But he was still the No. 2 man in the Third Reich, and in spasmodic bursts of his old energy he made his presence felt. He had a personal army of 20 *Luftwaffe* Field Divisions in blue-gray uniform, and one of the crack Panzer divisions of the German Army was named after him. Germany's whole war economy was based on millions of slave laborers from the conquered countries, and all of Goering's old ruthlessness asserted itself as he demanded more and more output. Addressing a meeting of Nazi occupation officials, he said: "Don't bother me with any nonsense about the welfare of the people in your charge. It makes no difference to me if you say they will starve. Your job is to get the utmost out of them for the benefit of Germany."

In the early months of 1945, the handwriting was unmistakably on the wall for Nazi Germany.

The world of Hermann Goering was also crumbling about his ears in wild welter of confusion, farce and tragedy.

In April he fled Karin Hall with his wife and child, hauling truckloads of his most costly paintings and art treasures with him. He installed himself in his mountain mansion in the Bavarian Alps, and made an eleventh-hour stab at thrusting himself forward and recovering some of his old eminence and prestige. The time had come, he thought, to put into effect the Law of Succession which Hitler had decreed years before—"If I should be restricted in my freedom of action or otherwise incapacitated, Reich Marshal Goering is to be my successor."

These conditions seemed to be fulfilled with Hitler hopelessly confined in his concrete bunker and the Russians closing in, so Goering wired his *Führer* that he was taking over as chief of what was left of the Third Reich. But Hitler reacted with a madman's unreasoning rage. "Your action represents high treason," he wired back. "The penalty for treason is death, but in view of your past services the *Führer* will not inflict the supreme penalty if you resign all your offices. Answer yes or no."

Goering, still in awe of the man who had made him great, promptly rescinded his previous telegram. But Hitler ordered him arrested anyway, and soon an *SS Kommando* appeared at the Goering mansion and placed him and his family under arrest, with the threat of momentary execution hanging over them.

But days later, as Goering sat disgraced and broken, a formation of his *Luftwaffe* ground troops chanced to appear in the neighborhood. Thinking

quickly, Goering got word to them and soon the Air Force men, who outnumbered the SS guard, liberated their Chief. "It was one of the most beautiful moments of my life," Goering said later, "to stand in front of my troops again and see them present arms to their Commander-in-Chief."

It was his final, pathetic moment of military glory.

Germany by now was utterly beaten, and Adolf Hitler blew his brains out. The Third Reich dissolved into chaos, and there was no way for Goering to turn and nothing left for him to do but give himself up to his conquerors. He set out to find Gen. Eisenhower for a "man-to-man conference," unaware that the Nazi leadership was held in such loathing and contempt that any meeting with the Allied Supreme Commander was completely impossible for the likes of Hermann Goering.

Instead, he was unceremoniously captured on the road by a detachment from the 36th Division of the U.S. Seventh Army and hauled off to a prison camp for high Nazi officers and officials—a camp called "Ash Can."

They took away all his medals and his gold baton, the symbol of his rank and power. They took away his cases of jewelry, including three enormous rings—a ruby, an emerald and a blue diamond—which, he explained, he always carried with him so as to be able to select the color that best suited his mood each morning.

They also confiscated thousands of paracodeine pills, the entire German supply of the drug which meant the entire world supply because it was only available in Germany. He had become an addict again. He ate the pills, a mild narcotic, by the dozen, popping them into his mouth like peanuts.

"When we took charge of Goering," one of the prison camp officers said afterwards, "he was a simpering slob with two suitcases full of pills. I thought he was some kind of drug salesman. But we took him off his dope and made a man of him."

And, in fact, when Hermann Goering was brought to trial for war crimes at the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg he was no longer the gross, flabby caricature who had been dumped into Ash Can months before.

As with his confinement at Langbro, the harsh discipline of the prison camp, the plain diet and withdrawal from drugs, transformed him into a semblance of his former self. His weight was down from 280 pounds to 200, his features had hardened and resumed the tigerish look of his greatest days. The old vigor and bravado were back, and he became the acknowledged leader of the surviving Nazi overlords who were being arraigned at the bar of Allied justice.

Psychiatrists who examined him in cell No. 5 at the Nuremberg prison commented on the power of his personality and noted that he showed "excellent intelligence, bordering on the highest level." He faced his fate without cringing. "Death is the fate of the defeated," he said. "It cannot be avoided."

He was even able to joke with prison

officials about his situation. "You know," he said, "I wouldn't be in this mess if it weren't for a girl I picked up in Munich long ago. I was on my way to join the Freemasons, but I ran across this blonde and spent the night with her instead. Hitler hated Freemasons. If I'd joined them, I would have been rejected by the Nazi Party and I wouldn't be here today."

When the trial began piling up masses of horrifying evidence of the Third Reich's naked aggressions and mass exterminations, one accused Nazi after the other attempted to weasel out of all responsibility for the various crimes and atrocities. Most of them pleaded ignorance of what was going on, blaming everything on Hitler who was safely dead and gone.

Not Goering.

He scoured to crawl and scrape before his accusers, and his loyalty to Hitler remained unshaken to the end. "Not even his death releases me from my oath of allegiance to him," he said. "It would be contemptible of me to betray him now." He repeatedly admitted playing a major role in preparing Germany for conquest, and expressed no regret or remorse for launching a war that spread misery and devastation across a continent. "My only motive," he said, "was love for Germany. I stand up for what I have done."

Tirelessly he rallied his fellow prisoners, bucking them up and exhorting them to keep a stiff backbone in court and a manly front before the world. In the prison mess hall he dominated and domineered the others—field marshals, generals, the once-mighty masters of the Third Reich—like a top sergeant with a platoon of recruits. "There's no need to crawl before them!"

He banged his fist on the table and addressed the whole room. "Damn it," he roared, "we should all have the courage to confine our defense to three simple words: *Lick my arse!*"

They had to separate Goering from the others at meal time.

In the whole catalogue of horrors charged against him, only one accusation seemed really to shake him. This was when he was cross-examined on the massacre of 50 British airmen who had made a mass break out of the prisoner-of-war camp known as Stalag Luft III. "He was stunned that he, an airman, should be connected with such an outrage against men of his own profession," his wife said afterwards. And once, when he said farewell to his little daughter, he broke and sobbed convulsively.

But he stood erect and unflinching when the sentence was passed upon him. He was found guilty of crimes against peace, war crimes, and crimes against humanity. "His guilt is unique in its enormity," the indictment read. "The record discloses no excuses for this man."

Perhaps that word "unique," even in that moment, gave him deep satisfaction. His enemies were putting him in a class by himself, above all the others—No. 1, at last, as he had wanted to be all his life.

The sentence pronounced by Lord Justice Lawrence, the President of the

Court, was simultaneously translated into three languages, German, Russian and French, in the hushed Palace of Justice:

"Defendant Hermann Wilhelm Goering, on the counts of the indictment on which you have been convicted, the International Military Tribunal sentences you to death by hanging."

Everybody present had known in advance what the sentence would be. Only one man, Goering himself, knew it would never be carried out.

Nuremberg was a maximum security prison. The cells were bare except for a steel cot fastened to a wall, a plain chair and table, and a wash bowl and toilet. Twenty-four hours a day guards could look into the cells through peepholes. The only time a prisoner could be out of sight was when he was on the toilet. A light was kept burning day and night. It was a strict rule that the prisoners' hands must remain visible all the time he was in bed; otherwise they were promptly wakened and corrected, even in the middle of the night.

On his last day, Oct. 15, 1946, Goering was seen to write several letters—one a manifesto to the German people, the second a statement to the prison authorities, and the third a letter to his wife.

The executions were scheduled to begin at 1 a.m. At 10:30 the guard at cell No. 5 saw through the peep-hole that Goering was in bed, apparently asleep, with both hands under the covers. The guard took no action. Fifteen minutes later the guard peeped in again and saw Goering's right hand dangling lifelessly outside the covers.

Rushing into the cell, the guard found Hermann Goering dead, a sardonic smile on his face.

In his mouth were found fragments of glass. He had bitten into and swallowed a capsule of potassium cyanide, which kills in seconds.

It was known that all top Nazi leaders habitually carried such capsules and, in fact, one of them was taken from Goering at the time of his capture. The mystery was: how did he manage to keep, or obtain, such a capsule in the Nuremberg jail where he was repeatedly searched and constantly under observation?

The mystery has never been completely solved.

Afterwards a number of dubious characters came forward to claim that they had smuggled the poison in to Goering by various implausible means. An Allied commission was called to investigate the matter, and the most likely conclusion was that Goering had had the capsule with him all the time.

The supposition is that at first, during the preliminary searches of his clothes and person, he concealed it in his rectum. In the cell at Nuremberg he probably kept it hidden under the rim of the wash bowl.

At any rate, Hermann Wilhelm Goering had contrived to bow out with one last Goering-like gesture of mockery and defiance. It was a fitting end for one of the strangest figures of our time. •

**.22 Cal.
Blank
Cartridge**

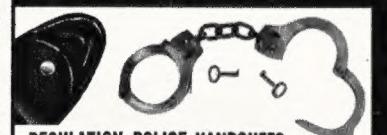
**GERMAN AUTOMATIC
No Permit Required**

Latest 6-shot model. Fully automatic, all steel with beautiful blued finish, positive safety catch, adjustable trigger pull. Length 4.5". Weight 2 lbs. 10 oz. Precision machined by finest West German gunsmiths. Ideal for stage, sports, protection. 4" long. \$6.95. Deluxe Leather Holster: \$2.25.

**OFFICIAL SPREAD
EAGLE SHIELDS
Silver or Gold**

Finest quality with reinforced backs and pins for heavy duty. A quick look on one of these gleaming, official-looking badges instantly shows who has the power! Your choice: Special Officer, Deputy Sheriff, Constable, Watchman, Sheriff, Police, Special Police, Private Detective, Civilian Defense, Special Investigator. Standard Size: \$1.95. Miniature: \$1.25.

SPECIAL OFFER! FREE! - Authentic Badge Carrying Case FREE with each badge.



**REGULATION POLICE HANDCUFFS
With New, Exclusive CUFF-STOP**

\$5.95

Latest type—features exclusive Cuff-Stop that locks handcuffs automatically. Made of hard-tempered steel with jewelry polished nickel surface. Fitted with 2 tamper-proof locks that only by "Lawn Enforcement and Private Detective Agencies, S.C.O.D., Deluxe Leather Cuff Case: \$2.75.

All prices postpaid. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Send cash, check or money order and save C.O.D. charges. \$1.00 deposit with all C.O.D. orders.

BIG THREE ENT., INC. 1109 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 36, N. Y. Dept. FG260

MAKE Extra MONEY!

A DELIGHTFUL CAREER—SPARE OR FULL TIME—with FAMOUS **HOOVER Uniforms**

A permanent big-income business for you—spare or full time! Experience not necessary. Take orders for famous HOOVER line of smart, colorful uniforms for waitresses, beauticians, nurses, doctors, etc.—including Nylon, Satin, Crepe, Velveteen, Satin Knit. SMART UNIFORMS are known everywhere for smart, dressmaker styling plus top quality and value. COMPLETE STYLE PRESENTATION, actual sample fabrics, full instructions for starting all supplies FREE! Write TODAY!

HOOVER UNIFORMS
Dept. BL-41, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

FREE OUTFIT Big display of styles with names

LAW FREE BOOK

THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.

Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 Dept. 72, Chicago 1, Illinois

Learn RADIO TELEVISION ELECTRONICS BY PRACTICING AT HOME

Successful method trains for important job in growing field, brings high pay, good working conditions. Gain needed knowledge, new skills, using especially designed training kits. Start higher earnings real soon. Mail coupon for information.

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. OB-6, Washington 16, D.C.
Mail me Lesson and Catalog FREE.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SAMPLE LESSON CATALOG FREE

To introduce you to THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

ANY FIVE for \$398
only

[NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES TOTAL UP TO \$29.80]

EITHER STEREO or REGULAR L.P.

... if you agree to buy six albums from the Club during the next 12 months

THIS exciting new plan offers you the finest stereo or hi-fi music being recorded today—for far less money than you would normally pay. It helps build your record library carefully, completely.

You save up to 40% with this introductory offer alone. After the trial membership, if you continue, you will save about one third of the manufacturer's nationally advertised price through the Club's Record-Dividend Plan. This plan lets you choose a free regular L.P. or stereo album with every two you buy from the Club.

Every month you are offered a wide variety of albums (up to 200 a year). One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—simply state your wishes on a form always provided. For regular L.P. albums you will pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98. For stereo albums you will pay the nationally advertised price of \$4.98, at times \$5.98 (plus—in all cases—a small charge for postage and handling).



14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits. *Paper Doll, To Each His Own, Cool Water*.



15. Lifting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artist's Life, Emperor Waltz*, 9 others.



16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet.



17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In-Day Out* plus 14 others.



19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instruments. *Valencia, Grana, Delicado*, etc.



20. His 12 biggest hits, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Muñer, Adios*, etc.



21. Compose of Latin rhythms, cha chas, jazz, *Lullaby of Birdland, 10 more*.



22. New Broadway star, top tunes from top musicals, *Flower Drum Song*, etc.



24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, War-saw Concerto, Diane*.



26. La MacKenzie Sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow*.



27. 12 dance-mood favorites by trio plus strings. *I'll Get By, Dream, etc.*



29. Pipes, drums. Black Watch Band in a sock sonic treat! Marches, folk songs.



33. Rich baritone of the Graham Crusade sings some most-requested songs.



34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different!



35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterday*, 8 more.



36. 12 meaningful songs. *Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons, Only One*.



37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, etc.*



40. Wacky, banjo-pickin' country comies raise havoc with hits and specials.



42. Modern big-band jazz; top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, other hits*.



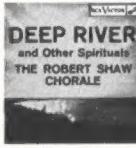
48. Riotous musical satire, slapstick; witty commentary by TV's Henry Morgan.



50. Tony Martin, Gogi Grant enhance the Academy Award winning film score.



54. 15 varied strutters. *76 Trombones, Semper Fidelis, Collegiate Boogie*, others.



56. 16 magnificent spirituals: *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Dry Bones*, others.



58. Mood guitar with strings. *Estrillita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves*, 12 in all.

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33½ R. P. M.

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB, P. O. Box 80, Village Station, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club and send me the five albums whose numbers I have circled below, for which I will pay \$3.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge). I agree to buy six other albums offered by the Club within the next year, for each of which I will be paid at the manufacturer's nationally advertised price: regular L.P.s usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98;

Check which Division you wish to join: **REGULAR L. P.** **STEREOPHONIC**

Mr.

Mrs.

Miss

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NOTE: If you wish your membership credited to an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in below:

Dealer _____

D Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be shipped only to residents of the U. S., its territories, and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada, and shipped duty free from Ontario.

stereo versions \$4.98, at times \$5.98. (A small postage and handling charge is added to all prices.) Therefore, after I buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership, I may cancel any time after buying six albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer), but if I continue after my sixth purchase, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album free.

P170-2

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

9 10 11 12 13 14 15

16 17 18 19 20 21 22 24

25 27 30 33 34 35 36

37 40 42 48 50 54 56

58 74 89 97 100



1. Melachrino plays *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, While We're Young, Estrelita*.



2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz from NBC-TV series.



3. Blues types, rhythm backing, *Hallelujah I Love Her So, 11 others*.



4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein hit.



5. All-time classical best-seller by most talked-about pianist of the generation.



7. Breath-taking new recording of best-selling suite from dramatic TV score.



8. New recording of Kern-Hammerstein classic. *Gogi Grant, Howard Keel, Anne Jeffreys*.



9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, etc.*



10. Lanza sings 12 Italian classics. *Funiculì, Funiculà, Santa Lucia, more*.



11. Miller-styled modern repertoire. *Ray McKinley, Birdland, 11 others*.



12. New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum*.



13. His latest and most danceable set yet. *Ballads, Lindys, Waltzes, Latin, etc.*



19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instruments. *Valencia, Grana, Delicado*, etc.



20. His 12 biggest hits, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Muñer, Adios*, etc.



21. Compose of Latin rhythms, cha chas, jazz, *Lullaby of Birdland, 10 more*.



22. New Broadway star, top tunes from top musicals, *Flower Drum Song*, etc.



34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different!



35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterday*, 8 more.



36. 12 meaningful songs. *Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons, Only One*.



37. *When You Come to the End of the Day*



54. 15 varied strutters. *76 Trombones, Semper Fidelis, Collegiate Boogie*, others.



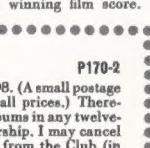
56. 16 magnificent spirituals: *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Dry Bones*, others.



58. Mood guitar with strings. *Estrillita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves*, 12 in all.



60. Mood guitar with strings. *Estrillita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves*, 12 in all.



74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Would You*, etc.



89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz.



97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Other vintage piano rolls.



100. 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. The best-selling *Porgy*.

Make More Money in One of Today's FASTEST-GROWING Industries

We'll train and establish you in YOUR OWN LIFETIME BUSINESS



U.S. Dept. of Commerce says—
45 million homes in U.S. with . . .



\$750 million yearly potential in
rug and upholstery cleaning . . .



In your town, just 2 jobs a day
earn \$8,750 profit first year . . .



You become an independent business
man with financial and social success.

Big Future in Dynamic Industry

Join the thousands of opportunity-minded men like those pictured below who are sharing in the profits that this remarkable home-furnishings cleaning field makes possible. We can help you make more money in a booming industry which the Dept. of Commerce estimates as having a \$750 million dollar a year potential!

We will train you as a cleaning specialist, show you the proven methods for building business, and work with you providing over 27 continuous services that help assure your growth.

Archie Wilson of Tulsa says: "As a Duraclean Dealer I have the ideal setup. I am operating my own business, yet have at my disposal a staff of experienced men at Headquarters who will help me on a moment's notice."

We Help Build Your Business

YOUR personal success is of the utmost importance to Headquarters, for as you grow so grows the Duraclean Dealer organization. Thus, your initial training is only the beginning of a continuous assistance program designed to build your business. When you contact Headquarters, you receive prompt, expert counsel from a staff of specialists. Some of the over 27 services you receive are conventions and regional conferences, new product development, trademark protection, sales letters, tested ads, local promotional materials, a monthly sales-building magazine, plus a host of others.

Backed by National Advertising

You are backed by a National Advertising program which is larger than all other similar programs in the industry combined. **Consumer Advertising:** Ads dramatizing Duraclean services reach millions through leading magazines as *McCalls*, *Parents*, *House & Garden*, *House Beautiful*, *Canadian Homes & Gardens*, *Sunset*, *New Yorker* and others. **Trade Advertising:** More and more retailers are turning over customers to Duraclean Dealers for servicing. Key trade magazines as *Interiors*, *Floor Covering Profits*, *Furniture Retailer*, *Cleaning & Laundry Age*, are a few of many used in targeting local retailers to become your agents.

Easy Terms

A moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards and enough materials to return your total investment. You can have your business operating in a few days. Mail coupon today!

NO STAMP OR ENVELOPE NEEDED

**Cut out & mail this
postage-paid card
for FREE
16-Page BOOKLETS!**

Write your name and address at top of card and mail. No obligation. No salesman will call. You get **FREE** illustrated booklets which tell how you can enjoy steadily increasing lifetime income in **YOUR OWN BUSINESS**.

DURACLEAN COMPANY
O-682 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.



Start Part-Time If Employed

Even if you are now employed, you may start enjoying the financial independence of **YOUR OWN BUSINESS**. Many dealers start part-time, and as they expand their operation beyond what they can service on a sparetime basis, they switch to full-time. Later they expand further by hiring servicemen. This could be your pattern for success.

You will receive local training with an established dealer and at our 5-day, 50-hour factory training school. Thus, under our guidance, you become an expert in the care of rugs and upholstery, a profession for which there is now great demand.

Alert dealers can gross \$9.00 hourly, plus \$6.00 on each serviceman at national price scale. You enjoy big profits on both materials and labor. Everything furnished to get you started.

Six Ways to Make Money

A Duraclean Dealership qualifies you to offer six different services. Thus on many jobs you multiply profits.

1. **Duraclean:** Unique ABSORPTION process for cleaning and reviving rugs, carpets, upholstery. Recommended by leading stores and manufacturers. No scrubbing, soaking, shrinkage. Aerated foam manufactured by portable electric Foamovator safely removes dirt, grease, unsightly spots. Dries so fast customers use furnishings in a few hours.

2. **Durashield:** Soil-retarding treatment that **KEEPS** furnishings clean **MONTHS** longer. Applied after cleaning, this invisible film protects each fiber from dirt.

3. **Duraproof:** Protects against damage by moths, carpet beetles. Only such treatment backed by 6-year Warranty!

4. **Duraguard:** A flame-proofing treatment which reduces fire damage by retarding charring and tendency of fires to flame up. Theaters, restaurants, hotels, homes, offer huge potential.

5. **Spotcraft:** Special chemical products which enable you to handle most all spot or staining problems.

6. **Carpet Repair:** Special tools and know-how equip you to provide this specialized service.

FROM:

YOUR NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



BUSINESS REPLY CARD

First Class Permit No. 3, Deerfield, Illinois

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

DURACLEAN COMPANY
O-682 Duraclean Bldg.
Deerfield, Illinois

This Practical Self-Study Course will give you



A COMPLETE MASTERY OF MATHEMATICS EASILY, QUICKLY

Learn Mathematics...get a BETTER JOB!

Now you, too, can learn mathematics and get the basic training for a better job...the kind of training that is quickly recognized today and gladly paid for.

In today's fast-moving scientific age, there are countless wonderful opportunities for men who know mathematics: superintendents and foremen, technicians and laboratory workers, designers, draftsmen, mathematicians and engineers. Companies are continually looking for trained men, men who know mathematics, to help them keep up with the ever-increasing demands in aviation, electronics,

nuclear science, automation, jets and missiles. In fact, the man who has prepared himself can practically "write his own ticket."

Now you can learn mathematics — the foundation of all technical work — quickly, easily, inexpensively and right in your own home. A very simple and interesting course in book form has been prepared for you by an expert who has devoted a lifetime to teaching practical men the fundamentals of this important subject. Every minute you spend on this complete, practical course in mathematics will pay you big dividends.

MATHEMATICS For Self Study

By J. E. Thompson, B.S. in E.E., A.M., Dept. of Mathematics, Pratt Institute
A COMPLETE COURSE AND REFERENCE LIBRARY

You start right from the beginning with a review of arithmetic that gives the special short cuts and trick problems that save countless hours of time. Then, step by step, you go into higher mathematics and learn how simple it all can be when an expert explains it to you.

Get This Training in Only Ten Minutes a Day

You can gain all the benefits of a mathematical training in just a few months if you will devote only ten minutes each day to these easy, practical lessons.

FREE IF YOU SEND COUPON NOW

Paradoxes and Common Sense by Aubrey Kempner—15 strange paradoxes of logic and mathematics: 2 equals 1; All Triangles are Isosceles; Perimeter of a Square; many others. Use these fascinating mathematical tricks to bewilder your friends, sharpen your math skills. (Retail price \$1.00)

Here are but a few of the hundreds of subjects simplified and explained in this complete self-study course in mathematics:

ARITHMETIC: Starting with a quick review of principles, this book gives you the special calculation methods used in business and industry that every practical man should know. Above all else it shows you how to attain speed and accuracy with fractions and decimals, ratio and proportion, etc. Fundamentals in all computations in engineering—in both plant and field—and the essential methods for rapid calculation are made clear and simple.

ALGEBRA: This volume makes algebra a live, interesting subject. The author starts with simple problems that can be solved by arithmetic and then shows you how to apply algebraic methods.

Among other subjects, it teaches you all about logarithms—the method of computation that engineers use to save time. It also shows you how to solve problems which are involved in business and industrial work relating to machines, engines, ships, autos, planes, etc.

GEOMETRY: This book gives you the practical, common-sense method for solving all problems in both plane and solid geometry—problems ranging from the simplest distance problems to the geometry of spheres which have applications ranging all the way from the atom to the earth itself.

TRIGONOMETRY: Practically every problem in machine work, land surveying, mechanics, astronomy and navigation is solved by methods of trigonometry, and this interesting volume makes the methods of solving them clear and easy. These methods are explained simply with actual examples of calculations of height and distance as applied to meteorology, the position of a ship at sea, the construction of buildings, bridges and dams, the cutting of gears, etc.

CALCULUS: This branch of mathematics deals with rate problems and is essential in computations involving objects moving with varying rates of speed. It also enables you to find the most efficient design for any kind of mechanism, engine, or moving vehicle.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., Dept. 242
120 Alexander Street, Princeton, New Jersey

SEND NO MONEY

EXAMINE 10 DAYS FREE

Send no money now, not a penny! The coupon at right will bring you the complete course in book form for 10 days free trial. Unless you are convinced that this course is exactly what you need and want you may return the books and owe nothing; or you may keep them by sending us the small down payment of \$2.85, balance in three monthly payments of \$3.00 each. Take advantage of this opportunity. Mail the coupon NOW!

Send me Thompson's MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY in 5 volumes. Within 10 days I will either return the books or send you \$2.85 as first payment and \$3.00 per month for three months until the total price of \$11.85, plus a small shipping cost, is paid.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

SAVE! Check box if enclosing \$1.85 WITH this coupon. Then WE will pay all shipping costs. Same return privilege, refund guaranteed.

In Canada: Order from D. Van Nostrand Company Ltd. 25 Hollinger Road, Toronto 16, Canada. Price slightly higher.

NEW EDITION

Revised for present-day needs. More useful, more practical than ever before!

VAN NOSTRAND, PRINCETON, N. J.

Thousands of Jobs Are Waiting for Trained Men

IN good times or bad, the man with "know-how" is the man with a secure future. Trained mechanics and technicians are always in urgent demand, and in practically ALL OF THESE JOBS a knowledge of mathematics is required.

Remember, mathematics is the foundation of all technical work. Give yourself this basic preparation now by this quick, convenient, inexpensive method.